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Benj. Franklin

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Frederick Irving Anderson—Joseph Hergesheimer—Hal G. Evarts—Thomas McMorrow
Elsie Singmaster—Floyd W. Parsons—Albert W. Atwood—George Agnew Chamberlain

"A VACANCY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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DILATORY DOMICILES

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

CENTIMERI, the dealer, who had the Latin instinct for good theater in such affairs, sent the new curator alone, in his own heated limousine; he was confident that Lingard—Sinful Stephen, none other—would discover in his first impressions verification of Centimeri's formal encomium delivered via leased telephone trunk earlier in the week.

The señorita carried in her hand a bundle of authenticating credentials embossed with supercilious seals; otherwise she had no luggage, which, indeed, would have been presumptuous. Lingard received her formal tender of high character without so much as a glance, and brusquely set down her parchment testimonials on the first convenient resting place. So much for poor Centimeri, who, according to his own tell, had gone to no end of pains and expense collecting just the she dragon for Lingard's treasures of art and rare incunabula.

Lingard's first impression was of an ecstatic black nun. But as she stepped out of her furs he—never a very keen observer of the other sex—found himself reminded of a well gloved hand. There was no touch of color about her. Her hair was penumbra black, her skin olive tinted. And the line of her chin had been drawn to the nib of a perfect oval by the fingers of some unsung Murillo. By far too good-looking, a charming, distinctive figure, Lingard decided. And yet when he afterwards tried to recall the picture he had a baffled sense of a lace here, an intervening drapery there, that hid an outline or left a curve unfinished. But she was just off the sea, still immured in her wrappings. Lingard, examining her now piecemeal, suddenly discovered that her eyes were hazel gray. He had a secret chuckle—the Irish were great travelers in their day.

"Señor!" Said a Nasal Voice at His Elbow. Oliver Jumped. He Was Looking at a Total Stranger

The great mogul indicated by a scowl over his shoulder that the señorita was to follow. He led the way down a flight of steps guarded by men in armor, through a resounding tunnel under the tennis courts, and up into the library.

There was a legend that here only blind men were welcome. Without other entrance on the ground level—or even a loophole in case of siege—the library was as inaccessible as the castle of a robber baron. The lighting at this hour of day—midafternoon in February—filtered in through a leaden dome set with Filipino shell in gilt cames; the whole, peering down, gave the effect of the multiple eye of some gigantic fly. It achieved almost pure sky light. The walls where the pilasters showed were stippled with every conceivable color and reflected none. Books, acres of them, hung like tapestries from the girdle of the dome. There was a bronze athlete, dug from some buried city or compost heap—who can say? There was a soft marble maiden. There was a raw block from the quarry, touched—only touched—by the hand of Rodin. And there were other things, too many to be encompassed in a single look. For Stephen Lingard did himself well in art, once he passed the cats-and-dogs stage of collecting.

On the broad hearth lay a prepared fire, waiting the touch of a button by the master, which came now, and as if by prearrangement the oaken logs budded into flame; and before the glutted owner of these many wonders had gone ten steps the great chimney was humming with the soft musical undertone of a wind-swept lyre. All this had been calculated. All the natural phenomena of this room wore an air of spontaneity; as a matter of prosaic fact, a most intricate system of selenium cells, thermopiles and thermocouples stood guard. Simply by adjusting a dial one could summon any climate desired, could retard or accelerate the equinoxes at will.

Lingard longed to turn his stony regard on his new curator to ascertain if she were frozen solid by this sudden unveiling of the wonders at his command. But he resisted the impulse and continued on, finally coming to a full stop between the Goujon she wolf and the pre-Raphaelite maidens. The señorita stopped in her tracks, keeping her distance like a proper shadow.

Then, his immeasurable pride in his possessions overcoming his lofty imperturbability, the great collector ventured a glance in her direction. To his amazement the new curator was offering an opinion. She had advanced a step and indicated with a wave of the hand the mother wolf dragged down in a moment of alarm by her greedy whelps.

"She," said the señorita, "iss more *artiste* nor he," and she bobbed her head in the direction of the pre-Raphaelite maidens—which, indeed, required a highly sophisticated palate—opening and shutting her eyes like a mechanical doll. Having delivered this momentous comparative, she folded her hands and waited.

Lingard had been warned by her sponsor not to laugh at her English under any degree of provocation, as it seemed she piqued herself on her gift of tongues. He took refuge in his handkerchief, mentioning a bad cold.

"You paint, madame?" he inquired in the loud voice of the man who invariably believes the foreigner deaf.

He had expressly stipulated to Centimeri that the acceptable keeper of his treasure house must not be an expert. He loathed experts.

The señorita was desolated. She did not pa-aint.

"You model, then?" he roared, his hands carrying out the sense of his inquiry. He was eying her fingers suspiciously.

The señorita shook her head still more sadly.

"But you must do something with those fingers!" persisted the clarion interrogator. His unuttered thought was that she was admirably equipped to deal cards from the bottom of the deck.

The señorita's face brightened.

"I make my music by Barcelona," she confessed. It seemed she played the harp.

"That's all right," said Lingard, reassured. And he roared, "What is your name?"

It was all in the sealed script that the señor had left in the entresol.

"Constanza," she began, raising her eyes aloft, "Annunciata, Esperanza de Cordoba y Ribera del Zimenes y——" She fixed him with a penetrating look, and said in slow metallic accents, "in-Clann Riley."

"Riley!" exclaimed Lingard, rallying from the shock. "Exactly! Ah, Miss Riley, how do you like this?" And he reached up and pulled a silken cord, unveiling a masterpiece hidden by a curtain of green plush.

"Nice," replied Miss Riley, bestowing her nod of approval not on the masterpiece but its exhibitor.

"A very fine copy, don't you think?" he demanded in stentorian tones, his eyes still on her face.

"Nice," reiterated the señorita, giving the word two syllables for good measure.

Lingard unveiled another of his chosen, a Gainsborough.

"Beautiful hat!" murmured the appreciative Miss Riley.

He suppressed a smile.

"I am glad you like them," he said, dividing his words carefully. "For you are to have the rare privilege of living here alone with them for some time. My house is yours. I move out!" He illustrated by pantomime. "You move in! I go *en voyage*, madame!"

"Señor!"

"Two months! Six months! Maybe forever! Who can say?"

"*Quel voyage!*" The señorita implored heaven.

"Your duties have been explained to you. Cataloguing and translations."

"*Si, señor!*"

"I will not burden you with details. You will prove yourself of value in proportion as you discover things to be done."

"*Si, señor!*"

"Mrs. Byrne, the housekeeper, will look after you in the house."

She made a profound curtsy.

"No one is to enter here!" Lingard scowled terrifically. "Not even my wife! If she comes here—she never does." He aimed a menacing finger at his pre-Raphaelite maidens, lean anæmic creatures disporting themselves wanly amid artificial shrubbery that might have been tacked up by some stage carpenter. "She doesn't like that!" snarled Stephen Lingard. "She has promised me—threatened me—never to enter a room with it. Good!" He relapsed into less intimate venom. "Nor that scoundrel Sacarelli," he went on, threatening her with a finger. "He will bribe you to get in. Very well, I double the bribe!" He held up two fingers. "Keep him out! All of them! Except Centimeri's man. When I die——" he began pompously but cut himself off short.

"Oh! The padre will chant the Gloria!"

But Lingard was walking towards the door. He turned.

"Remember, Miss Riley, you are the dragon at the gate!"

"*Gracias, señor!*"

"You are Cerberus at the mouth of hell," pointing down.

"*Oh, señor!*" Overwhelmed with his favor she cast her eyes upon the ground.

"I wonder if I am getting this across," mused Lingard as he studied her.

She reminded him, with the curious light from the dome falling on her, of a Florentine bust, of which he possessed several, of solid ivory. His bow was a little ironic as he closed the door.

The señorita stood where he had left her for some seconds, her little seashell ears bent to catch the sound of the retreating footfalls through the hollow tunnel. A change in attack told her he was mounting the steps at the far end. A door banged and clicked. Silence. She continued to spy on silence, to surprise it in a change of heart.

As She Drew Out the Drawer She Distinctly Heard the Sound of a Woman Weeping

She transferred her attention to the dome overhead, the tense listening look suggesting a pleasurable anticipation of the unexpected. Upon her supersensitized nerves the alarums and excursions of the outer world seeped in—muffled, remote, unreal. It was like being at the bottom of a deep well, hearing, but seeing only daylight stars in the zenith.

Ah! Now she was rewarded. There was a shiver on the air; it developed into the low growl of a motor, Lingard's motor. Now it is turning the sharp bend of the drive under her very elbow. Now it pauses at the gates of the park. The gates close with a surly bang as the motor growls again in rising crescendo; then its plaint ceases abruptly with the plunk of a gear lever; then the soft hum, the hum of speed fading to a sigh as distance claims it. Good!

The señorita, pointing an impertinent toe in air, executed three steps of a fandango on an imaginary slack wire.

Lingard with nine homes to occupy—or was it thirteen?—was departing from this dilatory domicile in high gear. It would be months before—in his absent-minded, preoccupied way—he would call again. Had he not said it? He moved out, she moved in.

Miss Riley's lapse from becoming dignity was only momentary. Her three steps of the fandango had been like the playful skip of a decorous heifer in the exuberance of content. Her first act in the tour of her new responsibilities was to draw aside the five remaining veils of the primary masterpieces, of which Lingard had already exposed two. To each she accorded but a single swift look as she uncovered it and as quickly redraped it. Lingard's insistence to Centimeri that his new curator should be totally blind in her æsthetic eye had apparently been carried out to the very letter. The señorita paused while one might count ten; then with a prolonged shrug of her shoulders she gave herself to the matters of her desk, set by the crackling fire, which was still caressing the lutelike strings of the chimney. With her keys she opened drawers and pigeonholes, taking stock of her domain. There was a slender wafer of a clock ticking busily on the desk, its luminous hands indicating the hour of four in the afternoon. She compared this with her watch, a piece by

Her Deadly Pallor Was Relieved by Two Fever Spots in Her Cheeks; But Her Red and Swollen Eyes Blazed Fire

Vedigrin no thicker than a five-franc coin. Lingard himself, had he spied upon her, could not but have been pleased by her industry.

Now and then as she worked she would lift her head and gaze pensively at that multiple-eyed dome. Occasionally, coming on a card in a catalogue under her fingers that stayed her attention, she would rise and go to this or that corner or niche to inspect a picture or bibelot. She would prove of value in proportion as she discovered things to be done.

Eventually she came upon a card that caused her to proceed without hesitation to a bookshelf, lift a certain book from a certain spot and seek for and find with her long fingers a tiny latch that pivoted the entire panel on a turnstile. It disclosed the door of a strong room, its glittering knob furnished with another card, which proclaimed the combination. Oh, the place was full of secrets! But also, full of clews cunningly interlocked.

It was with something of the prickling sensations of Fatima as she pushed open the door of Bluebeard's chamber that the señorita peered within. On the whole the first glance proved disappointing. With all his vices of extravagance Lingard was an inveterate bookkeeper. Tier on tier of carefully indexed photographs, silver prints, met the eye. Everything he had ever purchased and retained—since his days of collecting began—apparently had sat for its portrait to be filed away here, with its concise history. Dollars and cents and dates were specific. Chairs, tables, bedsteads that had accouched queens; *objets d'art*, jewels, rugs, pictures, first editions, manuscripts, laces, tapestries—everything that a shrewd dealer or a loving connoisseur could induce him to buy was recorded here with its indelible likeness. In his business flights across Europe swarms of cunning rogues lay in wait for him, baited traps for him to buy; a horde of harpies followed in his wake, screaming their wares, false and true. He bought well, as a rule. First, he had collected merely in emulation of his kind. During this period he had been badly hoaxed; but when the true virus of collecting got into his blood it became a passion with him; a stolid passion, true, nevertheless a passion; and he had gone to pains to eradicate his early mistakes, so this world would not laugh at him when he died and disclosed the extent of his possessions. The whole history of his career as collector was immured here in this steel room.

It was a table of contents of his nine—it was nine—empty homes. Besides this château in Westchester there was an establishment at Westbury, Long Island; an island off the coast of Maine; a shooting box in the North Woods; a palm grove in Florida; June Island, in the Leeward Group; a ranch in California; a tidewater estate in Virginia; and a city house in the fifties, New York.

Dilatory domiciles, indeed! Empty shells, warehouses of inestimable treasure, each with its full crew of fat servants. The overhead must be staggering.

But it was the table of contents that thrilled. What a chance for a thief! There was no possibility of mistake, of one's fingers sticking to a piece of shoddy. Here was the list of authenticities and cash-on-the-nail prices of some of the most famous æsthetic objects in the world. It was the monument to the folly of a modern Midas. Collecting was a disease with Lingard.

There were several steel boxes that were locked, whose bland-eyed keyholes seemed to invite her. But there were no convenient cards to solve the mystery. But the señorita was not without resource. In fact, with so simple an implement as a hairpin she managed, after a few intensive moments of fishing, to trip one little latch.

She had a momentary shock. As she drew out the drawer she distinctly heard the sound of a woman weeping. The roots of her blue-black hair counting themselves one by one, she tiptoed out into the great room and stood listening with held breath. There was no one. She crept to the exit and listened. Not a sound.

She reëntered the fireproof room. The woman still wept. A man's voice said quite distinctly: "Hush, Tina—the housekeeper is coming!" Then a door opened and shut. The whole little drama was issuing unmistakably from that open drawer.

Looking within, the señorita discovered a small panel with a switch and a half circle of buttons. Gingerly, looking fearfully over her shoulder, she turned the switch from one button to another. The sedate ticking of a grandfather's clock and a homely crackle of a fire on a hearth came to her ears, as unmistakable as the sounds that had preceded them. At the third button the investigator turned up a purring sound, which she guessed might be a sewing machine from its methodical stop and go, and a vague, half-uttered song as of some industrious seamstress. There were other buttons, most of them mute. One gave forth the tinkle of dishes as from a pantry.

Oh, this place was complete! Evidently Mr. Lingard had been used to spying on his household. Miss Riley laughed delightedly as she shut the thing away. These eavesdropping telephone wires, if she guessed rightly, were secret agents to listen in on every room in the house.

It was six o'clock, and still daylight in the big room. This she noted with satisfaction as she closed the steel door, turned the knob and covered it with its swinging tray of books. Not a trace remained of that aperture. There were doubtless other wonders in that steel room, for to see and for to admire. All in good time. What knitted her brow now was the curious fact that, though her watch and the desk clock proclaimed the hour of six in unison, on this February afternoon, and every well-behaved calendar reported that the sun had set a half hour ago, the dome above blazed high noon!

This was not a miracle, nor necromancy, the señorita assured herself. But why the sun so long after its bedtime? More chicanery like those voices in the drawer back there.

She reconstructed in her mind's eye her entrance on this scene of extravagant glory earlier in the afternoon. She pictured again the broad back of Stephen Lingard as he led the way.

She moved over to the bronze exit.

"He paused here for something," she told herself.

Yes. There was a lighting switch. She tripped one of the tumblers. Instantly February evening returned to its own. Except for the glow of broken embers, now all but ashes on the fireplace hearth, the great room was swiftly enveloped in the darkness of night; the gorgeous dome that but an instant before had simulated the light of the blue sky now reflected only dull shadows. She turned the switch back. Again the light of day! Not swiftly as it had extinguished itself, but gradually, growing in intensity until finally it achieved the aspect of pure daylight. She clapped her hands with an ecstatic little laugh, then she tried her effects all over again. First, dusk settling

(Continued on Page 105)

There the Meek Leon Found Himself Standing Before the First Veiled Picture, Which She Uncovered by a Tug at the Silken Cord

WALNUT

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Francis Jammes' Catalogue Went Up

FRANCIS JAMMES was, very openly for him, glad to be once more in the pleasant surroundings of his familiar activities. They were the places of sale of what, hopefully, was called antique furniture. And of all the rooms where period chairs and early glass and skillfully contrived copies—copies in which the skill was most modestly concealed—were exposed for private and competitive sale, he liked best Scarn's Auction Galleries. He was there now, with a muffler high about his throat; even inside his worn black overcoat was fastened by a single button, and his hat in a thin, sensitive hand, the hand of a wasting illness or of an old man. In his case both these conditions were partly true—he was past fifty, and for ten years his health, to put it generally, had not prospered.

That, really, was why he was in Scarn's Auction Galleries, in the upper room reserved for the sale of old furniture. He had been an expert accountant, but sickness had forced him to abandon the figured pages of that occupation; and with a small—a very small—sum safely his, and his own heritage from the past of the American colonies, he had turned, in a curiously individual way, to a certain dealing with the Dutch tables of Pennsylvania and the field beds of New England.

Other objects, of course, interested him; but they were all very much alike. He was examining a corner cupboard now, and his method of examination, too, was peculiarly his own. It consisted apparently in shutting his eyes and sliding his finger tips over the surface of whatever he was concerned with. During this process his face naturally was blank; it exhibited not the slightest concern. No one openly or secretly watching him could decide what Francis Jammes actually thought of this or that piece. He happened to like the cupboard, to think well of it; but with reservations—with reservations as usual. The wood was soft, and the original rat-tail hinges had been removed; but it was honest; it hadn't been restored; the feet were surprisingly good and the shelves cut in an unusual pattern. He might, he thought, buy it.

He was studying the glass in the doors, obviously old and faintly lilac, when an assertive voice broke into his concentration. He turned willingly, glad to see even Cardell. Cardell had missed him, too, it was evident, for he listened with an uncommon amount of patience to Jammes' brief recital of a month almost with a bad throat. The other's impatience, however, soon overtook him.

"Yes, yes," he said; "that's too bad. . . . Nice cupboard, isn't it?" But Cardell didn't want it at any price. He was after something very different. A younger man approached them, and Cardell introduced him with a breath of reluctance.

"Mr. Wade," he proceeded, "this is Francis Jammes. He is supposed to know more about early American stuff than anyone else. But he's queer. When you want anything come to me. I'll sell you mahogany and he won't."

"I won't sell you at all," Jammes added. "That is, I have nothing you'd want."

"This Jammes," Cardell informed his customer, "won't touch a candlestick that's been restored or changed or even painted. He's got an idea back of it. Tell him, Francis ——"

"It's just what Cardell said," Jammes admitted. "I sometimes buy or sell early Americana, furniture from the good men and periods. I—I like it for itself, and I don't care much whether I sell or not. You see, it's not only Americana but it's America. And America's all over; it's done. I'm collecting a little of it before it's too late."

"That's it," Cardell explained; "that's Francis Jammes' queer streak. He thinks America is a thing of the past, and he wants to put some of it on record."

"Well, isn't it?" Jammes demanded. "There's no Duncan Phyfe today, is there? No one can make a Windsor chair, can he? And at one time there were nine Windsor chair-makers advertised in New York and six in Baltimore. There was Phippen of Salem and Stackbone in Connecticut and Alpheus Hews in New Jersey. About 1780."

"And you think that without Windsor chairs there can't be a country?" Wade asked.

"Without the kind of work that went into 'em, there can't," Jammes replied sharply. "Strong and graceful. A good chair isn't an accident. You couldn't make one, for instance. Cardell couldn't. No one can today. The art's lost, and the country's lost ——" He stopped abruptly.

"He won't sell you a splinter of mahogany," Cardell repeated.

It was evident that he found a lot of pleasure in stirring up the peculiarities of Francis Jammes.

"Cardell will," Jammes replied. "You can always go to him and the commercial dealers if you want late pieces. They'll call them Empire, but that's nonsense. Empire, hell! They're Victorian, that's what they are—after 1820; yes, and '30 or '40. Rope twisting and such garbage! The day will come, Cardell, when mahogany won't be worth crating lumber."

"That's rather drastic, isn't it?" Wade inquired. "There was a good French influence. Your friend Phyfe, for example."

This, Jammes wouldn't answer. He turned away with only a scant measure of civility.

"You had him there," Cardell said. "But, Jammes"—he overtook him—"there's a table over here I wish you'd look at."

Leaving Wade, they crossed the room where the furniture was on display and where Cardell indicated a long walnut table with drop leaves and three legs at either end.

"You see," he explained, "the center leg is fixed and the others move out for support. Lockwood has a picture of one with cabriole legs, but in Hepplewhite it's scarce—if it's right."

Jammes glanced at the legs, straight and square and tapered; his fingers, irresistibly attracted to the surface of the wood, lingered over its dull oiled finish. He half lifted a leaf.

"Why did you want me to see it?" he asked. "You know as well as I do it's good. You knew I'd recommend it . . . and anything like it."

"I knew it was the kind of thing you'd take too," Cardell admitted. "But I wanted to be sure. I might as well admit there's more than this. Now you're around again, you're safe to find out, anyhow. To tell you the truth, I wish you'd stayed sick a month or two longer or gone South for your health."

He turned away, looking throughout the room. The doors were shut to the public; the sale was not to begin until next week, and the place was comparatively empty. Some negro attendants were moving a heavy, tall clock; Wade was examining a Liverpool pitcher; two New York dealers were beyond; and, still farther away, Jammes saw a woman, slender and dressed in black, standing with her back to them.

"There she is," Cardell said; "that's Mrs. Royer. You must meet her." He led Jammes down the room and, with a hand on his arm, again went through some facile introductory phrases. "Perhaps you had better tell Mr. Jammes what you told me," he ended. "I'm sorry to say that he will be very much interested."

The woman smiled charmingly.

"It's just that I have some old furniture I'd like to sell."

Cardell laughed.

"You never heard that before, did you, Jammes? But wait—this is different. Mrs. Royer, if you've got that picture of your highboy, will you let Mr. Jammes see it?"

She would, of course, be very glad to have Mr. Jammes see the photograph, and she searched—very much as he determined the quality of a surface—with a hand in the depths of a bag beaded in jet. She was neither young nor old; that is, she was still inviting, flexible, in full contact with life, yet without the impulsive carriage, the instant interests of youth. Jammes approved of her appearance. He liked the voluminous black cape with its band of fur, the small, close hat, the orderly, correct shoes. There was about Mrs. Royer the atmosphere of money; she had the bearing of a woman who might, very easily, have genuine old furniture.

However, he was totally unprepared for the rarity, the excessive choiceness, of the walnut highboy in the small informal photograph she gave him. Every detail was perfectly in keeping with the earliest known example of American cabinet work—the four trumpet legs in front and the two at the back simple and proportionately strong, the stretcher and top molding, even more direct than that of

the William and Mary highboy in the Rolles collection, the high frame and pattern of drawers. The drop handles had plates of a design—and it was astonishingly good—that he had never before seen.

"Yes," he said, in a slightly abstracted voice, the shadow of a frown on his brow, "that is a representative type."

"Representative!" Cardell scoffed. "I don't know what it means; but you can't tell me that, on the evidence, you doubt that piece. Why, you can feel the surface in the picture! You know I'm as cold as anybody. I have to be if I want to make a living; but when Mrs. Royer took that picture out ——" He broke off his sentence with a suggested tableau of his pleasurable surprise.

"You are going to sell it here?" Jammes asked.

"That's what I'd intended," Mrs. Royer replied with a confiding air; "but Mr. Cardell wanted me to sell it privately."

"To him?"

"I suppose so." Yet, admitting all that this might imply, she managed to include them both in her warm and generous attitude of whole belief. "But I don't know. You'll think I'm silly, but I want people to see it. I want a public party for my highboy, lots of admirers. It's been in my—my husband's family for a long while."

With that small hesitation, she managed to convey the fact, borne out by her becoming mourning, that her husband was dead and that she was forced to part with their treasures of the past.

"You see," she said, venturing further, "I came from Mississippi, and, of course, Mississippi has hardly any background at all—at least compared with Virginia. Mr. Royer was a Virginian."

"Where in Virginia?" Jammes demanded.

"Ah, but I've told you a great deal now," she reproved him. "I don't want our county to know how I'm disposing of the furniture. I did offer it to the State Antiquities Society. They wanted everything I had—you can see the letter from the president of the society—but they told me right out they couldn't pay nearly what they were worth. So I had to do this."

"It's a damned shame!" Cardell exclaimed.

Francis Jammes glanced at him coldly. He suspected that Cardell's vigorous expression was genuine. Cardell was tall, stooped and thin, with prominent blue eyes and striking neck scarfs; and at heart Jammes was convinced he was a sentimentalist.

"What I told Mrs. Royer was this," he explained, "that I'd buy everything she had, the entire house and whatever was in it, if she'd let me sell it from where it was—in the old mansion. But it turned out that was impossible."

"I'm so very much indebted to you!" she cried in her low, colorful voice.

Cardell bowed, but Jammes sharply interrupted their display of urbanity.

"Of course, you are waiting for Scarn's big sale in April."

"Yes," she replied; "they explained to me that this was only a kind of preliminary—two or three estates that had to be settled. I'll have the highboy along for the other. I—I brought the table up you were looking at simply to get used to the idea.

"It isn't easy for me, Mr. Jammes. There are other things you'd like as well—a presentation banjo clock by Simon Willard that strikes the hours."

"I told her there wasn't any such bird," Cardell added.

"And a block-front secretary with all the little inner drawers carved in rising suns."

"Mahogany?"

"Yes."

"No mahogany," Jammes declared.

"I told you he was a crank," Cardell put in. "But if it was only that, he'd be easy. The trouble about Jammes is he does know, and if he likes a thing he'll pay for it. He'll pay anything. He went to a thousand for a small mirror with a scarce cartouche. I saw him take a *kas* from two millionaires and an actress."

"Sea-blue, painted with Jonah and the whale," Jammes added almost dreamily.

"If Jammes gets to heaven," Cardell said, "and they don't have butterfly hinges on the pearly gates, why, he won't go in. That's all there is to that!"

"I think it's splendid," Mrs. Royer told Jammes. For the moment she seemed to have forgotten Cardell. "I'd want someone like you to have my things. It would make me feel better about selling them."

"He'll have your highboy if it feels right," Cardell told her in a gloomy voice edged with bitterness. "I'll admit, if he raises his catalogue I'll weep. He never speaks at an auction if he can help it," Cardell explained for her benefit. "He has a catalogue rolled up tight and he holds it up for a bid. They watch him pretty sharp."

"A man over there is trying to catch your attention," Mrs. Royer told him.

"I know," Cardell admitted; "he's been trying for ten minutes, but I managed to miss it. He's a writer, and he'll buy anything I point him at. I suppose I'll have to go over and leave you with Jammes."

"Mr. Cardell came up to me yesterday when I was having my table uncrated," she explained to Jammes.

She stopped, obviously waiting for an expression of his opinion of the departing man.

Jammes paused; he hated to make positive assertions, to seem to support or detract from people or ideas; but here silence would completely misrepresent his purpose and belief.

"Cardell is one of the best of the dealers," he proceeded. "He has the art of getting very big prices, and he'll buy a great many different sorts of things—Empire day beds and Welsh dressers and alabaster. Once I saw him bid in some Benares brass, but he denies that."

"Really?" Her laugh of appreciation was delightful. Jammes didn't wonder that the susceptible Cardell had been moved. Suddenly she put out her hand, white and slender and bare of all rings. "Can I depend on you?" she asked. "May I come to you if I need advice?"

"No," he answered decidedly, somehow managing to miss the extended, appealing palm. "I never give advice. It's useless. If your furniture is as good as the highboy seems, you won't need it."

Francis Jammes had acquired, for his residence and use, the ground floor and second story of what, before his occupancy, had been the corner grocery of a modest neighborhood. One street of the crossing was even less pretentious than the other. Its narrow, time-blackened houses had high, insecure wooden steps; a small garage and machine shop interrupted its middle; and what sidewalks it could show were beginning to be overrun by a vigorous tide of negro children. The other street, reaching across town, was the avenue of a considerable traffic; and because of the tide of motors pouring constantly south, it at least avoided an air of stagnation. The store window, once cleaned to exhibit the fast-wilting greens within, Jammes had allowed to become totally obscured by dust. In reality, if possible, he had assisted in this. The door that led to the second story stood narrowly beside the main entrance. There was a scrap of hall back of it, and a door cut through to what had been the store; but that and the principal entrance he kept locked. It was necessary, in order to find him, to ring a jangling bell hung on a spring at the foot of the stairs; and then more often than not, even when he was in, the effort was vain.

The truth was that Jammes had no interest or curiosity in people. Except a branch of the paternal line of his family that, early in the eighteenth century, had settled in Ohio, he was without connections; and ties of affection he hadn't the impulse to form. His early closely applied life with figures had begun his habit of isolation. The checking over of accounts, always open to the possibility of criminal fraud, had cooled a natural diffidence to doubt; and so from men, from individuals, he had at the first opportunity turned to the fine impersonality, the silent beauty, of an earlier and different civilization as it was preserved in the objects of its common usages.

Francis Jammes, for all that it was worth, could trace his ancestry directly back to a venturing Englishman of Penn's colony who married the daughter of a German companion of Pastorius. It went into a dimmer past, in South England, than that. Jammes had found references to his family in printed county records, the notes of meticulous travelers; but beyond Penn he wasn't interested. America, an actual America, was the frame of his obsession. The Jammeses, a generation or more before his birth, had slowly sunk from importance and sight. Their social position had vanished with his grandfather, and no one since had had the vitality necessary to its revival—the vitality or the money. They had accepted almost without realization their successively lower positions in the world, and had turned to appropriate and unimpressive positions and occupations.

This, as a clerk and then accountant, hadn't bothered Francis Jammes; he had no feeling of rebellion against what had happened to him. He didn't envy those who, in the meanwhile, had grown to be socially prominent, and in particular he had no

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"No," He Answered Decidedly, Somehow Managing to Miss the Extended, Appealing Palm. "I Never Give Advice"

CONQUEST

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

CAPTAIN BLACK thrived on hostility. It gave him a chance to exert his peculiar powers and to demonstrate his own theories. He liked to be the center, the dominating figure of strife. He preferred the chaos of a hurricane with a dismasted ship to a fair wind with a queen of a clipper. Life, he claimed, the savage thrill of life, was possible only when the intellect and the body combined against powerful odds and on a solitary point, to the exclusion of everything else. The captain could argue his point philosophically if need be, for before becoming a sailor he had served several terms at a university. But he seldom had anyone to argue with, for his officers were men strangers to books other than on navigation.

It was the desire to propound himself to someone outside of his own sphere that made the captain tackle Mr. Martin. He started the first day the bark Hyacinth cleared the Columbia River and headed approximately south and west for Japan.

Mr. Martin was slender, white-faced and possessed of very cynical blue eyes behind his pincenez. He was taking a sailing-ship voyage for his health, and sat in a deck chair near the for'ard taffrail of the long poop with an open book in his lap. Captain Black stood beside him, gazing for'ard and swaying with the long lift and fall of the deck, his thumbs in his black leather belt, his serge jacket flapping open and exposing his gray flannel shirt. He was a man of medium build, thickly brown-bearded, gray-eyed, tattooed about the hands, stocky and muscular as a bear. There was intelligence in the rising slope of his forehead with the bulges over the brows, in the set of his firm lips, in the clear conciseness of his speech. He was the best of the university overlaid with the cream of the experience of the world.

"Have you ever considered a shipmaster, Mr. Martin?" he said. His voice was clear and mellow, with that pleasing accent of good enunciation. "Look at me! Here, on this ship, I am God. There is nothing I cannot do. I can kill, bury, marry, or make a man. I can raise a common seaman to first mate in five minutes. I can sink a first mate to a common seaman in the same time. My word controls this five-thousand-odd ton of wood and canvas and cargo. My word is law. I make the law and I am above it. Have you ever considered a shipmaster, I say?"

The Boy Shook His Head Slowly. "I Don't Want to Kill Any Man," He Said at Last

"I imagine, yes, the police would soon step in should you carry things with too high a hand," Mr. Martin observed dryly, removing his pipe and looking up.

The captain's chest swelled. He pressed down on his belt and bellowed an order for'ard. He felt pleasant twinges running down his spine. Hostility! Here it was. Argument, antagonism.

"If there is any man disposed to cause trouble I get rid of him. If my officers threaten to turn on me, if I suspect them as being likely to, I see they are removed. But in the first place I make sure of my assistants before I sail. You see, I employ them, pay their wages, command them. Saving only if I should go insane, they are mine. I tell you *I'm* God here, and I choose my own angels. See, there's one—Mr. Murphy, the mate."

He nodded to a tall, hugely boned man in an officer's old serges coming along the main deck from for'ard, a scowl on his unshaven face and a vicious swing to his walk. His hands, scarred and knotty, were the hands of a killer.

Mr. Martin looked at him and sighed.

The captain went on: "You mayn't think it to look at us, but I can lay Murphy out in less than five minutes. But even if I couldn't he'd jump when I spoke. If I were five feet high and as strong as a rat he'd obey me. I'm the captain, see? On this ship I can do anything with a man."

Mr. Martin, who also liked argument a little, said reflectively, "There are certain types, yes, that are untamable—your own, for example. It's a matter of strength of a man's conviction. I seem to remember that certain Roman emperors, yes, found it that way with the early Christians."

Having delivered himself he lifted his book and went on reading. Cynic though he was, the cocksureness of the other man rankled in him. It was an egotism greater than his own, a vibrant physical egotism. His own was an abstract thing, talked of but never enforced or demonstrated.

The captain laughed. He said "Maybe" tolerantly, shrugging his thick shoulders. Four bells went just then, and the wheel relief came up the companion from the main deck. The Hyacinth rolled heavily as he reached the poop and a sea slapped spray with vicious force over the rail. Raising his hand to shield his face the seaman stumbled against the captain.

There was a short oath, the sickening thud of bone against flesh, and the seaman crumpled, a huddled heap, at the companion head. The mate, who was coming up the companion, grinned and sucked his lower lip as he hoisted himself to the poop. The captain snarled "Get up!" to the seaman. The passenger, disturbed by the incident, laid down his book and watched, the cynical look in his blue eyes deepening.

The seaman rose slowly, his hand pressed to his cheek, from which the blood was oozing. He was little more than a slender boy, fair-haired, with a somewhat sensitive face from which dark eyes peered. He was dressed in a blue wool jersey, a pair of serge pants, dirty white shoes, and had a ragged silk scarf tied round his throat. He looked somewhat bewildered. As he had been on the ship only a few hours it was a revelation for him to find what sort of officers he was under.

"Sir ——" he started.

The captain took a step nearer him.

"Get aft!"

There was no fear in the boy's eyes. Rather there was wonder, perplexity. He stood his ground.

"I couldn't help that, sir. The deck pitched and I——"

The captain's white teeth gleamed through his beard. He flung back his shoulders. His hands clenched until the knuckles stood out white through the tan. His eyes danced, more with pleasure than anger. He thrust forward his head and spoke again. Hostility! He felt the eyes of the ship on him.

"Do you want some more?"

The boy did not flinch.

He said honestly, "No, sir. But I wanted to say I don't think you ought ——"

"You're not here to think. And don't stand there giving me lip!"

There was a slap as the captain's open hand took the boy across the mouth, splitting his lips and staggering him a little. The mate, who was standing watching near the rail, chuckled and took a chew of tobacco from a thick plug. The helmsman craned his neck round the side of the saloon skylight and cursed. He wanted to get below. His trick was done. Why didn't the relief cut out the back talk?

On the main royal yard two seamen stopped work to watch the scene. In the weather fore rigging three more stopped their downward climb and peered aft. The cook poked his head from his midship galley. Even the carpenter, battening down the after hatch, straightened to listen.

The young seaman steadied himself from the second blow. His face was drained white, but his eyes were still steady. He persisted. He was the victim of an injustice and he knew it.

"You've no right, sir ——" he stated.

The captain's eyes snapped. He laughed joyously, throatily. Then he stepped in. It was a fearful beating. Even the hardened mate moved uneasily before it was over. The passenger, Mr. Martin, rose from his deck chair and adjusted his glasses nervously. Being a philosopher and a cynic he was compelled to regard happenings, good or bad, from a purely impersonal point of view. Things that did not actually strike him or affect his existence were of no consequence. Yet the beating shook him, particularly because it was so undeserved.

The boy stood the punishment for a few minutes, and then desperately retreated, defending himself. He stood not the slightest chance. Exactly three minutes from the time the captain laughed the boy was a bloody, bruised heap of quivering flesh in the lee scuppers.

The captain breathed hard and relaxed. He lifted his peaked cap and set it far back on his head. Then with legs astride and thumbs in belt he gazed down on the wreck. He called the mate.

"What's his name?"

"Lamark, sir."

"What is he?"

"Able seaman. Got a good record."

"How old?"

"Damned if I know. Hi, bos'n, what's this man's age?"

The brutal-faced bos'n shambled aft and mumbled over the question. Then he went to the carpenter and repeated it, and then to some of the hands. He returned at last. The boy was picking himself up by then, shaking his dazed head and sobbing for breath, still perplexed.

"Not a man knows, sir."

"H'm! Well; doesn't matter."

The captain turned to his passenger and smiled pleasantly. He waved to the rocking boy.

"Here we have a man," he said genially, "who has been the victim of what he considers a rank injustice. He appealed to the only source of appeal"—he tapped his chest—"and his appeal was denied. So what can he do? He can only trust to his brute strength. And that has failed him. Even could I not hold my own, one word would have brought Mr. Murphy into the fight. Now look at those men for'ard there, on the royal yard, in the rigging. Every one of them believes I'm wrong. The majority are against me, see? But the majority don't matter a damn here. This is a kingdom ruled by a king. That's me. On this ship I'm God."

"Your demonstration is certainly—er—convincing." Mr. Martin had recovered his impersonal cynical attitude. He rubbed his chin and frowned. "I rather feel for that unfortunate man. But—er—you will notice you haven't convinced him he was wrong. His body, yes, you have broken, proved the worthlessness of. But he has a spirit, yes, still unquenched."

"Bah!" The captain scowled. His eyes glittered. He extended one hand, palm up, and closed the fingers slowly. "I can break the fire within as I break the flesh without, see? I will admit, it is harder. It ends at the last in a fight of wills, and it is a fight I like best of all. I've had them come aboard here before, strong young fellows, defiant as hell, brave as lions. Within a month—once it took me three—I've had them so they'd lick my shoes and thank God if I didn't kick them while they did it. Watch this man crawl before I'm through. I'll wager five hundred dollars I'll have him lick my seaboots toe to top within a month."

Mr. Martin shook his head.

"I would never bet on a thing like that. It is a dangerous thing to experiment with souls. Let the man go."

"No!" The captain laughed and considered for a while. His pulses quickened at the prospect of a conquest. Hostility! He waxed fat on it, the more violent the better. "No! I'll break him, and I'll pay you five hundred dollars if he doesn't lick my boots within a month."

"I forbid ——" started Mr. Martin, but the captain turned his back and laughed.

"Don't forget I'm God here," he flung over his shoulder.

Then he snarled at the boy, moaning softly to himself by the rail and holding his throbbing head between hot palms.

"Lamark! Get aft to the wheel!"

Even the mate protested. Bucko though he was, he invariably allowed a beaten man to recover before working. The captain told him to shut up. The boy straightened a little and lowered his hands. His eyes could not be seen, for the flesh was puffed about them.

"I'm not in a condition to steer, sir," he mumbled.

The captain stepped towards him and his teeth gleamed.

"Get aft," he said softly "It's your trick, isn't it?"

The boy mumbled "Yes, sir," and stumbled aft.

It was right he should do his trick. A man must stand his watch and do his work unless utterly unable. But it was bad for the ship's safety that a sick man should steer.

The helmsman looked at him with awe-widened eyes, forgetting to curse him for being late with the relief.

"Blimey," he said. "Bli—mey!"

Then he repeated the course in a scared voice and relinquished the kicking spokes. He fled for'ard, stopped at the taffrail to report to the mate, and went on down to the main deck. Midships he met the men who had been aloft.

"What wuz goin' on aft?" asked one, jerking up his shirt sleeves preparatory to plunging his hands into a bucket of tallow.

He had seen most of the incident himself, but wanted to get other versions. The helmsman told what he knew, the rest of the watch clustering round him and listening with muttered oaths.

"I wouldn't 'a' signed if I hadn't been drunk," put in a barrel-chested Yankee at the end. "I've heard o' this Cap'n Black. She's a hard-case ship. All right, there'll be sore men afore we make Japan. Me t' walk soft an' easy till the trip's done, 'less I getta chance t' jump."

"Syme here," said the helmsman moodily.

The irate bos'n broke up the gathering at last.

"What's this, a bloody picnic?" he snarled. "Let's have yer!"

When Lamark came for'ard at eight bells he had nothing to say at all. He refused to discuss the thing with his watch. Instead he bathed the dried blood from his face and chest, bandaged his cuts as best he could, borrowed salve from the carpenter for his bruises, and turned in without eating. He lay awake for hours, staring, burning-eyed, aching in every muscle, wondering, perplexed.

Half an hour before seven bells the cabin boy came into the fo'c's'le and asked for Lamark. One of the seamen, who happened to be peggy and was fixing the table for the next meal, pointed him out.

The cabin boy piped with a scared look: "The ole man wants yer."

One or two of the seamen woke up and leaned over the side of their bunks.

Lamark sat up with difficulty and held his throbbing head. The cabin boy repeated his message. Lamark nodded and rocked to his feet. He stumbled aft, still perplexed. What new inquisition was this? Why was the captain picking on him? The seamen awake slipped to the fo'c's'le door and watched him go.

"Lamark!" Captain Black's voice was almost genial as he called from the poop. "Look up there, my man! There's a marlinespike made fast to the main royal yard arm, port side. Take it along to the sailmaker."

Lamark stopped while the order sank in. Then slowly he understood. Rage shook him. He had been called from his watch below to do what any man of the watch on deck could have done. And if it was necessary to call a man in the watch below, it was the sea custom that the man who left the spike aloft should bring it down. The boy ceased being perplexed. He ceased to wonder how he had incurred the captain's wrath. He accepted it as a fact. A passionate desire for fair play was his.

He commenced firmly, evenly, lifting his battered face to the captain. "I was at the wheel, sir. All the watch I never went aloft. Ask the bos'n."

"Give the spike to the sailmaker," said the captain, smiling.

He leaned his elbows on the taffrail before him and looked down on the boy. The other made no movement. Yet within him went on a struggle. The years of seafaring had taught him to obey. But he had never had unreasonable orders before. His desire for fair play won out.

The captain grated "Get aloft damned smart!" his voice rising. "I'm not asking you who was on the yard."

Then deliberately the boy started back for the fo'c's'le. He believed he was in the right. His chin set obstinately. His whole spirit was aflame with rebellion. Captain Black's eyes shone with satisfaction. He lifted his voice again:

"Where you going?"

The boy turned for an instant. He rose to heights and burst his bonds of discipline. He violated every canon the sea had taught him.

"I'm goin' t' get the man who left that spike aloft, sir."

He faced for'ard and went on, his face white, fear numbing him. Faith kept him going. He was right, and he knew every man on the ship knew he was right.

The captain chuckled. He vaulted over the taffrail and landed lightly on the main deck. He made three great strides. The boy, facing for'ard, was struck behind the ear and went over like a log, without a sound.

The captain hauled him to his feet and twisted his arm.

"Going aloft?" he asked pleasantly.

The boy shook his swimming head and set his teeth. He had heard of hard-case captains. He had sailed under some. But he had never met with such frank injustice So long as a man did his work and obeyed reasonable orders he should be unmolested. This was something beyond all experience

The boy struck the deck with a thud, moaned and rolled over, hiding his face in his forearm. The captain raised his foot. A big seaman working near the mizzenmast laid down his splicing fid and took a step forward. He had stood all he was able to. Like the boy, his sense of the fitness of things was outraged. His face was red with anger and his blue eyes were hard.

"Dere is no need to punish the boy, captain," he said, reapect struggling in his voice.

The captain lowered his foot and looked round. He swung towards the other.

"Speaking to me?"

The seaman, a fair-mustached Norwegian, stood his ground as Lamark had done. His face went redder and his deep chest heaved. He was taller than the captain, but that did not lessen his ingrained fear of the other's authority. His great bony fists were clenched, but he did not raise them to protect himself at first

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"Look at Me! There is Nothing I Cannot Do. I Can Kill, Bury, Marry, or Make a Man. I Can Raise a Common Seaman to First Mate in Five Minutes"

CENSUS OF A SECTION

By HAL G. EVARTS

THIS census would never have been taken except for a friendly altercation between a New Yorker and a Kansan, the latter claiming for his native state the equal of anything his friend might point out in New York until he was shown a flock of gulls wheeling over the river, whereupon he hedged. Later the friend came West, and the Kansan, having secretly posted himself meanwhile, brought the New Yorker round to me. After a period of general conversation sufficiently long to make the remark appear unpremeditated, I observed that the gulls seemed even more plentiful than usual, and that I had seen not less than 20,000 the preceding day.

"Gulls!" exclaimed the visitor, casting a suspicious eye at his friend. "Gulls out here? I suppose they were following a phantom ship across one of your desert mirages."

"Following plows across the fertile Kansas prairies," I corrected. "Eating every insect, worm or grub uncovered in the furrows. Any morning during late summer and early fall, the grasshopper season, you can see them lifting up off the salt marshes at daylight in tens of thousands and scattering over the fields in search of food. Imagine the hundreds of tons of grasshoppers and other insect life devoured by those flocks. Then estimate the frightful increase of those insects if they were left undisturbed, and you will understand why I believe we would never raise a spear of wheat in this end of the state if it were not for the gulls."

"First time I'd heard that the Kansas wheat crop was dependent upon gulls," said the visitor.

I really hadn't given the matter much thought myself, and it did sound a bit thick.

Following the Plow to New Fields

"GULLS and other birds," I qualified. "All crops, all trees—the existence of the whole vegetable kingdom, in fact, is largely dependent upon birds. All naturalists agree that if the birds were suddenly exterminated in any given area of cultivated country the whole face of the earth in that locality would be covered with a writhing swarm of insects that would even eat the bark off the trees and the shingles off the roofs."

I had read that somewhere without giving it special heed. Now, as I warmed to the topic, I convinced myself if not my listener; hence the census.

This census, of course, is not accurate to a feather. It was not taken in one day, but instead was conducted at various times throughout the course of two years. It furnishes a cross-section of the bird life of an average square mile of cultivated land and will prove relatively true of localities in other parts, the species differing, of course, according to the general character of crops, forestation, climate and insect life of the countryside. Also, it afforded interesting proof of shifting bird ranges with altering conditions. Birds will positively follow in the wake of agriculture as it extends in any given direction and this particular stretch of Western Kansas furnishes the one best example of the sort within my knowledge.

More than half of the birds listed in the census were not native to the region at a time within the memory of hundreds of citizens now living. In the eighteen years during which I have spent more or less time in those parts I have witnessed the arrival of perhaps a dozen varieties of birds.

When the town of Hutchinson was settled in the middle '70's there was but a single tree within view of the town site, a stunted cottonwood that grew by a spring at the edge of the sandhills a few miles to the north. It follows naturally that there were no tree-nesting birds in the vicinity, only the strictly prairie dwellers. Now the country for a hundred miles around, when viewed from some lofty point, impresses one as being a wooded region. The landscape is thickly studded with orchards, hedgerows and groves, many of them extensive: the river bottoms and the waste lands along the smaller streams are heavily timbered, not merely with the first growth of cottonwoods and willows but with elms, oaks, box elder, hackberry, walnut and an occasional sycamore and maple. There are thickets of dogwood, elderberry and other undergrowth, festoons of ivy, wild grape and bittersweet hanging from the trees. With this change of vegetation came the birds in such numbers that at the time I took the census fully half of the resident species were of the tree-nesting variety.

Strange as it may seem the red-headed woodpecker was perhaps the first of these to invade this treeless region. Early residents testify to the fact that a few pairs of these birds appeared in the country, apparently having followed the long lines of telegraph poles that stretched out across the short-grass plains, and remained to drill cavities in these only available nesting sites, lay their eggs and rear their broods, subsisting meanwhile on the prairie insects instead of upon their natural diet of grubs that are found in dead and decaying wood. No doubt these birds were lured on, mile after mile, from one pole to the next, fondly hoping that the next dead post beyond would harbor the grubs for which they sought

Whence the Robin's Worm Sense?

NO ONE seems to remember which of the birds came next, but it must have been the mocking birds, brown thrashers, shrikes, vireos and other varieties not averse to nesting in low shrubs and hedgerows. The flicker was certainly among the first of the arrivals, since he would follow naturally in the wake of the woodpeckers and make use of their deserted nest cavities in the telegraph poles.

The robin, being quite the most abundant of our native birds, should have first place in the census, although he was by no means the most common bird on that particular section. Approximately twenty pairs of robins nested in the various orchards, groves and hedgerows of that square mile. Everyone, even the city dweller with a square rod of lawn, is familiar with the voracious appetite of the friendly redbreast; for the robin forages tirelessly. Who has not wondered at his capacity after watching him pull worm after worm from the lawn? Often, while observing robins at feed I have wondered somewhat over a question asked by a friend a few years ago: "Does the robin see those worms or does he hear them?" I have never been able to determine. Time after time a robin will stand motionless with its head cocked to one side as if in an attitude of listening, then make a quick run to some point a few feet distant, plunge its bill into the soft earth and extract a worm that has been reclining a half inch beneath the grass roots. Various scientific experiments have established the fact that the sight of birds is many times superior to the sight of man, and we have

A Brown Thrasher Scolding the Camera Man. Above—A Cardinal With Three Fat Grubs, One for Each of the Young. In the Circle—A Sandpiper

repeated evidence of that fact in our daily observation of birds; but it is quite certain that the robin does not see that worm buried beneath a lawn and an inch or so of soil. Does the bird catch the slight twitch of a grass blade that betrays the retreat of his prey? The hearing of our feathered friends is also very acute. Does the robin detect the faint rustle of the moving worm? It is one of these two senses, perhaps a combination of both, for it has been determined beyond question that the sense of smell is very inferior in most birds, so slightly developed, in fact, that it exerts practically no influence over any bird act, which is exactly opposite of the truth with mammals, as the power of scent is by all odds the chief factor in the daily life of most animals: in all essential acts, such as feeding, tracking prey or escaping an enemy, in determining the identity of friend or foe, and so on, the sense of smell constitutes the main source of information and is the one special sense in which most animals place their reliance.

A Wren With Its Throat Swelled in Song. In the Circle—A Killdeer on Her Nest

Whether the robin hunts by ear or by eye, the fact remains that he is the most successful detector of insect retreats—must be, of necessity, since it requires almost his own weight in insect food to retain life in his body for a single day. This seems almost incredible, yet careful experiments, lasting over the course of months, have proved that a robin consumes eleven ounces of insect food per day.

Eating Insects by the Ton

IF WE credit a pair of robins with destroying only one pound of insect life a day, it means that the birds will account for 120 pounds during the four months of the summer season. Then the twenty resident pairs in that section are responsible for the destruction of 2400 pounds of insects during that period. This is exclusive of whatever is fed to the two annual broods of young while they are still in the nest, and what is consumed by the young birds when they have learned to forage for themselves The robins do not leave these parts until late October, a few lingering for another month, and the first stragglers return in the latter part of February, the bulk of them arriving in March. Taking those feeding experiments as a basis, it would thus be well within the limits of scientific reasoning to credit the robins of that one section of land with the death of 5000 pounds of bug life. If we credit them with but 2000 pounds, and consider the tremendous increase of that ton of insects had they been permitted to survive, we still have established the vast economic value of twenty pairs of resident robins.

While taking the census I carried a camera and at odd intervals filmed some of the family scenes of birds in near-by localities. One of these photographic excursions gave me an insight into the feeding habits of the brown thrasher. I do not know the number of ounces per day of insect food consumed by the thrasher, but if a family of young robins requires a greater quantity of food than that devoured by a brood of young thrashers, then they are a gluttonous lot indeed. The camera was stationed by the nest for two hours, during which period it was visited eleven times by one or the other of the parents as they brought food, which consisted of two to four worms or grubs on each occasion. It was quite apparent that the average number of trips per hour would have exceeded this under ordinary circumstances, since it was evident that the nearness of the camera and my own presence near by occasioned the old birds much concern. Several times the mother approached the nest with grubs dangling from her bill, only to depart and devour the food herself; likewise the male bird. Meanwhile the parents scouted continuously in the trees and on the ground, devouring many a hapless bug and grasshopper, occasionally stopping to scold me as I sat holding the end of a string that was attached to the trip of the camera; but their thoughts seemed ever to dwell upon food, and even in the midst of a tongue lashing directed at me they would break off suddenly to spear some incautious grasshopper. This pair did not nest in the section covered by the census, but there were fourteen pairs that did nest there.

Six pairs of mocking birds, three of catbirds, three of yellow billed cuckoos, two pairs of goldfinches, five pairs each of bluejays, vireos, yellow warblers and woodthrush reared their young within that area. The shy woodthrush is one of the varieties whose advent I have witnessed A dozen years ago I had never seen a woodthrush or heard its rather plaintive melody anywhere in the vicinity, but the birds have now come to be numbered among the fairly common residents.

A pair of the rare and beautiful blue grosbeaks nested somewhere in the section, as I frequently glimpsed the adult birds, though I failed to locate the nest. This flashy little fellow has an odd habit which, as far as I know, is practiced by but one other bird. Nesting in secluded thickets, the blue grosbeak frequently salvages a shed snakeskin, coils it about the lower part of the nest and permits the loose end to dangle. It sometimes drapes the shed skins of other snakes in the near-by bushes. These sinister relics may be placed there for the purpose of frightening predatory animals or birds that might seek to rifle the nest.

Snakeskin Scarecrows

THE great-crested flycatcher is the other bird of my acquaintance that employs this ruse. Two years ago while wandering along the now-timbered bottoms of the Arkansas River I heard the strident note of the great-crested flycatcher. Never having found this bird in the vicinity I was tempted to attribute the note to a mocking bird, as I had frequently heard these mimics imitating the flycatcher's harsh cry. The mocking bird is capable of reproducing the notes of practically every bird of the countryside. However, I investigated and discovered a pair of flycatchers, eventually finding the nest, the location of which was betrayed by a shed snakeskin that hung from a cavity in the dead limb of a cottonwood.

No less than 25 per cent of the great-crested flycatchers of certain localities betray the location of their nesting holes in this manner, but the ruse may serve to frighten the fox squirrels.

It was also during that same spring that I saw a single rose-breasted grosbeak and found the nest of a pair of bluebirds. No doubt all these varieties will soon come to be numbered among the common residents Some six or seven years ago I saw a single specimen of the scissor-tailed flycatcher. Now they are fairly abundant, and a pair of these beauties nested in the section round which

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A Brown Thrasher. In the Circle—A Sparrowhawk. It Should Really be Called a Grasshopper Hawk

THE MESSENGER

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

TURNING into Elm Street, Miss Dale, the civic nurse, gasped and stood still, mopping her brow. She was a short, briskly moving young woman, who remained stout in spite of the most strenuous activity. The time was late August, but the heat was that of mid-July. The twilight made the air seem smothering; one could bear much heat better on sunny evenings. There was, however, a promise of change in the intense sultriness, in the occasional flash of pale and distant lightning, and in a rumble of thunder so faint as to be almost inaudible.

The noise in the street rose and fell in waves. In the harsh orchestra were united the gossiping voices of women, the growling tones of weary men, the shrill cries of children, and the hollow moan of a French horn practiced upon by an amateur who had an abundance of breath but no ear. Sometimes the noise ceased almost entirely, again it swelled like the piercing wail of a siren. Then a man's loud voice, sometimes that of Nimrod Healey, sometimes that of Henry Aughinbaugh, sometimes that of Mr. Pefferkorn, shouted, "Don't you know there's sickness?" and the clamor died down.

Then the crickets and the katydids took their turn, and the distant thunder became audible. Once for a brief moment all human and animal sounds seemed to cease, and there was a faint rustle, that of the leaves of the North Carolina poplars, dropping by the thousands after the long drought. The two elm trees that gave the street its name were in back yards; on the street the poplars, planted about a dozen feet apart, put out their leaves late and shed them early, and raised curb and pavements in dangerous hillocks.

Ordinarily Miss Dale paid no professional calls in the evening, but she felt that she must look in once more at Mary Fidler, who had been ill for months in her little house in the angle made by the abrupt and sidewise departure of Batter's Lane from Elm Street. Elm Street was set with substantial houses, each with an ornate porch; but in Batter's Lane there were merely scattered cabins. In Elm Street lived persons of property, solid Pennsylvania Germans like the Aughinbaughs and Taughinbaughs and Bergstressers, one ambitious Irishman, Nimrod Healey, and various other Americans; among them two women who worked hard in spite of the fact that they had inherited money. One was Callie Squire, a manufacturer of hair switches; the other Maggie Platt, a dressmaker. No one was rich, but no one was exactly poor. In Batter's Lane, permanent among a succession of temporary renters, lived Mary Fidler, who was an Irish Protestant. There were also a few colored people who had owned their cabins since before the Civil War.

Mary Fidler, Miss Dale feared, was dying. She was sixty years old and she had been a laundress since she was sixteen. The doctor had expected her to recover from the long attack of exhaustion that had prostrated her, but she showed no sign of improvement, and the four weeks of almost unbroken heat had been hard on her. She was a patient, useful soul, and Miss Dale had determined stubbornly that she should live. This evening for the first time she doubted her recovery.

In Elm Street Miss Dale not only heard sounds but she smelled odors, and in spite of her familiarity with odors of all sorts they sickened her. Seldom-opened windows had been raised and the aroma of winter's sauerkraut and summer's mold hastened to escape. The showering poplar leaves exhaled a faint breath of autumn. Some belated housewife was boiling catchup in which there were delicious spices, and a blossoming moon vine at the Espenshades' was covered with intensely fragrant flowers. The sweet odors seemed even more unpleasant to Miss Dale than those of sauerkraut and mold. She believed that she could detect even the perfume with which Myrtle Espenshade soaked her handkerchief on the evening when her beau called.

Before her in the murky twilight she saw an almost solid mass of human beings. There were about forty children in the street, and there were almost as many men and women sitting on the steps and on chairs along the curb and on the curb itself. When she saw Tudor Levan coming toward her she said a wicked word under her breath. Tudor was a large man, far too stout for his height, and with a very pale face and very black hair and eyes. He had been a patient of Miss Dale's and he continued to report to her the symptoms of his indigestion, which was due entirely to overeating and lack of exercise. Miss Dale hated him, but she could not escape him. He was coatless and collarless, and he walked with a stoop as though there were a weight on his shoulders

"I'm trying sand," said he in a hollow voice.

"Sand!" repeated Miss Dale in the most innocent tone. "How did you find out you needed sand?"

"I read of it in a paper," explained Tudor. "You eat a little each day mixed with your food."

"Like the chickens," suggested Miss Dale with perfect gravity. "And good effects?"

"Not yet," confessed Tudor. "How is Mary Fidler?"

"I'm going to see," said Miss Dale, moving on.

"Do you think she'll die?"

"You never can tell," answered Miss Dale over her shoulder.

Again the noise waxed shrill like that of a siren; the heat grew heavier, the odors stronger. Miss Dale thought of the pleasant country where night felt like a benediction, especially in hot weather. She hurried on, hoping to avoid further encounters; but on the lowest step of the house from which came the odor of boiling catchup sat Emmanuel Kane, a tiny man, scarcely to be seen in the shadow, who had recently contracted a second marriage. His first wife had been tinier than himself, and more timid and even more amiable; but his second wife was large, bold and domineering. As Kane rose to speak to Miss Dale, Mr. Pefferkorn uttered a terrific yell, ostensibly at the children but really at the children and the men and the women and the crickets and the katydids and the thunder itself.

There followed a brief silence. Miss Dale was profoundly grateful, not only for the silence but for the yell, which relieved her own nervousness, and she listened to Kane with patience

"Good evening, Mr. Kane. What did you say?"

"Do you think Mary'll last the night?"

"Why not?"

"We heard that the doctor said she'd die."

"Well, doctors are supposed to know."

"She was a good woman," said little Kane with a backward glance. "It's my opinion she'll go straight to heaven."

(Continued on Page 164)

Cattie Rose and Approached the Bed. In Mary's Soul Something Quickened, Like a Fading Spark of Life Blown Upon by a Mighty Breath

THIS WAY OUT

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

FOUR thousand a year," said Douglas Pendergast casually, squelching an inclination to grin. He tossed aside the official letter which notified him that he had landed on the civil-service list for deputy prison inspector. His rating was 70.02 per cent; but he'd landed on the list!

"That's great money," said Henry Simmons, his fellow clerk. "I wish I had your chances, Doug."

He had not lifted his eyes from the papers on his desk. He had been in Hopper's real-estate office for three months, and was still purblindly groping his way; Douglas Pendergast had discovered in the same period that the work was obvious and stupid routine.

"You have just as many chances as I have, Simmons," he said. "The trouble with you is you don't know how to improve your chances. You're one of these fellows that get stuck in a rut."

"I guess you'll take that job, won't you, Doug?" murmured Henry, working away.

"Well, I really don't know," said Douglas, frowning reflectively. "I wouldn't want to get stuck in a rut, even at four thousand a year. I'll think about it. There are going to be two appointments, which gives me a better chance."

"Where are you on the list?"

Douglas coughed.

"Four hundred and seventy-second," he said. "That's because they allow twenty points for experience, so as to favor insiders. I've not made up my mind yet about taking it if they send for me. I've got lots of other good chances—I'm on fourteen lists. Only last week I turned down a job as axman in the Bureau of Street Openings. That's an engineering position, if you understand about engineering."

"What does an axman do?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember; but I knew all about it when I got on the list three years ago. Yes, I turned it down cold. They can't get me for any seventy-five a month. I'll take the first one that pays good money, and keep looking around for something better. That's the way to get ahead, Simmons. . . . Where are you going?"

"I'm going around to see a Mr. Berrick who owns a private house on Seventy-first Street," said Henry, settling his sunburned straw hat on his overlong straight brown hair. "Mr. Mahony told me to bring our cards on Seventy-first Street up to date, and I want to ask Mr. Berrick what he wants for his house today. The card on his house is over a year old."

"You're not going to lose time going around to see him, are you?" asked Douglas, poising the pearl-handled knife he had drawn to trim an overlong finger nail. "Time is money, Simmons. Call him up on the phone."

"Mr. Mahony said to call upon the owners personally," said Henry mildly but inflexibly.

"That's another thing that's the matter with you, Simmons," said Douglas. "You have no judgment of your own. You have no grasp of principles. What Mahony wants is to get the particulars of these houses, and he doesn't care how you go about it. You don't seem to have a spark of originality and initiative. Now, look at me!"

But Henry was walking away. Douglas looked after him pityingly, noting again the shoddy and wrinkled winter suit, the old straw hat, the brilliance of the celluloid collar.

"No pep," he muttered; "no punch; no get-up to him at all; no executive ability; waits to be told. Henry Simmons will spend his life plugging away in a rut, the poor dumb-bell!"

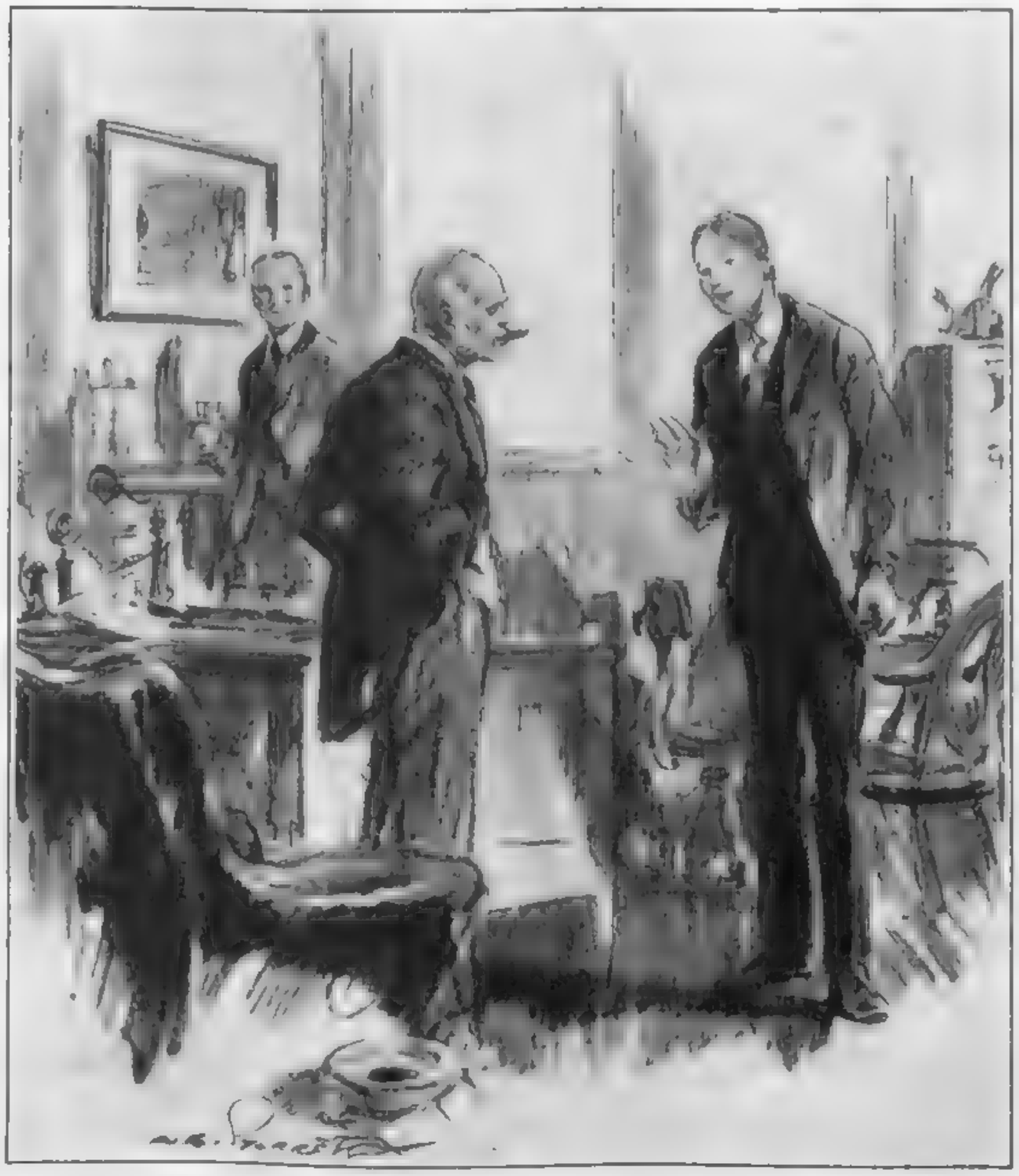
He snapped open a newspaper and turned to the Help Wanted columns, and looked to see what jobs were being offered that morning. He was eternally on the lookout to improve himself.

He jotted down the address of a firm of clothiers whose advertisement promised rapid advancement. He had hesitated over this advertisement because it promised only a moderate salary. But then he could hardly expect them to offer an immoderate salary, which was the logical alternative. He made a note also of an advertisement calling for a young man to study law in a large law office. He would look into that one, too: perhaps, if the truth were known, he had rare natural genius for the law. With a shadow of disillusionment on his keen face, he read and dismissed this advertisement:

ARE YOU STUCK IN A RUT?

A corporation now being formed plans a business of national scope that will require the services of a number of men and women in high executive positions. Have you executive ability, sir? Have you an analytical mind, madam? If you answer in the affirmative, we do not care what work you are doing now, nor what your experience has been. If you are only capable of a dull routine, keep at it, sir! Continue, madam! But if you sincerely feel that you would like a high executive position at a big salary, if you are of good address, fair education and are willing to give your best, THIS IS THE WAY OUT!

Yes, yes, they would help him out. He had answered a very similar advertisement once before, and the advertisers had then helped him out of a pretty good job in the office of a wholesale silk house, and had put him to work peddling stocks. They had promised to make him sales manager of the new corporation as soon as he should prove his selling ability by disposing of extraordinary quantities of the corporation's stock. That was not a bad old rut at all, that silk-house job. How well that rascally brokerage house knew how to appeal to fellows who were sore on their jobs! How they did play on a fellow's honest ambition! One would almost think that there were a great many quick and high-spirited fellows who were nobly restive when harnessed to a dull routine. Of course there were openings to dignified positions and large salaries, if a fellow could find them.



"Don't Apologize, Sir. I Assure You That I Did Not Pay the Least Attention to What You Said"

Henry Simmons' resoled shoes creaked back along the aisle and took their place contentedly beneath Henry Simmons' desk.

"Well?" asked Douglas with a hint of acridity in his voice. "Did you get the price on the house?"

"Yes, Doug," said Henry pleasedly. "Mr. Berrick asked me what I wanted to know for, and I told him we were bringing our cards up to date and wanted the information for our records. He thought it over and said he guessed the old price would stand—thirty-five thousand dollars."

Henry carefully noted the old price on the new card. Douglas snorted.

"You're a cuckoo, Simmons. What good do you suppose that kind of information is? Naturally he didn't give you his real price when you told him you were only asking out of curiosity. You make me weary."

He flipped over the leaves of the telephone book, picked up the instrument, got his number and spoke in a deep and leisurely voice—a voice to inspire respect at the other end of the wire.

"Mr. Berrick? Mr. Pendergast speaking—Douglas Pendergast of the Hopper organization. Mr. Berrick, my assistant informs me that you have just given him a price of thirty-five thousand dollars for your house on West Seventy-first Street. A client who is here with me now wishes to purchase a residence in that street, and he has seen your house and likes it. It is all a question of price now, Mr. Berrick. . . . Oh, yes, I'm talking cash. . . . There won't be any dickering, as he is looking at two other houses that he likes equally well. I want your very lowest rock-bottom price for immediate action. You'll take thirty thousand, you say? Is that your very best? Very well, sir, I'll submit it; but I'm a trifle afraid—can't you shade thirty? Thank you, sir."

He hung up the receiver.

"The price of that Berrick house is twenty-nine thousand five hundred," he announced. "Put that down on your card!"

Henry sighed slightly as he wrote. He was not able to do things like that.

Mr. Mahony, the manager of the brokerage department of Hopper's, paused in passing and picked up the finished card

"That price looks about right for a twenty-two-footer in that block," he commented interestedly. "Advertise this Berrick house, Pendergast. Word your ad carefully, you understand, so as not to give this away. Run it as 'A four-story American basement in the lower Seventies near the Park, under thirty thousand.' Send the prospects to me."

On the following morning Henry Simmons answered a call on the telephone that stood between his desk and that of Douglas Pendergast. A deep and leisurely voice came over the wire.

"This is John W. Hancock," said the impressive voice. "Will you be good enough to inform me what house it is that you advertised?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry obligingly. "The house is Number —— West Seventy-first Street, and it belongs to Mr. Berrick. Come around here and see our Mr. Mahony, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," said the voice, and the caller rang off.

"Here, here!" exclaimed Douglas. "Who was that you were talking to?"

"Mr. John W. Hancock," said Henry, bending over his work.

"Like fun it was!" said Douglas disgustedly. "I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut with a hole in it that it was some smart broker. That was some broker who has a man looking to buy a house, and he saw our ad in the paper this

morning—and now he's got the house! He'll rush around there to Berrick with his buyer, and he'll sell the house, and we'll be out our commission. For heaven's sake, Simmons, think, will you?"

"I never imagined for a moment, Doug ——" began Henry troubledly.

"No, you never imagined for a moment," sneered Douglas. "You never imagine at all. Simmons, you give me a swift pain."

Two days later Douglas came out of the private room of the head of the firm and spoke to Henry in passing his desk.

"The Old Man wants to see you, Simmons. He's going to ask you about the sale of that Berrick house. Tell him you don't know anything about it."

"Neither I do, Doug," said Henry, carefully blotting the sheet he had been writing on. "All I know about it, I mean, is giving the address of the house to that man who called up."

"That's just it! It was a broker, sure enough; the house was sold yesterday. Tell the Old Man you don't know anything about it."

"I certainly will, Doug, and thanks for the tip," said Henry gratefully. "I will tell him I don't know anything about it, except that a man called up and I gave him the information."

And he lumbered creakingly to the door of the president's room. Douglas shook his head.

"About all that fellow seems able to get into his skull is his three meals," he murmured.

The little Old Man was sitting at his desk, clawing at his short gray beard and chewing a bite of a fine Havana cigar. His hot brown eyes were carefully averted from those of Mahony, who stood by. The Old Man was angry and was therefore constraining himself to be fair and reasonable—painfully fair and reasonable. With ostentation he was sitting on the safety valve of his just rage. His seat was uneasy; he was shifting about, now rising slightly, now pressing determinedly back. It was evident that if he had not been in so fair and reasonable a frame of mind he must have been blown quite out of his swivel chair.

"Simmons," he wheezed, holding himself in his chair by main force, but speaking in almost pleading accents, "I see in the real-estate column this morning that Morse & Peters sold a house on Seventy-first Street belonging to Jay Berrick. They made a nice commission of around seven hundred dollars, Simmons. I am quite sure we were the only firm that had that house for sale, and Mr. Mahony here can't account for how it got into the hands of Morse & Peters. Can you?"

"No, sir," said Henry relievedly. "I can't imagine."

The Old Man emitted a drawn-out growl under pretense of clearing his throat.

"This sort of thing has happened several times in the last three months, Simmons. Someone here in the office is either crooked or downright stupid; someone has been handing out valuable information to strangers. I'll get rid of that man mighty quick when I find him out. Simmons, did you talk to anyone outside the office about that Berrick house?"

The question was purely rhetorical, and was intended to precede a warning to exercise care.

"Yes, sir," gulped Henry. His blue eyes blinked, and some of the pinkness went out of his round face. "I gave the particulars over the telephone to a man who called up that morning the ad was in the paper."

"Simmons," wheezed the Old Man, reasonable to the last drop, "who was that man?"

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," said Henry.

"Ah-h!" exhaled the Old Man, and his brown eyes gleamed contentedly. "You don't know! You're the man that's been handing out free the information that costs us time and money! Simmons, what I said goes. I've been watching you, and I've decided that you'll never do in this business. What were you doing before you came with us?"

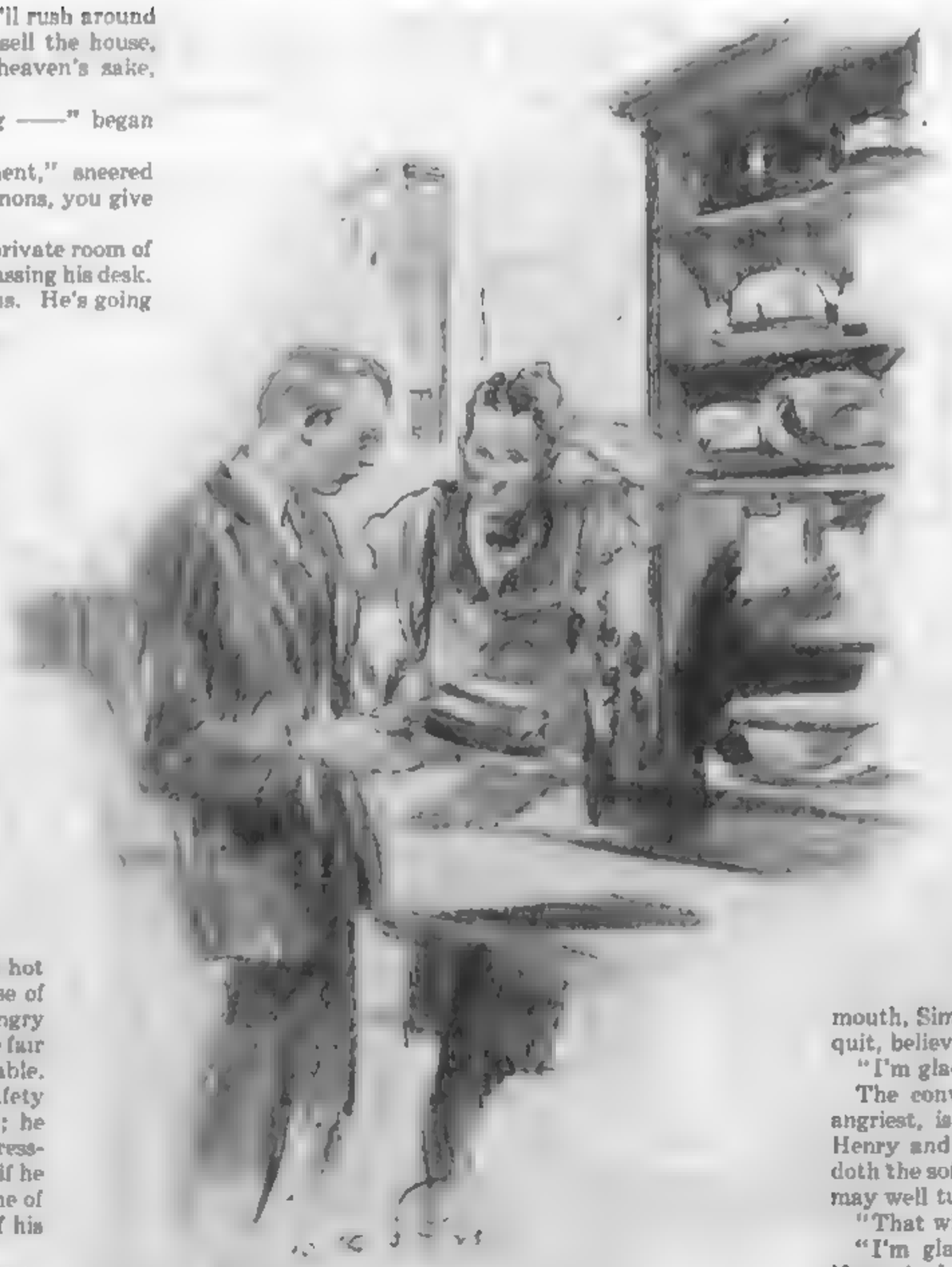
"The only other job I had, sir, was running an elevator in an office building downtown. I got that job right after leaving school, sir. But I did not see much chance for advancement in that business, after thinking it over, so I thought I would try the real-estate business."

"How long were you running that elevator?"

"Nine years, sir. I didn't want to make a change until after I thought it over. I don't like shifting about, sir."

The Old Man gasped and glanced at Mahony, who rolled up his eyes.

"The matter with you, Simmons," said the Old Man, swallowing his smoke in contemplation of the fact that he was going to fire this incompetent, "is that you are one of these floaters, jumping from job to job. The sort of men we want here is the sort that will stick to the job, and not the sort of fellow who gets to feeling almost right away that he has learned all there is to the real-estate business and is ready to move on."



It Was Now a Highly Individual Hat, a Hat to be Worn by a Philosopher, by an Artist, by a Tramp

Henry listened attentively, nodding. The sarcasm missed him entirely, but he sensed a hostile and uncompromising note in the Old Man's voice. He was surprised and grieved that Mr. Hopper should think he had quitted the elevator overhastily or in any flippant spirit.

"I assure you, sir," he said sincerely, "that I am not that kind of a fellow. I'm not going to leave you, Mr. Hopper. Really, I'm not."

"Oh, yes, you are too!" said the Old Man, but with a sense of discomfort. "You're going to leave next Saturday!"

"No, I'm not, Mr. Hopper," said Henry. "You just say that because you're not satisfied with the way I'm catching on. Well, I was a little slow in learning how to run the elevator too; but Mr. Ronan thought a lot of me before I quit. He offered me five dollars more. I worked my very best for him, sir; and I'm working my very best for you too, sir."

"Ar-rh!" snarled the Old Man, being thus pierced at his one vulnerable spot.

The fellow had, indeed, always done his pathetic best. And, hang it all, you can't fire a man who always does his best—not until you've given him every possible last chance. He glared openly at Henry as the distasteful fact came home to him that Henry was not going to be fired this time.

"Nonsense!" he cried, bouncing up from his chair. "What do I care about your best if it's not good enough? That's no excuse, Simmons, and don't think for a minute you can rub it onto me. I'll fire you the very next time you pull a bone—mark my words!"

He walked up and down, pausing as he passed the young man to stare into his face provocatively. He ached to fire him.

"If you can't be a real-estate man," he snapped, "you might at least try to look like one. Get a hat, get a suit—what's the idea of the buyers' strike? There's a poor tramp somewhere right now that's going around half naked because you're wearing his clothes. Give 'em to him! Get your hair bobbed, or put it up! Get a linen collar, even if it takes your first quarter; and for heaven's sake"—this while glaring at Henry's modest nineteen-cent washable cravat—"wear a necktie and not a piece of laundry!"

He made several other suggestions, all of them excellent but put with insulting bluntness. So plain spoken was he that he suddenly reined himself in.

"I'm saying this for your own good, Simmons," he grumbled.

"I'm sure of that, sir," said Henry loyally. "You don't mean a word of it!"

"I wouldn't say that, exactly," said the Old Man.

"Don't apologize, sir," said Henry, holding up a deprecating hand. "I assure you that I did not pay the least attention to what you said. You are worried for thinking that I am going to leave you, and you are not yourself."

None of these remarks phrased the thought that was in Henry's mind, but they were the best he could do; not having any gift for accurate speech, he was obliged to use ready-made phrases. He did not think that his employer was going to the length of apologizing. He had paid close attention to what had been said; he believed that Mr. Hopper was acting strictly in character; and that Mr. Hopper was contemplating with mixed and not wholly ungrateful emotions the possibility that Henry might leave him. He did not, indeed, apprehend that he had been teetering on the verge of being discharged. He had meant well and had done his best and was therefore unafraid.

"I'm not apologizing," growled the Old Man, chafed afresh. "And I am myself. Hang it all, don't put words into my mouth, Simmons! I'm not worrying at all for fear you'll quit, believe me!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir," said Henry.

The conversation hung. Any conversation, even the angriest, is a collaboration requiring common premises. Henry and the Old Man were not collaborating. Thus doth the soft answer turn away wrath—as wrath, in reply, may well turn away the soft answer.

"That will be all, Simmons!" snapped the Old Man.

"I'm glad you didn't fire him," said Mahony when Henry had passed out. "He's awfully dumb, but he's got some mighty good points. He does what he's told, only you have to be careful to tell him precisely what to do. Personally, I'm willing to give him every chance, though I suppose we'll have to fire him in the end."

"How's young Pendergast coming on?"

"He's one of the clever ones." Mahony's joyless tone was puzzling, as cleverness is as valuable in the real-estate business as in any other; indispensable, unless the broker have long experience; in which case his brute memory serves him very well in the stead of a logical faculty. "I have the two of them doing missionary work on West Seventy-first Street near the park. There's something going on in that block that I don't quite understand, and I'm getting our information up to date."

II

MR. HOPPER passed down the aisle on his way home for the day. Henry looked up from his desk and scrutinized Mr. Hopper. He noted Mr. Hopper's hat—high of crown, round-topped, in effect a straw derby, and probably the original model of all modern straw hats. He noted the black cutaway and gray trousers of wool, and the shining body armor of boiled shirt and detachable cuffs.

Henry put on his straw hat. It was only three years old and was modern in plan and theory; but it was limp and dingy, whereas Mr. Hopper's was gleaming and inflexible. He followed in Mr. Hopper's wake, drinking in the sight of him; Mr. Hopper—unless Henry erred—was the greatest real-estate broker in the known world. With a tremulous sigh he withdrew his gaze from Mr. Hopper's back and turned east to the Ninth Avenue Elevated.

Five hundred thousand New Yorkers were going home. They were not all on the train that now thundered into place. No Elevated guard is quite perfect, and the guards on the platforms between Seventy-second Street and South Ferry had not succeeded in putting all homeward-bound New Yorkers on that train, although they had tried their best. The packed torsos of New Yorkers hung over the car gates; the gay straw hats likened them to tight-clipped bunches of flowers; but, surveying this unpromising condition, the large guard on the Seventy-second Street platform saw no excuse to shirk his obvious duty.

"Let 'em off!" he bellowed, putting his large shoulder against a gate.

Under his mighty pressure two small and slippery passengers were squeezed up into the air so that they had to jump over the gate, making room to force it ajar.

"Let 'em on!"

And now the guard, still seeking the ultimate compressibility of New Yorkers, put his large shoulder behind Henry and essayed to put Henry and the ejected passengers onto that car. With columnar legs flexed, he pushed on Henry's back, grunting, straining. The wind went out of Henry, his mouth opened and his eyeballs stood out, and for a while the thing seemed a hopeless though heroic defiance of the laws of physics; but there at last he astonishingly was, hanging over the gate, wedged, snugged in, fitted, rubbing noses—and pleased with himself and with the guard. For ten years Henry had traveled home so, and had never thought to quarrel with his accommodation. He was a conservative, and he had never doubted that this was the best possible of worlds and of elevated railroads.

He was squirted from the train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and floated down to the street level.

Strolling along, he glanced casually at a heaped push-cart. Would he have bananas—three for ten? He might have them as requital for a few minutes at his desk in Hopper's office, this fruit that had been plucked from a tree five thousand miles away. He looked into a clothing-store window at a suit marked in plain figures "$14.95. All Wool!" He must have worked a week to have earned that suit; but what vast capital and how many thousand men had collaborated to raise that *baum wolle* from the unlikely seed to its place in the clothing-store window! There in a theater was a Million-Dollar Spectacle. Henry had become entitled to this spectacle by filling his inkwell and sharpening his pencil in Hopper's office. In that same theater was a man who would ram a naked sword down his palpitating gullet if Henry would deign to watch him. Here was a news stand; while Henry had yawned and stretched and gaped at the ceiling of Hopper's office he had earned the right to know what was passing in China under the earth and in the islands of the sea. Had Henry been as wise as Solomon, as handy as Briareus, as unremitting as Sisyphus, he could not have got for himself a hundredth of what Harlem offered him in payment for his work in Hopper's office. Indeed, he must have shrunk appalled from the Herculean task of fetching from some far and terror-ringed tropic garden even those three golden bananas.

But Henry was not thrilled or exalted. He—strolling between the fortieth and forty-first degrees of north latitude, where the mean annual temperature is 52 degrees Fahrenheit—was not amazed by the sight of bananas at three for ten. He turned away unshaken from the all-wool suit; he didn't give three cents for a newspaper until he saw the name Tutankhamen. He had been thrilled by reading of Tutankhamen, who lived three thousand years ago; he was not thrilled by the equally amazing fact that he lived three thousand years after Tutankhamen; nor was there inspiration for him in the thought that he, Henry Simmons—should he accept the urgently tendered services of that funeral establishment across the way and let them embalm him expertly—could count with reasonable assurance upon being dug up some ages hence and taking then his rightful place as an object of wonder and a source of awe. Henry was not historical minded. He turned a slighting shoulder upon the seductive funeral establishment and walked up steps into the local Y. M. C. A.

He put on gymnasium clothes and went to his accustomed place in a class that was ranged before an instructor. For fifteen minutes then he did one-two, one-two, keeping time with his thirty-odd fellows. Henry needed the fellowship of the many. In a gallery a lone young man sat at a rowing machine and rowed; he did not advance an inch, and no one encouraged him; but he rowed on. Perhaps he knew, through the prophetic and intuitive sense that cheers the lone experimenter, that some day his oars would catch water, when he would row that machine around the gallery amid general adulation. To an outsider, his chance of success seemed remote; but with clenched jaws and aching hands he rowed on. Henry was not moved to emulate this individualist; he was not impelled to spring to the idle rowing machine and set out in wild pursuit; he was contented to do one-two, one-two.

When the class was over he trooped into the showers, had his usual bath and plunge, and dressed methodically for the street.

He ate a forty-cent regular dinner and had his meal ticket punched. When again in the street, he paused to listen to a soap-box orator on a Seventh Avenue corner.

"You, brother worker," shouted the orator, pointing an accusing finger at Henry, "are the man who made everything! Your brain and brawn are being exploited by the lazy capitalists who have a strangle hold on the means of production! You made their fine clothes, you dug their coal, you sweated and toiled to make the fine automobiles they ride in! They give you paltry wages—you, the laboring man, who made everything!"

Henry reddened and sidled away. He was not a laboring man; he was a broker. And he didn't get wages; he got a salary. Did he then look like a laboring man working for wages? Not at all—except, perhaps, for his hat. It must have been his hat that had made the orator think he had made everything

He entered a shoe-and-hat-cleaning parlor and delivered his hat to a Greek to be made beautiful. The Greek went at it with Hellenic zest for beauty. He washed it, painted it, jammed it down onto a tree and ironed it with might and main. He pried it off and put it on an apparatus that revolved it with dizzy speed. He stopped it, plucked it off and handed it back with an air.

"What the devil, Joe!" demurred Henry.

The hat was whitened to a delicate ivory, and all its commonplace formality of line and surface had left it. The crown was broken and the brim was shedding straws. It was now a highly individual hat, a hat to be worn by a philosopher, by an artist, by a tramp; it was not now a hat to be worn by Henry. Its lines were as broken as the Parthenon's, its surfaces wavered like those of the Acropolis. Like the Parthenon, Henry's hat would thereafter look best by moonlight.

"Aw, Joe!" said Henry.

Joe scratched his curly black head and lifted his black eyes to the shelves whereon reposed uncalled-for hats. There was a hansom driver's high hat, green, belling out. There was a gray derby. There was a shaggy hat with a feather in it, left by some gay Alpine chasseur. There was a Breton felt hat with trailing ribbon. But among these abandoned hats was only one straw. Joe lifted down this relic from its niche.

Henry turned it about in joyful incredulity. It was high and round topped and curling of brim; in effect, a straw derby. He had seen only one other such hat in all his twenty-three years.

"May I have it, Joe?" he stammered.

"A-sure!" said Joe.

Proudly Henry settled the hat on his head. He left the parlor and walked to Eighth Avenue, and climbed a bright stairway to a second floor. On one side of the landing was a Chinese restaurant; on the other was Goldberg's Elite Dress Parlors. Henry entered the parlors.

At a hasty glance, the Elite Dress Parlors was a second-hand clothing store. But Henry knew better, having read Goldberg's advertisement. He knew that Goldberg was a custom tailor who made suits to order for gentlemen of fashion and wealth. Only such suits as the said gentlemen had commissioned Goldberg to make regardless and had then forgotten to call for could be had ready-made.

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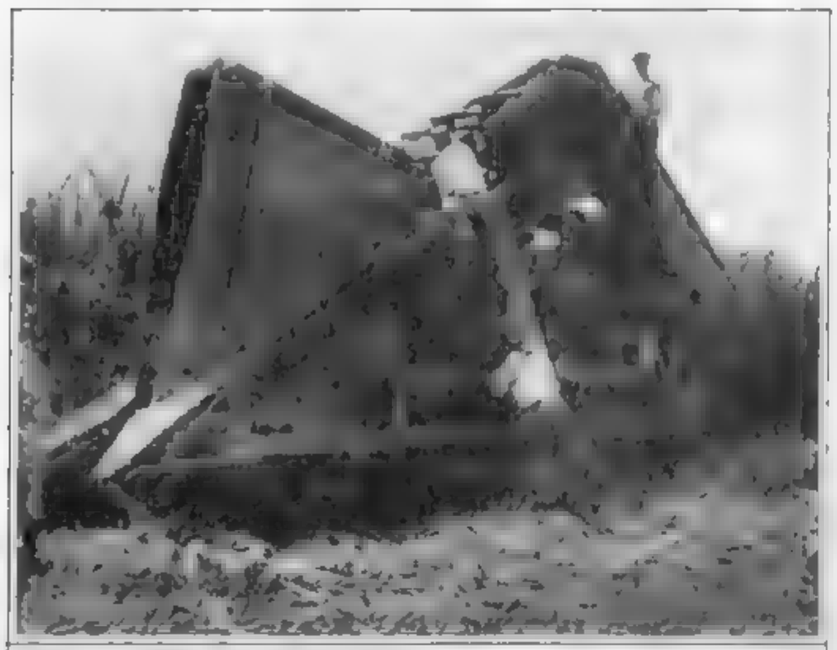
"That's the Bird That Stole the Berrick House. He Must be Acting Here for Somebody Else, and He's Overbidden Himself. Let Him Have It!"

LABOR-SHORTAGE



A Labor-Saving Sugarcane Harvesting Machine

A Gasoline Locomotive Pulling 25 Cars of Wet Concrete

Man With a Wagon Loader Filling a Truck With Sand

OF ALL possible ways to better our present industrial and economic situation, the one that deserves most attention is the substitution of mechanical means for human effort. Years ago we passed from the age when each man not only served as the family farmer, dairyman, tailor and shoemaker, but was doctor and principal teacher in his own household. Then came the age of extreme specialization, and now we are coming to a new era, when the lowliest man will be master of a machine of one kind or another. The enormous increase in human desires has brought American industry to the urgent necessity of multiplying man power.

The recent history of industrial progress in America is merely the recital of the invention of one labor-saving device after another. Wheelbarrows took the loads from the backs of men and freed the human race of much drudgery. Now the mechanical truck has supplanted the wheelbarrow, and life is made still less arduous. When the power-driven ship displaced the galley that was rowed by hand, the human race again received a decided impulse forward, and so we have gone on perfecting one invention after another, thereby increasing man's capacity for work from ten to a hundred times what it formerly was. If we removed from the earth all the power-driven machines now operating, it would be impossible to crowd onto our globe sufficient people to produce the commodities now made. If we were to revert to the old method of making wire nails by hand, this job alone would require the daily effort of more workers than are now engaged in producing all our coal.

It has always been true that when prosperity prevails and the demand for goods exceeds the supply, the exactions of labor threaten industry with a stoppage unless new methods can be devised and automatic control substituted for the skill of the workers. In some lines of production the upturn in business activity has brought many managements to face this same perplexing situation. The only remedy is for our inventors, chemists and engineers to show us how to lower costs through getting a greater number of valuable products out of the same old materials, and by using automatic devices to increase individual production and thus offset the labor shortage.

Potential Savings

ONE good way to get worth-while ideas concerning ways and means to cut down expenses and enlarge output is not only to investigate the labor-saving schemes of others in kindred lines of business but to try to adapt to our own ends and purposes the ingenious devices and unique schemes that are already being applied successfully to the solution of production problems in other industries.

More labor is employed in the United States in handling materials than in any other way, and it is in this field that we have one of our greatest opportunities to release workers for other essential tasks that require hand and head attention, and to save tens of millions of dollars for the pockets of consumers. Less than one-tenth of the freight that passes through terminals in the United States is handled by machinery, and less than 40 per cent of our American manufacturers have undertaken to install mechanical methods for handling goods. Only one-fifth of our piers and one-fourth of our railway terminals are equipped with up-to-date mechanical-handling installations. There is no doubt but that through the greater employment of mechanical means for loading and unloading railway freight cars it would easily be possible to save one hour each day for every car, which would afford a total saving of nearly 3,000,000 car-hours per day, which would be equivalent to adding 110,000 cars to the present supply of such rolling stock of American railroads.

Freight-Handling Problems

IT HAS been thoroughly demonstrated that the installation of suitable machinery will cut down the cost of freight handling by one-half or more at railroad terminals and steamship piers. The solution of this problem does not lie in designing new machinery, but rather in building new types of terminals and then adapting present material-handling systems and devices to the particular needs of each case. The present method of the railroads in dealing with their freight-handling problems is quite similar to that employed by automobile manufacturers when the first motor cars were constructed. Practically all these early autos were designed along the lines of the commonly used horse-drawn vehicles, with the engine hidden in the body. But soon the motor-car manufacturers discovered that they must get away from this old design and develop vehicles having bodies of an entirely new type. So it is with the railroads; they have been endeavoring to go in for automatic-handling devices, but have been making the mistake of trying to hide the mechanical systems inside of present terminals.

In order to accommodate a sufficient number of railroad cars and provide enough space for wagons and trucks along the receiving platforms it is now found necessary to build freight stations that are comparatively narrow but very long. The inevitable result of such a style of construction is to increase greatly the trucking distance, so that when the movement of the freight through the warehouse is done by hand, with the aid of trucks, the terminal freight-costs become very high, averaging from thirty-five to fifty cents per ton handled. One happy solution of this whole problem is to substitute automatic aërial transportation for ground trucking. This permits the use of a sorting platform, or clearing house, for all freight that must be taken from through cars and distributed to a number of local cars. In one station a capacity of two thousand tons an eight-hour day has been easily reached by this system. With hand trucks, only one-half this tonnage could be handled. Of course there are places where electric ground trucks can be used to better advantage in handling freight than aërial systems operated by electricity, but this latter method presents opportunities for great savings that

Above—A Machine That Saves the Time of Carpenters. At Left—Combined Harvester and Thresher Cutting 24-Foot Swath. At Extreme Left—Twin Mountains of Pulpwood Blocks. A Belt System Does the Work

REMEDIES — By Floyd W. Parsons

should be more generally utilized. About one-third of all the bulk freight handled in the United States is coal, so it is evident that any kind of machinery which will cut down the time and effort consumed in moving fuel will afford large savings. Several of our large industrial plants have recently installed a type of crane that lifts a loaded coal car bodily from the tracks, weighs and dumps the coal, and then returns the empty to the rails. Two steel tackles, ending in double chains that are attached to the car just behind the axles, handle the car. There are several thousand small coal dealers throughout the country who do not sell enough coal to justify their installing a raised trestle and gravity bins. For these people there has been designed a belt-type car unloader which will transfer thirty tons of coal from the bottom of a gondola car into the dealer's trucks in less than an hour. The machine is operated by a small gasoline motor, and only one man is required to wheel it into place, so that coal dropping from the hopper of a railroad car falls on a moving belt of jointed steel plates, which carries the coal up an incline and dumps it into the truck. This little machine does away entirely with hand shoveling in unloading a coal car, and can be used to great advantage in handling material from storage piles.

A machine of quite similar design for handling any kind of bulk material consists of a portable elevating loader which is operated by and mounted on a common type of gasoline tractor. The material is picked up and elevated by buckets attached to an endless chain, and is dropped upon a conveyor that runs in a trough over the top of the tractor. This conveyor drops the material into trucks drawn up in front of the tractor. As the pile of material is eaten away, the tractor can be backed into what remains, or can be moved to another point of attack. This machine has successfully elevated and loaded from one to two tons of material a minute. For loading a material like brick, one company saves much time by using a two-body detachable system. In this plan the brick handling is speeded up and made easy by using a specially constructed body that will fit practically any truck.

The Conveyor System of Assembling

THE use of conveyors for carrying materials is a common method in thousands of plants, but the idea of making the conveyors also assemble the goods is a rather new thought. One company employs a conveyor to carry cans of oil, and another line of conveyor brings along boxes. When the box and the can arrive at a certain point a few feet from each other an attendant presses a foot lever which tilts the box at such an angle that the can easily can be pushed into it. The lever is held down until the box has been filled with cans, when it is released and the box resumes its upright position on the conveyor, and is automatically carried farther down the line to a nailing machine, where the cover is fastened on. An Ohio concern manufacturing malleable castings has largely reduced the number of laborers required in its mill by going over to the use of powdered coal and employing a pneumatic fuel-distributing system. Also the plant is arranged for straight-line loading, and floor transportation is done on standardized three-wheel trucks hauled by storage-battery tractors. The big aim is to keep the castings on wheels from the time they are taken from the molds until they are ready to ship, except during the intervals when they are going through a manufacturing operation. This practice saves five manual handlings. A big saving results from keeping each kind of castings separate from the others in their movements through the plant in trucks. This saves sorting, and has cut down a force of twelve men to three. When a truck of castings comes from the annealing room, it is picked up by an overhead monorail electric hoist, and as the truck is center-hung by means of lugs at each end, dumping the contents into a barrel requires but little muscular effort.

Above—A Loading Rack, Showing the Flow of Oil Into Oil Tank Cars. At Right—Painting a Barn With a Community Spray Machine. At Extreme Right—Tie-Tamping Machines That are Cutting Down the Cost of Railroad Maintenance Work

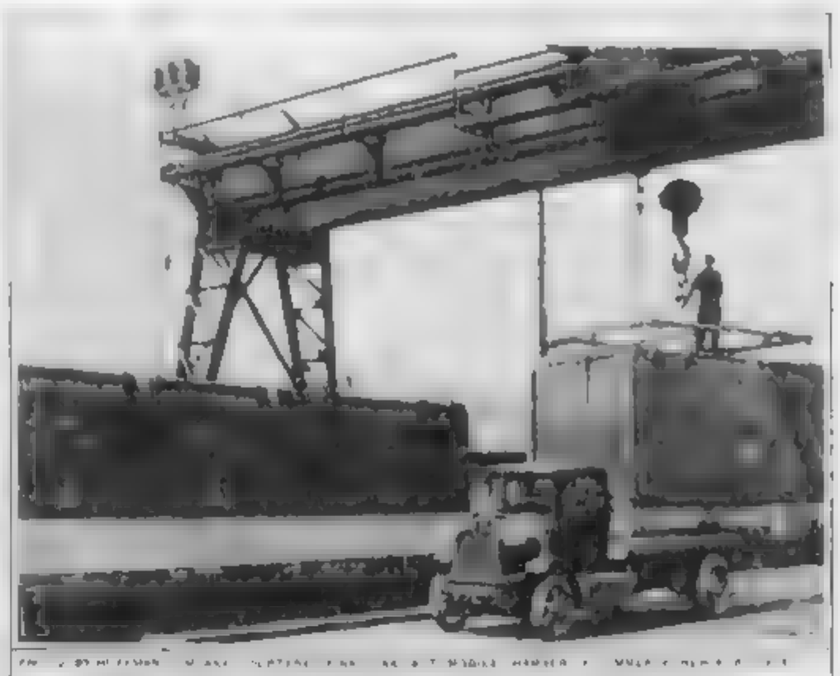
Handling Heavy Materials

IN HUNDREDS of factories, boxes and other articles and materials are arranged in tiers, and the cost of raising and placing these things is an item of no little expense. Engineers have been seeking a way to cut this cost, and one clever fellow recently perfected a small electric storage-battery truck equipped with two sets of arms that imitate human arms. On the front of this tiering truck is an elevating mechanism which raises the box or other articles a few inches above the floor so that the operator can lower two of the arms and insert them under the box by moving the truck forward. Then power is applied, the load is raised from the floor, the truck is run to any desired tier, and the material deposited at any level up to six feet. Another set of arms, controlled by a lever, picks up round or flat packages by holding on to handles.

Not long ago American engineers completed a wonderful paper mill which is so thoroughly equipped with labor-saving devices that, notwithstanding the large amount of heavy materials that must be handled in the process used, practically none of the workers lift or carry any articles by hand. A locomotive crane removes the logs from barges, placing them on cars which are hauled to the pulp-wood yard by electric locomotives. A great quantity of clay is used in manufacturing paper, and this heavy material, which comes in barrels, is speedily transported from the storage floor to the mixing tanks by an overhead monorail on which travels an electric hoist. Other electric hoists on monorails transport sacks of soda ash and bundles of other materials, which in some cases are automatically raised as high as the level of the third floor of the plant. Belt conveyors carry material from machine to machine, while a screw conveyor transports salt to the saturators. Gravity systems are employed for moving some of the materials, while even the coal and ashes are all handled mechanically. The amount of muscular energy expended has been reduced to a mere fraction of what was used in carrying on practically the same process a few years ago.

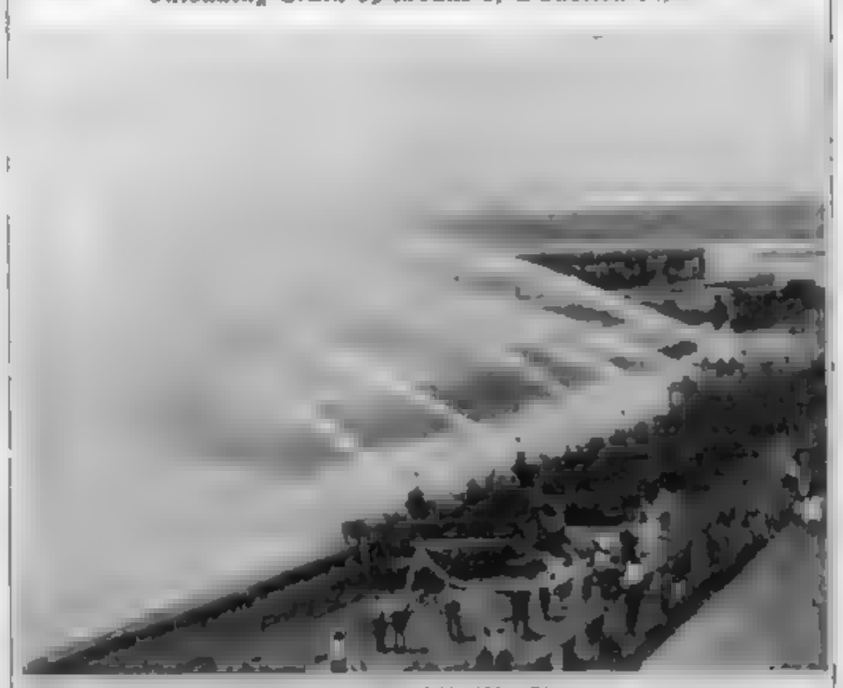
One large company engaged in manufacturing metal tool and battery boxes for sale in the

(Continued on Page 144)



Truck Transferring Cargo of Parts to a Container Car

Unloading Grain by Means of a Suction Pipe



Motor Trucks Equipped for Fire Fighting

JOHN BLAKE ON TOUR

"Say, You, Where You Been? Ain't You Heard Nothing? Nobody Can Take Something What Belongs to Somebody Else"

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

ON A CERTAIN warm afternoon in the month of May of the year 1889, had a passer-by chanced to enter the single block of Hague Street in the city of New York at fourteen minutes after four, he would have seen the following things: An ancient two-seated surrey with the top removed; a fat somnolent dray horse between the shafts of the said surrey; a narrow door that opened outward until it struck the front wheel of the surrey; three steep steps; a man, who smelled strongly of the stables, tugging at a box of strange yet familiar shape, loosely covered with a checkered tablecloth; lastly and most important of all, his wondering gaze would have beheld a small, perspiring, profoundly reverent boy named Miad Blake, pushing with all his strength at the other end of the box.

But wait a minute or an hour or two. People do not transfer a loaded casket into the back seat of a ramshackle surrey without due cause, and Miad had been accumulating justification for removing the perpetuated remains of his father, John Blake, during a period of many feverish weeks. It all began even before the following elucidating discourse on the part of old man Crabbe, who, at the time of speaking, may be pictured as standing in a characteristic pose in his strange shop in Cobbled Court.

Steel-rimmed specs in peril at the very end of his nose. Disheveled white hair. Chin dropped on his thin chest. Beside him the scarred workbench upon which Miad as a baby had been born into consciousness of strange things as they are. Behind him the said strange things: The stuffed dugong; the cases upon cases of beasts of the forest, reptiles of the sea and birds of the air; the trachomatous goldfish and the sphinxlike Egyptian mummy which had lasted for two thousand years because it knew how to keep its mouth shut. Incidentally, the mummy, especially its infinite capacity for stubborn silence, was in disgrace.

"Mark my words," said Mr. Crabbe, his gray gimlet eyes boring into Miad, who was standing on his left leg like a stork and rubbing its calf nervously with the instep of his right foot—"mark my words, I say. You done a lot to me and a lot to the shop and a lot to your own self when you picked on that fat pig-eyed Mr. Levis to steal his pearls."

"They weren't his pearls, and I didn't steal 'em," burst out Miad, his eyes flashing battle as he quickly planted both feet solidly on the floor.

"Easy! Easy, now," remarked Mr. Crabbe placidly as he elevated his chin, focused his eyes through the distant lozenges of his glasses and straightened a pinfeather of the rare bird he was mounting with the tweezers held in his expert right hand. He continued to talk as he worked. "No. You're right. You didn't steal nothing. I'll say that for you to my dying hour. And them pearls didn't belong to Mr. Levis except in a manner of speaking. Free and easy, you might say they did belong to him most particular until you come snooping around, meddling with none of your business and blowing up as nice a little arrangement as two hard-working, earnest men ever laid against the wants of old age and a rainy day."

"Free and easy!" scoffed Miad, unmoved by Mr. Crabbe's ludicrously plaintive tone. "You and your Mr. Levis!" His belligerent eyes visualized so distinctly the detested Mr. Levis that he spat at him. "You ought to be ashamed on yourself."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Crabbe abstractedly, "I reckon I had ought, and many is the time. But not for a quiet little matter of business like them pearls. No, sir. Other things."

He nodded, paused in his work, and for an instant his deep-set eyes gleamed so balefully that Miad felt a cold shiver trickle up his spine and down again.

"What things?" he asked.

The old man shot a look at him and then came to himself. "Did I ever tell you anything?" he asked sharply. "Teach you, yes. I've learned you all I knowed, from how to keep your mouth shut to the true set of a frigate bird's wing, but I ain't never told you nothing, now have I? You found out things for your own good and some for your own bad, but the first time you finds out something that smells big and ugly to you, what do you do? You show an honest streak and annoy Mr. Levis."

"You called him pig-eyed," remarked Miad, as though the statement explained his entire position.

"So I did and so he is," admitted Mr. Crabbe, and continued: "Now, Miad, don't think I'm grousing of you. Honesty is like red hair and the things that goes with red hair. You're born with it or you ain't. If you ain't, you got to learn to take honesty like snuff. Some on us can do without it all our lives and never miss it. Some on us that naturally does without it grows thin like me, and some fat like Pig Eyes, but I'm old enough to of seen one thing: Them on us as grows fat is always oily. There is some honest fat men and you can tell them by their dry skins, but if you was to drive an old buggy close to Mr. Levis the wheels would stop squeaking."

"You ought to be glad I sneaked them pearls from under him," muttered Miad unsmilingly.

"Glad!" ejaculated Mr. Crabbe. "Ha! You think you was smart. You think that after having his back teeth yanked out, old Pig Eyes is going to sit down and twiddle his thumbs and say, 'Tut, tut! It was only the prank of a blue-eyed kid.' Bah!"

The old man in his turn spat on the floor. Again he shot a piercing glance against the wall of Miad's indifference. "You better wake up. You started something nasty, Miad; and when it's cooked, you and me has got to eat it. You found a keg of powder under the shop and set a honest match to it and blew you and me and our business so high that nothing won't ever come down except cordwood and a bucksaw. From now on and until Mr. Levis dies, you and me has got to work and sweat for a living, so we have."

"Crabbe, what do you mean?" asked Miad, his attention seized. "Is this place illegal?"

"Illegal!" gasped Mr. Crabbe. "Why, son, things has been done here that the law never thought on. Things without no words to 'em, that crawled out of the minds of queer folks as quiet as a white worm. That's it, Miad. White worms with no sound to 'em and only one eye. Why, Sunday-school exercises like stealing slaves from their rightful owners and pearls from Mr. Levis ain't even listed. No, sir. Things that if they was put down in purple ink would take the curl out of all the hair in Africa."

"Murders, Crabbe?" breathed Miad, wide eyed at last.

"Murders, now," said Mr. Crabbe, pinching his lower lip while his eyes grew vague in recollection. "Awk'ard

things, murders. Bad headwork, like you almost made us do the other day. No; not many of them, son. A few here, and more that was brought here—afterwards. You know. But not many. Not over eighteen or twenty."

For a moment Miad thought Crabbe was joking, and started to smile, but his lips twitched and straightened as his eyes were drawn and held by the peculiar opaqueness of the old man's reminiscent gaze. Something began to roll and swell and threaten to slop over inside of Miad. He was not frightened exactly, but he wanted to run away and cry. However, he could not run from anything so familiar and everyday as the white-haired person of Mr. Crabbe. It would be absurd. And as for crying, he had never yet been known to cry except from rage. He surrendered, in the end, to an impulse of propitiation.

"Perhaps you don't know," he gulped, "that I give the bank one-third of the reward in your name."

"Know it? Of course I know it," said the old man testily. "Didn't I hand over every cent of my share to Mr. Levis to square our name?"

"To Mr. Levis!" cried Miad, his eyes blazing and his cheeks reddening. "You give it to Mr. Levis!"

"Say," said Mr. Crabbe, staring at him in wonder and admiration, "have you got the cheek to get angry at me because you done me out of a business it has took more years than you can count to establish? Miad, where you been while I been talking? Take off your coat."

"I can't," said Miad, subdued. "I got to go to school."

"Oh, no, you ain't," rejoined the old man. "Wake up, Miad. You got to work. You ain't never again going to see the inside of any school; only this here one."

"Not going to school?" gasped Miad. "But I got to. The truant officer will come after me."

"Truant officer!" scoffed Mr. Crabbe. "If a truant officer tried to catch up with you he'd swallow himself and come out through his own feet."

Instantly Miad's bold eyes showed a gleam within their gleam, and as his thoughts ranged rapidly through the maze and the burrow that were Cobbled Court his set lips quirked into a perky smile. Could he dodge any man or any combination of men for an entire year? He could and he would.

It Was Good to Have Her There, to Order Her About

"I guess that's right, Crabbe," he murmured complacently. "What you want I should do?"

"The first thing you got to do," said Mr. Crabbe, "is to hang around in the alley and the holes you know so much about, and stop all the queer folks before they get here. Give 'em the high sign. Steer 'em clear and away of the shop. Tell 'em I'm dead."

"How will I know the ones?" asked Miad.

"Know 'em!" exclaimed Crabbe, giving his small partner a mocking glance. "You stringing me, Miad? You'll know 'em by the white worm behind their eyes."

Miad nodded. Already he had solved the problem in his own head.

For days he played around the door of Maclintock's stables or in the gloom of the cavernous alley that flanked Brooklyn Bridge, and for equal days runners from Maiden Lane, absent-minded herpetologists, medical students carrying strange parcels, illicit pharmacopolists, vulpine purveyors of freaks, fraudulent cripples—in short, the whole astounding gamut of the variations in human nature, from the pervert to the erudite and from the gruesome to the guileless, which had made up the vertebræ of the backbone of Mr. Crabbe's business—jumped each in his turn half out of his skin at catching on the wing a whisper from a flying boy.

"Cheese it, mister! The police is in the shop."

Those who were on honest business bent recovered their composure and pursued their interrupted way; those of the white worm behind the eyes attained to varying degrees of speed, and vanished down Hague Street, through the arch into Cliff, around the corner into Frankfort, or doubled on Miad's tracks and frankly bolted into the shadows of the cavernous alley to debouch into Vandewater or Hope Street, each of which gave them the option of an escape to the north or the south.

It was a juicy morsel of a game for Miad, luscious on the tongue, and he missed none of its flavor. Within a week, had he been inclined to blackmail, he could have made up a list that would have provided him with a generous annuity, for every crook will pay tribute within reason for freedom from surveillance. The idea, however, never entered his head, even though old man Crabbe missed no chance to bemoan the straitened circumstances that the watchful enmity of Mr. Levis had brought about.

In addition to the need for Mr. Crabbe's working like a beaver on honest trifles, there was the necessity of deflecting certain shipments already on the way from foreign parts, as well as of stopping all compromising patrons short of the premises. As a result, Miad's time was rather pleasantly spent in the open while the old man was chained to his workbench so inexorably that it is amazing to record no noticeable increase in his habitual irascibility. If anything, he seemed to take a sort of inverted joy in the complexities of so ordering his highly susceptible affairs that Mr. Levis might never find a chance to spring the dreaded blue-coated jaws of the law.

This chronicle is written in vain if it has not set forth the fact that Mr. Crabbe was an individual in a period when circumstances made individuals by the ton and then left them around unnoticed like so much scrap iron. Such men are not born of another's fancy. When it is stated that Mr. Crabbe was as lean and dry as a strip of rawhide, that his white hair was habitually rumpled on a high brow by the steel-rimmed glasses that constantly traversed the segment of an arc from the top of his head to the tip of his nose, and that his gimlet eyes were piercing, baleful or humorous as though governed by a switch, no credit whatever is taken for the resulting picture any more than if one should take credit for depicting a Belgian block as something oblong, made of granite and excruciatingly painful to kick with a bare toe.

Far deeper perception is necessary, however, to penetrate the true inwardness of the old man's extraordinary attitude toward Miad. Here we come to grips with the articulations, the intricacies, the very skeleton and sinews of an individual philosophy in action. Set aside, if you can, the confounding attribute of human affection. Forget the toddling baby Miad as a three-year-old waif, son of the

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Something Had Told Miad, as Loudly as Though It Had Been Shouted, That the Long-Bladed Bradawl, Vibrating in Mr. Crabbe's Grip, Was About to Connect With Mr. Levis' Oily Person

The Spirit of the Southwest

Portion of the Campus of the University of Arizona. At Left—Yaqui Indian Dance, Judas Being Led on His Burro

By Albert W. Atwood

THE spirit of the Southwest is one of buoyancy. Tropical heat in the summer months, the glare of sun-baked desert the year around, idling Mexicans and Indians—not even these can take out of the air the tang, the sense of independence, of opportunity and of achievement. Not that there is such a marked lack of this feeling in the states of the Mississippi Valley or farther east; that would be an absurd statement indeed. But somehow in the great Southwest there is in the very atmosphere itself this sensing of growth and of freedom from ties that bind the human spirit

A party of newspaper men were once crossing the tedious length of the continent on their way to California, and alighted at one of the desert stations in New Mexico or Arizona.

One man stretched his arms as he looked at the circle of mountains and far-flung mesas, remarking with apparent surprise, "Why, this is the first time I have ever been out of doors!"

"How did you happen to come here?" is the question I have learned to ask of nearly everyone in these, the newest states of the Union, and now and then the answer is one to stir the imagination.

"I was born in the Far West," said one successful professional man still short of early middle life, "and I had never been East until after I was married. I feared I would spend my life in this Western country and never come in touch with the real world that lay so far east. So I told my young wife that we must see the world, and East we went with our baby. I picked out Chicago, Boston and New York as typical, and worked in big offices in each of those cities."

The Never-Say-Die Attitude

"WHAT struck me most was the fact that all such offices were filled with men well trained and educated, but holding mediocre positions, although they had been there perhaps as long as fifteen years. They were afraid to leave, afraid to make a move of any kind. After a year or two it proved too much for me.

"'Let's go back where I can get ahead in the world,' I said to my wife. And I have got ahead out here. Perhaps I have been fortunate, but I am confident I could make good in any other line, for somehow people are not afraid here. There is no dead hand of custom or convention, no deep ruts such as one finds in the more thickly settled communities. The real difference, I sometimes think, is that a young man here comes in far more direct contact with the leaders in the community, and finds they are not so much better than himself. That gives him confidence and courage. In the East he never even sees, much less meets the leaders. The clerk in an office may read about Morgan and Rockefeller, but that is all. Out here he knows the leaders, mostly by their first names, and sees all the principles of business work out before his eyes."

Returning from a secluded mining camp in the single diminutive car operated by the toy railroad, the writer sat next to and fell into conversation with a middle-aged stranger, who confessed to having a small mine which he said was about to strike it rich. Like all small mines, this was shortly to develop the high-grade stuff. It soon turned out that my new acquaintance was a native of the state, or rather of the territory, and one of the first white boys born there. He had begun to buy cattle at the age of thirteen, and when the war started sold his cattle outfit for nearly $175,000. "Then I made for Washington to get into the war, but they told me I was too old. I used political influence, but it didn't go. They told me to go back to my valley and raise cotton; that in this way I could do more for my country than in any other. It looked for a while as if I were doing pretty well by myself, also, for I cleared $75,000 net the first year; but now the banks are closing me out for several hundred thousand.

"Will I have anything left out of the wreck? Oh, yes, perhaps thirty or forty thousand dollars; but that is nothing. I expect to make a million dollars soon, and I will. If the mine doesn't make it I have a scheme for a new irrigation project; and if that doesn't pan out, then something else will."

That night he remained at a little water-tank station in the desert and I boarded the eastbound Transcontinental Limited. Naturally my last word was to wish him luck in his ventures, and it was characteristic of the hopeful buoyancy of the man and the country in which he lives to reply, as he waved me off, that if I should ever read in the papers of a certain rich mine or irrigation project coming in, to think of him.

One may explain it in various ways as being due to the dry, bracing climate, the boundless spaces, the isolation from other sections of the country, or the newness of it all; but the fact remains that these people long ago learned to apply to their enterprises all that Coué has to teach.

Is the Southwest wilder and woollier than the East? It is a question. Possibly it is more democratic, or at least less conventional. One can never be absolutely sure of such statements. But certainly it is more picturesque.

Even in that semitropical climate it is cold at nightfall in January near the summits of the Pinal Mountains; and as we left Miami in the stage late in the afternoon I noticed neither of the two workmen who sat on each side of me had an overcoat, although we had a long chill climb over the summit in the fast gathering darkness before we reached Superior.

After a word or two one of the men told his story. He was a carpenter from the East and had been working in a mining camp several hundred miles away. He had come West evidently because of his wife's health. She had been working, however, as a waitress in a different mining camp, and one far away from her husband. A few days before he had received a letter from her saying that she had left her place for Miami, and was working as a nurse in a family living on one of the roads leading out of that camp. Her husband had no other clew, no address of any sort, but had thrown up his job and traveled several hundred miles by train, stage and automobile lift to find her, fearing for her health.

He, of course, had not found her despite a search of several days, and his unhappiness was apparent. He felt sure she had made a mistake in describing her location; and I was even surer, for there are few families except Apaches with or without children on the roads running out of Miami. The market in that region for nursery maids must be about as large as one would find at the north pole or in the Sahara Desert. I left him in his desolation, unable to offer any really constructive suggestion.

"Now," I thought with journalistic hard-heartedness, "if only I can meet someone like this on every trip the Southwest may prove to be quite romantic after all."

Romance and Excitement

ACROSS the table in the dining car the following evening sat a perfectly conventional, prosperous-looking traveling man. Without any more conversation than an exchange of views on the weather, he drew from his wallet and displayed several clippings from Los Angeles newspapers telling how during his absence on a business trip through Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, his wife had been held up by bandits in the doorway of his apartment and robbed of $1500 in jewelry.

"Oh, shucks," I thought, "there is no romance in a highway robbery in a big city; but if only this train were held up on this desolate desert we might have a real thrill."

Boarding the express at Maricopa on the main line, I settled down for a long evening's reading, but was disturbed by the unusual buzz of conversation. Brief inquiry brought forth the fact that on this same train earlier in the day a man had suddenly gone insane in one of the coaches, and when the train was a few miles west of El Paso had shot and instantly killed three other passengers, one of them a popular railroad employe. Surely there was nothing romantic about that; merely a revolting and harrowing instance of what might happen anywhere as the result of disordered mentality.

At Gila I left the transcontinental line for a tiny branch that wanders out through the desert to a distant mining camp. Boarding the dark little train and finding a seat, I turned to look at the other passengers. One of the men smiled in reply to my glance, and there was the carpenter of two nights before, with one arm frankly and closely spread around the shoulders of a thin little woman. She looked even more shrunken and more ill than he had described her to me; but her eyes were happy, and so were his. It was romance, but not the kind I had been looking for.

These simple little experiences could hardly be twisted into evidence that the Southwest is wild and woolly. On the great deserted mesa that stretches between Florence and Tucson in Arizona the stage stopped for a moment, and an old farmer, stooping over to look at a cactus, disclosed a large revolver on his hip. Yet he was on his way to visit his son at the state university, where modern drama, the best soil in which to raise lettuce, and the

proper fluxes for ore are subjects of far more absorbing interest than gun toting.

"There is plenty of romance out here," said a leading citizen; "but we should not say too much about it if we want the world to consider us modern. When our business men go to Atlantic City or Los Angeles to conventions they wear canes with cactus or rattlesnake heads, thus confirming the Easterner's worst suspicions."

"For us the frontier has gone," said a man who has lived in Tombstone and vicinity for forty-six years; "but to those who come from east of the Mississippi it still seems like the frontier."

Certainly the romance of the frontier, if such there be, does not come from the vigilante spirit. Now and then it breaks out, as it does in many other sections of the country, the most wholesale instance in recent years having been the Bisbee deportations. One can imagine what it used to be from newspaper published late in 1873, which in reviewing the year in the territory remarks:

"Closely allied with our peace with the Indians is our better security from other thieves and assassins. It required some extra-judicial proceedings on the part of our most peaceable citizens to accomplish this. But we only desire to say they were had in 1873."

The Easter Ceremonial Dance of the Yaqui Indians, Tucson, Arizona

Justice in Maricopa County

I COULD imagine what earlier justice must have been like as we passed a rather fresh-looking roadside grave at a bend in the highway that winds up a cañon to a great mining camp some sixty or seventy miles below the border in the Mexican state of Sonora. A bandit had robbed the pay car at that point and ridden over the mountain, with the local authorities in hot pursuit. They quickly caught him, and instead of taking the trouble to remove him to anything as effete as a jail, had brought the man back to the scene of the robbery, shot him and buried the body there without further ado. But listen to John Montgomery, former sheriff of Maricopa County and a native of the territory:

"While I was sheriff two Mexicans held up a store near Tempe. They shot and wounded the proprietor, and in the fracas killed a twelve-year-old boy who happened to be in the store at the time, and who was the son of a very popular citizen. Several posses chased the bandits as far as Maricopa, where the fugitives abandoned their car and hopped a freight. They managed to elude us until they had nearly reached Nogales, on the border, where they left the freight only to be surrounded by our posses. In the battle which followed one of the bandits was killed and the other was shot over the heart. He was taken to a hospital, but I feared he would be smuggled across the border. So we put him on a mattress in the back seat of a car, and with several guards and a newspaper reporter started for Phoenix, 277 miles away. When we reached Tucson, the reporter, who worked for a Phoenix newspaper, asked me what time I thought we would reach Phoenix. I hazarded a guess that it would be five o'clock in the morning, and he phoned in his story. We reached the capital a few minutes before or after five o'clock, within five minutes of the time I had guessed it, and the reporter took us into his office, showing us a copy of his paper just off the press with the story in it.

"The prisoner had groaned continuously during the trip, and I supposed at the time he was suffering from the rapid motion. Several weeks later, when he had completely recovered, I asked him how much we had hurt him on that trip. He replied that he had not been hurt at all, but groaned because he expected us to shoot him almost any minute.

"'Don't you know,' I asked him, 'that you are in the United States, where a sheriff swears when taking his oath of office to protect his prisoners even with his own life if necessary?'

"I was afraid several times that a mob might get that man away from me and lynch him, but he was finally hung in due course of justice, and his only remark before he swung off was that he would show the gringos how a brave man dies."

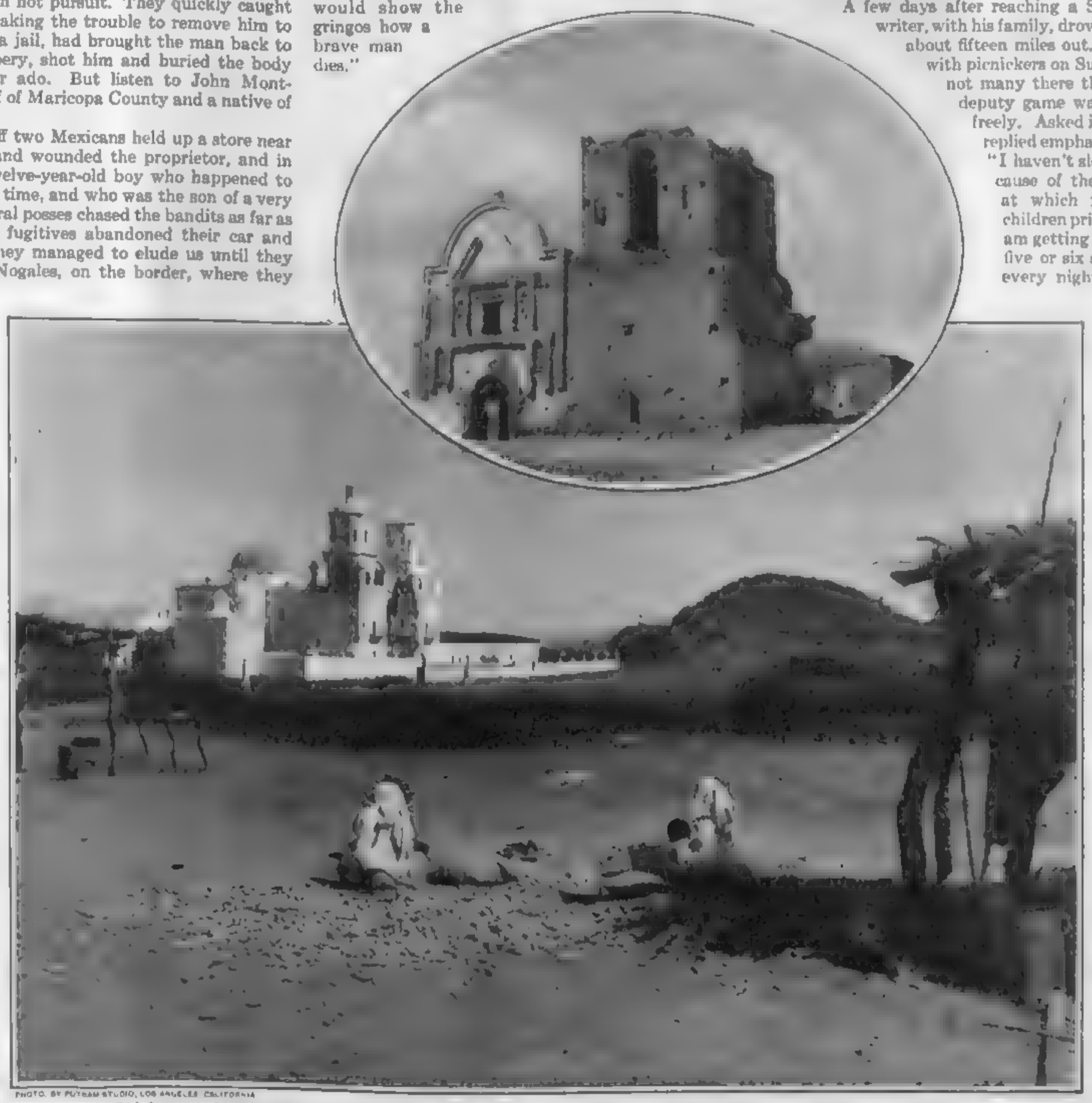

PHOTO. BY PUTNAM STUDIO, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Old Spanish Mission of San Xavier del Bac, Near Tucson, Arizona. In Oval—The Ruins of Tumacacori Mission, Southern Arizona, Partly Restored by the National Park Service

The Easterner finds the romance of the frontier that he is looking for in more subtle and intangible ways. Yet it is very real for all that. A country whose chief industries are still copper, gold and silver mining and cattle breeding cannot rid itself of the picturesque even if it would. To a large extent cattle are still born on the public domain, and the mining is by no means confined to the great established corporations; in a thousand remote mountain cañons the lonely prospector still lives on beans and hope.

The business man in the Southwestern city is conventional enough. He confers with his banker in the morning, lunches at the Rotary and motors to the country club in the afternoon, where he despairs as much over his score at golf as his father did in trying to keep off Apaches, while his wife and daughter inside the club struggle over their scores at bridge. But as long as the cowman, the cowpuncher and the prospector choose to come to town and wander into the hotels there is no depriving the Easterner of his just due of the vivid color of the Southwest and the suggestion of frontier life.

Gunning for the Varmints

IF THE newcomer scans the local papers he will find every week or two a very matter-of-fact account of how Predatory Game Hunter Smith or Brown reported sixty coyotes, wildcats, mountain lions, wolves and other similar varmints accounted for over a period of weeks.

The aggressive war against predatory animals is accepted in a matter-of-fact sort of way in these regions, the reports of the Biological Survey on this subject exciting the residents of the larger towns much less than those of the Weather Bureau.

A few days after reaching a Southwestern city the writer, with his family, drove to a mountain cañon about fifteen miles out. It is a favorite spot with picnickers on Sunday; but there were not many there that day, and the local deputy game warden talked long and freely. Asked if he liked the place, he replied emphatically in the negative.

"I haven't slept well for a week because of the varmints," he said; at which remark my younger children pricked up their ears. "I am getting mighty sick of having five or six skunks nosing around every night. Last night I not only kept my light on one of them but he came so close that I followed him around with my six-shooter."

"Are skunks the fiercest animals you have up here?" I asked, looking at the children with condescending reassurance.

"No," he replied; "the night before last I saw a lobo wolf, but I couldn't get near enough to him to take a real shot. He was a big fellow, the kind that kills a new cow daily."

"Did you try?" I asked.

"Do you think I'd miss a chance like that when the total bounty is around $200? Have I seen any lions? I have seen several the last few nights, but I didn't get a good chance at them either."

The children had been looking

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SANDOVAL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IV

A MAN in white opened the white door while I battled with Christian's lock, and said "Hey, Billy!" while I blinked at a white hall. It surprised me that his hair was brown in all this whiteness. He asked, "Who gave you a key?"

"I'm Mr. Gaar's brother."

"Go on to Jerusalem! . . . No, wait a year! He's got your picture on his chimney. Come on! I'll make down a bed for you."

I followed his bare feet upstairs and was charmed by a polychromatic design of flowers about each ankle. He was not servile, if a servant, and whistled Tommy Dodd while gas flamed slowly higher in two globes of a mighty, gray room that watched the street.

Then he looked on me with favor and said, "Well, you ain't half as ugly as Mr. Gaar, are you?"

"I don't think Christian's so ugly."

"Set on a tack and grow beans!" he said. "But it's no matter. He could bust anybody but a whale over a fence into hell. Lugged me up las' time I come in dished, and I ain't hay."

He was burly, with an American flag hiding his chest and flippant little fishes at the root of each toe. Having looked at me, he began to curse a baby in awful, tangled oaths of injury.

"I got three of my own to look at without tendin' that sculpin of Mrs. Worth's while she's reportin' at night!"

"Does Mrs. Worth live here?"

"Right downstairs. Reporters," he said, "ain't as bad as artists, but women is worst! Ask my wife! Well, I'm signed on to sail Sunday an' let the ocean roll!" He went padding through curtains of plain white into gloom beside a bed, and there cursed something that rattled back as a cot. Then he cursed someone named Homer: "Always busts it down! The nightgowns is in the chest under the drawers, if you wear any. . . . My wife won't give this Homer a room upstairs neither. Look what he done to there!"

I looked at a surface over a tumbled line of books and saw a wild negro soldier pulling down a horse that kicked at emptiness. The charcoal strokes shocked me and I walked closer to stare. The thing stiffly lived on the gray paint, and underneath was scrawled "Thanks for the $100. Happy New Year. W. Homer," in red ink.

"How could a house be safe with a feller like that loose onto it?"

"I don't know," I said, and dropped my stare to the books. Christian read books. Sheets flapped behind me and I heard rippling oaths. I looked at Political Capacity of Workmen, P. J. Proudhon—Trans. from the French; and a scarlet-covered Maude that mother had given him; and at Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature, by a person named Huxley. It had a sober, religious binding, and I wondered if Christian ever went to church while I fingered The Household of Bouverie, or The Elixir of Gold, by a Southern Lady. It had not been read. The clean leaves clung together and Page 115 mentioned: "The forehead of the mysterious stranger was high, narrow and projecting; the eyes, small, dark and deeply set, were of intense and glistening brilliancy. . . . Every feature seemed imbued with separate life and mobility. . . . Sardonic lip, now revealing its treasures of ivory teeth." I said "Jehoshaphat!" and shut the book.

"Actors," said the profane bed maker and baby tender, slamming down a pillow, "we won't have in for nobody! Was one here this afternoon, lookin' for your brother, with a rose to his coat. I heaved him outn here. He'd got a French name on his card."

"Sandoval?"

A Huge Mulatto Draped Sandoval's Gray Uniform With a Black Cloak

"Him! I better make you a Santy Cruz. The champagne's all went."

He went through the bedroom and called some object a slit-eyed scuttle butt before he began to chip ice.

I called, "Did Mr. Sandoval say he's an actor?"

"He didn't have to! I could tell by how he talked at me with one hand stuck in his vest."

Perhaps he was an actor. I didn't care in the thrill of being here among Christian's books, with his green wine cups on the mantel of white stone and the U. S. S. Oneida above a desk where a portfolio sprawled and papers trembled in the wind. I walked to the mantel and looked at "Chrétien Coty de Sandoval" on a card tipped to a glass stem. An actor? Well, Christian knew reporters and an artist. He must know all the vicious and free-living trades. He expanded cloudily in this gray room, without gilded frames and draperies, without a silly carpet on the gray planks of the floor. Peace rose upon me and the salted air brushed papers from the desk to hiss around my feet while I stared at an engraved young Saint Sebastian behind the glasses, his dark face woeful and three sturdy arrows in his naked middle. There was no picture of me.

"Drink this an' sprout your whiskers," said the sailor, handing me a tinkling reddish brew with two straws in its flood. "I got to go set with Mrs. Worth's sculpin so's she'll find me there. She's about due in. S'long."

He took another glass downstairs. I sucked some Santa Cruz and wondered timidly what was in its cold strength, while I picked up the blown sheets of paper at my feet and saw "Thor" by my thumb in Christian's dreadful writing. Thor? "Mother played the harp all morning. Thor listened and kind of wiggled all over and then went swimming. When he was little he used to sit and listen like she was God. It must be toothache to have fine taste and have to listen to trash. He — —" No more on the sheet of lined cheap paper. One sentence on another sheet: "Happiness has to be some kind of action of the brains," without a period. I mustn't read this! He was writing to May Almy No! "May says that Lassiter will not run with some of the Southerners in N. Y. because they pity themselves so about the war. Jenny says that in a German book some philospher"—he spelled it so—"calls self-pity the cheap pleasure. She ——" Jenny must be Mrs. Worth, and he was writing to some stranger about us all. "Lassiter is a fine man, with nothing grand about him. Most handsome men are either " I mustn't read this. I read, "Mrs. Almy would like to see the lot of us in hell," and giggled. "She is not such a fool as she looks. She reminds me of Sandoval when I was — "

Well, I mustn't read the sheets. I piled them on the fluttering mass and saw my name again. Mustn't. I read: "Thor thinks a lot more of me since I am engaged to May. He likes very few, but I must try to find out why he does not like father. Father pets him and I do not. Father has half of a fine brain, but away from being smart in business he is cheap. He told a man at lunch at Del's"—he must mean Delmonico's—"that our house cost $90,000. A Dutch waiter would know better than that. Father is really not curious about anything. I guess that is the trouble with most men. If there could be a girl ——"

I set an inkwell on the papers and backed from the desk, full of late honor. He sat here and wrote down his thoughts. He sat and thought about me! Even the streams of my thin reason were plain to him, and he wrote down what I thought. A sheet rolled from hiding under a chair and I picked it up: "Perhaps some people fix all their"—he had erased "love" and replaced it with "interest"—"on an animal because it never really grows up. Everybody talks of boys and dogs as like each other. But a boy grows up and studies people. If I met a critical dog I would run like a steam engine. A man must be pretty cheap who would rather have a dog slobber on him than have real friends. Cats never believe anything. If a cat could learn to telegraph ——"

Someone had come in, downstairs, and Mrs. Worth spoke. She said, "Neddy, just run up and tell him—he's here? Well, tell him that Christian wanted him to go to bed. He'll be late. He had to talk business with some man at Rupert's Hotel—a man from New Orleans. . . . I'm just melted! . . . Has baby been good?"

"Awful!" the sailor snarled, and came bouncing up the stairs to tell me, "Your brother's to Roopert's. Better pack in, Billy. He'll be out all night."

He then sped up farther stairs and slammed two doors.

Christian's nightgowns were made of the thinnest linen and had no collars; but pockets hemmed with colored silk bloomed on my chest as I buttoned one, and this novelty enthralled me, stretched on the cot before the mantel. I would stay awake and hear about Mr. Sandoval. Gas changed the green glasses of the shelf to cat's eyes, and the day seethed through my head in sounding colors. Gilded dust. Silver silk. Carnelian. Colors were music of a woman singing—not my mother. Mrs. Almy was a cat, I saw, with black ears and a gray face. What was I? I? I? I was a black statue, and tried to move my legs. People said, "Oh, Blacky!" I smashed the golden harp with a club.

Christian looked down at me and laughed, "Why didn't you turn the gas out?"

He stood in a mist for a moment and then was clearly Christian, with a cigar in his mouth, grinning calmly.

I sat up and asked "What time's it?" as a clock struck three times carefully to inform me.

"Go to sleep, son."

"I ain't sleepy. Been asleep a long time. Say, what's Mr. Sandoval want with you? He's an actor, isn't he?"

Christian said "Ac—" and took his cigar to a window. It made a touch of noise on the sidewalk. Immeasurable stillness held the city. "You might think that, Blacky, pretty easy. . . . Didn't like him?"

"No. He ain't an actor?"

"He's just a gentleman, son. If you don't believe it ask him. He's Christian Coty de Sandoval—captain, when there was a war goin' on. His name ain't really Sandoval. His place is named St. Jean du Val, but the niggers couldn't say it straight, back a hundred years ago, so it got to be Sandoval. He'll tell you so. I ain't seen him since 1862. This trash about absence makes the heart grow fonder don't work awful well. That catamonkey's all right though. It walked all round the garden at Rupert's and bit an actress."

"Honest?"

"Take her word for it! Well, go to sleep, Blacky."

"I ain't sleepy, Christian.

D'you go to Rupert's much? Awful rowdy, isn't it?"

He pondered, "Why, so-so. It's dressed-up rowdy. Some of the dancin' ain't what Mrs. Almy would approve of. Don't know why It's worse to see a woman in tights stand on one foot in a beer garden than at the *opéra bouffe* last season, with all the wooden Injuns in the boxes. We'll go there some night." He grinned. "You'll be disappointed. . . . How's Uncle Pat's social club this evenin'?"

"But—oh, you went there and they told you I'd been?"

"Didn't. I don't care for gamblin'. Knew you'd go there, though. You ain't awful mysterious, Blacktop, after anybody's studied you some. You're curious about things. So'm I. You go spend three years eatin' hard tack and plain beef with a lot of sailors that ain't curious about nothin' but what's square under their nose and you'll be more curious yet. But I had a good time on the Oneida, considerin'." Then, having crushed me, he raised me in another slow speech: "Anyhow, I wanted you to see this Sandoval. Only saw the feller once—1862—but he stuck in my head. I thought he was an ass. Seems that he ain't, by a train and two engines. He's gone and remembered all about me—my name, and who pa is, the whole show. That's good memory when he saw me just once, and I was asleep—drunk—part the time. Anybody that can remember a sixteen-year-old lunkear's name and his daddy's name for eight years is no fool in that part of his head anyways."

He leaned his shoulders on the mantel and green glasses clicked. I thought Sandoval's memory no better than another. If Christian was homely, he was memorable for his hair, lighter than May Almy's gay hair, and for his shoulders. He had come only once with mother to see me at school, but people recalled his square face, with the narrow nose, and his rough, lounging voice.

"Well, we sat in his rooms, and his kinkajou ran down the balconies and got as much attention as mother would in a store she's buyin' out. He wants somethin'. . . . The feller's rich. He's got a sugar mill and so on at Sandoval. It's up the river from New Orleans. And he's got his old uncle's house in New Orleans. The old people are dead, since the war. . . . We had two quarts of champagne and were awful polite. He's just come from Paris. . . Happens that I'm under an obligation to this Sandoval, Blacky. Got to help him find a feller he wants to see pretty bad. It ain't honorable to refuse. Kind of funny job though. No," he told the air over me, "I can't honorably refuse, and he knows it. Guess if Mrs. Almy rolled you on a barrel after she found you drowned you'd do what she asked you."

"Were you drowned, Christian?"

His grin glowed.

"In a kind of way. . . . Well, here's the mysterious stranger's story. . . . He's a fool, though, to be so mysterious! The war's over. Here's these Southern fellers like Barclay Rivers and Lassiter swellin' all over town. If Sandoval climbed onto a platform in the middle of Broadway and yelled 'I was a secesh officer!' all the loafers'd say would be, 'Aw, you'll die of it!' Or, 'Pull up your pants, Billy!'"

"Oh, he thinks he's goin' to get hung or somethin'?"

"I can't make out. Maybe he's just showin' off. . . I bet he's a kind of curiosity any place he hangs his hat. Here's what: His uncle, Pierre Coty, and some other Confederates in New Orleans got a hold of an English shippin' agent named Ross—Edward Ross. . . . This was in '64. Grant had taken Vicksburg and the river was open for business—nearly. Anyhow, there were a lot of these cotton buyers from the North that were out there. Father probably did business with them when he was gettin' cotton for Robert Almy to send to England. . . . Well, these friends of Sandoval's wanted to send a present to Paris, to a lady"—he grinned—"or Sandoval says so. So they got some Union man in New Orleans to take it up to St. Louis on a Union boat—gunboat or a transport or somethin'—and this Ross man signed a receipt. Then he wrote back that the present had sailed from New York Then they heard not a sound, not a funeral note as the corpse from the ramparts, et cetera and so forth. The lady in Paris didn't get her present. It's too bad. Last winter Sandoval goes over to Paris and scrubs around and finds out that she never heard of this Edward Ross, and now Sandoval's poison mad because this Ross just stole the thing, which you can bet your pants was money! That's the trouble with Sandoval. He comes to me with this yarn and then don't tell me the truth!"

My mind found a speed. A shimmering woman in white Paris was to get a present from some Confederates in 1864, and Christian thought it must be money, and this shadow Ross had stolen it. And Sandoval was lying already, in the level, tapping voice. Here was the war rolling back with all its rumors and jabberings of spies and briberies and its pressing charm of flags. The war had scared me while Christian was heroic in the fleet, shoving rafts of fired cotton from a ship, getting wet, getting calmed into a statue of young manhood that daunted me. Here was the war!

"You mean they were tryin' to get somebody—Cora Pearl or one of those people—in Paris to get the emperor to send over an army and help the South? Is that it? Only the French bankers wouldn't let him?"

"Booh! Take a look at Louis Napoleon's whiskers and guess he'd ever help anybody do nothin'! But that's what this is about. Sandoval won't say so. No, this was a little present, a trifle." His voice almost caught the running note of Sandoval's voice. "Yes, these gentlemen always remember to be sure I know they were gentlemen these gentlemen weren't sendin' over lace underwear or a feather fan. This was money. They trusted this Englishman with some money to slip to Paris on an English boat from New York. It's funny to think jobs like that went on, but they did. Sandoval's poison mad! This Ross'll get his face slapped if Sandoval catches him." Christian's face masked suddenly with the ugly rigidity of muscles that made him sullen. The mask broke. "There was a Ross—that talked British too—back in '66, or around then, when pa had me down at the bank tryin' to teach me business. Bully blue job it was! I just remember Those English shippin' men would come and gas at pa a good deal. . . . But this was money that Sandoval's old uncle and his friends were sendin'. They were all French. They'd try to get help from France yes. But he wouldn't say so."

My brother was, for a man of twenty-four, frank. He had frankly wearied of Almy & Co. and had borrowed enough money to speculate in gold. He openly joked with our father when they talked at all. He had a desire to go lazily and openly along, amused and curious. I could see that Sandoval was a show to him, a searching amusement. This creature had come bowing up out of the war

"You've got to help Mr Sandoval?"

(Continued on Page 81)

Now That She Floated From Me I Was Scared, and Watched Her Pose With a Heaving Sense of Doubt

BARBRY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"You Wait! We'll Bury This Babe in the Woods Too. You Jet and Watch Good Old Father Robin Redbreast"

XVI

HELP had come at need, strengthening her for the days and nights that followed; but strength alone could not do all, for while these long-drawn divisions of time passed, and were as if they had flown, Barbara doubted the extent and value of her hope. Bion's wound was nothing—a clout on the head, Captain Pagan called it—but those two hours in the snow could not be scoffed away.

"We're doing all we can," said the doctor evenly. Once, with his kindest and sleepiest blink, he added, "No one could have better care."

Outside Bion's parlor window the snowflakes turned and twisted, floating down numberless, without stir of air, while Barbara felt that if only they would stop he might get well. They did not stop. Every day of that week came and went alike, muffled. Toward the end it was her own old giant who delivered the blow.

"You'll wear yourself out," said he, "takin' thought for the morrow too hard." He paused. "Don't, Barbry, no more."

The pause, the forbearance in his voice, made her look up. To stand on the kitchen hearth after breakfast was now their custom; but here came a gap in custom, a prophecy of change. She knew what it would be, what he would say next, better than if they had gone through all this together long ago.

"Don't, Barbry." The captain's look pitied her. "You've pulled a laborin' oar. Hencefor'ard what we need's no more'n headway. Jest to keep on."

She put the question, foreseeing his answer.

"Do you mean ——"

"We know what you're made of, else I wouldn't say." Captain Pagan fingered the silver boat call, which she had never used, and poked it roughly back on the ledge. "Better out with it. Yes, I'm afraid we're goin' to lose our man, dear."

Barbara sat down and wept, trying to make no noise.

"I thought so all along." She choked. "But now, this ——" When the first rush and blur cleared away she beheld the kitchen swimming into view with a dreadful clearness and novelty. Scales of habit dropped from her eyes. Everything within the four walls belonged to a strange room, another era. "Upstairs—her—Mrs. Savory—does she know yet? He—they have been kind to me so long"

"Godfrey, no!" replied her helper. "No, she don't. You leave that part for the doctor."

Afterward, when the doctor's bells rang and ceased in the barnyard, she watched the captain poke head and shoulders under the black hood of the sleigh. What the two men said perhaps it was as well that she did not hear.

"A spiteful old Injun I be, Verne," declared Pagan. "Nigh ripped right out and asked her who had the spendin' of her school wages."

The doctor, climbing down into the snow, flung his buffalo robe over the horse.

"Well," he agreed with a dryness which he never had shown toward Barbara, "that's true, Barzy. The old lady's had her full money's worth."

The remainder of Bion's time on earth passed quickly, this day running into night all of a piece and filled with strangeness. The house contained more lighted lamps than ever before, as though prepared for evening gayety. Jen, who had lain helpless, now rose, dressed and came down to sit by the parlor window like a woman of stone. In the kitchen, after dark, appeared a young man who spread over the table some paraphernalia of glass jars and rubber tubing. A pale, plump young man with luxuriant waves of hair, he chewed cardamom seeds and breathed hot Oriental flavor about the room.

"Oxygen for the patient," he explained to Barbara with a smirk. "Kind of a new dodge in these parts. The lung it gits ee-deemytous, ye un'stand, so's the right half the heart has to pump extry agin back pressure, like. They turn blue in the face ——"

"Can I help you?" Barbara cut this newcomer short, for he spoke with the solemn joy of a ghoul.

"Why, yes." He looked at her and grinned. "Yes, ye might."

Barbara stood by him for orders, therefore, while he fussed with his mechanism. Inside a glass jar bubbles rose, multiplying through greenish water. He arranged the undulations of his hair and smiled.

"She's workin'."

A witness reported afterward that Barbara had never seemed more lovely than on this night of their losing battle. It was her high color and bright eyes, no doubt, which misled the budding apothecary. At any rate, he laid a soft, damp hand on hers. Barbara did not stir, but looked at him once for all.

"You're here," she said, "to help a dying man."

The moist hand withdrew as if burnt. This petted young wiseacre of town fashion became what Nature intended him to be, a fairly honest bumpkin.

"I—I didn' mean nothin'." He grew red, and stammered. "This don't require no help, reely, ma'am miss."

As Barbara turned away something left the kitchen window: a man's face, a pair of eyes, or the reflection of

her own movement past the lamp, flashed across the panes. There was nothing outside them but falling snow and darkness.

All these things were as chaff. At daylight next morning Bion Savory drew his last painful breath and made an end. Of the three living persons in the room, two remained almost as quiet as he; Jen sat motionless, Barbara stood by the footboard; but old Barzillai Pagan stooped over the bed for a time, then drew up and away.

"I've closed their eyes for many," he said, with no false change of demeanor, "but not one kinder'n him at heart, Mis' Savory."

Into the room poured sunrise, making the flame on the lamp wick burn brown and quenching the firelight. No more snow fell.

Jen suddenly got up and dragged her chair to the bedside.

"Go away," she said. "Go see to things."

If other words were spoken, Barbara could recall none. Clear weather, sunshine dazzling over deep snow, entire calm after so much blind incessant movement, gave her a feeling that some part of the outer world lay stunned, like the house. Only the kitchen clock went on ticking; and logs in the fireplace, false prophets after the event, now and then prolonged a fluttering, whispering note to foretell snow in the air. A hush had come to stay. In the front yard huddled men and steaming horses appeared without being called for; without word or so much as a crack of whip they drove round the house a great yellow snowplow, and left behind them a curving channel of road from the doorstep down through the orchard. Women, some of them notorious talkers, came bundling in, asked no more than a plain question, and fell to work. The walls of Bion's parlor burst into green leaf with potted geraniums. Chairs of every design cluttered every passageway. Hardly a voice was lifted in Barbara's hearing, until she and Jen on the afternoon of the funeral waited upstairs alone together, with curtains drawn against the sun, and heard from below Mr. Belden's voice reading a psalm. Later they descended, passed through a lane of neighbors no more seen than seeing, and were in a darkened coach on runners. Creaking, it smelled of leather and horse. Its bells rang brokenly to a slow walk

Jen, holding a black silk bag in her lap, wore her customary best and her bonnet with the black grapes. She said nothing at all, did nothing out of the ordinary except to pluck at her throat as if a bit of neckwear fretted her.

Their way, seen through a moth hole in the brocaded blind, lay between tall sunshiny banks and upthrown lumps of plowed snow.

How those men had worked, thought Barbara. How youthful and rested Bion's face had come to look, at the close. Now they were following him up the long hill where once, at midsummer, he had taken her as a little girl straight to Beulah Land.

The coach halted. A man opened the door, not to let them out, but to let them see under white boughs a rounded arch of granite in a snow hillock, and a rusty iron portal yawning underground. Six or eight other men were bearing his coffin into the vault, there to wait, as Bion had said, until the frost should come out of the ground and his bed be made ready.

"Wait! Stop there!" called Jen Savory. "Hol' on!"

She fumbled, moused her silk bag, yanked out something, pressed it on Barbara and cried, "Stop 'em, you! The plate!"

Barbara found in her hand a broken-backed knife. She knew it. The German-silver mounting had worn greasy in Bion's pocket.

"The plate, ye fool!"

This meant nothing to Barbara; but the man who held the coach door leaned in, took her knife and bowed. His face was the thin, horsy face of Tom Grele, whose gray eyes glittered not only with understanding but with a comical desire to behave.

"You let me, Mis' Savory. If you please."

He lounged away, bareheaded, hiding the jackknife in his hand. Barbara saw him, at the door of the vault, edge among the pallbearers, utter a few shamefaced words, and begin to wrench and pry. Next moment he came leaning into the coach again.

"Here 'tis, ma'am."

"Well, I wanted it," said Jen. "'Tain't much to keep."

She dropped into her bag the jackknife, along with a silver coffin plate. Grele, receiving Barbara's look of thanks with a perfect dignity which comprehended all, closed their door. The coach moved on, turned and went downhill at the trot, with lively bells jingling.

"Him!" scolded the widow. "'Druther anyone but that hoss jockey! U'p the blind, can't ye? Le's see something."

A breeze drew down the long rolling flanks of the countryside, and against a wintry lemon-colored sunset glare whirled the yellowish clouds and fume of snow, till the back of every hill smoked.

At home, by night, the two women sat in the kitchen and waited again; for what, Barbara could not guess. The neighbors who had helped them through all this were gone, leaving a house cleared and cleaned, supper on table, fires bright.

"I couldn't make out to swaller one crumb," Jen mused by the chimney corner. "Can you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Barbara.

Their loss made itself known at this empty hour. With Bion on the hill, padlocked in his dark barrow, they had less to say even than before. Running water in the sink made talk for them idly as of old.

"I s'pose, now, you," Mrs. Savory declared at random, into the fire—"I s'pose you'll want to leave now."

Barbara looked at a blank, pug-nosed face which offered no help and betrayed no feeling. Her own reply, either way, might be indifferent. It was true that on their journey in the coach up to the king of darkness her thought

(Continued on Page 40)

"Young Woman"—He Bent His Brows at Her in Mock Sternness—"You Feed Me Berries for Lunch, or Down Scythe and Home Goes Gossey!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 2, 1925

The Leak

BROWN, Jones and Robinson all have relations with a certain corporation which they are prepared to concede is one of the best-managed of its kind in the country, and yet every one of the three is dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him.

Brown is a minor employe and, like ninety-five out of every hundred salaried men, he has an honest conviction that he is earning considerably more than he is drawing down. This conviction is not greatly shaken by his analysis of the annual report of the president of his company. Certain as Brown is that he is not getting rich out of the company, the figures do not indicate that the corporation is getting rich by underpaying him and his fellows. Brown is prepared to admit that the return received by the stockholders in dividends or in plowed-under profits is not excessive. It is a little higher than Brown receives on his savings-bank deposits, but not quite so liberal as the yield that comes to him from his shares in his coöperative bank or his building-and-loan association. Moreover, his income received from such sources, modest as it is, is rather safer and more stable than that of the stockholders of his company, who are his ultimate employers. There must be a catch somewhere, but Brown has not yet found it.

Jones comes into contact with Brown's company because he is one of its customers. He may be a farmer, a shipper, a professional man or a mechanic. Whatever his occupation, his hard feelings against the corporation grow out of the high prices demanded for the service or commodity he is constrained to buy from it, whether it be transportation, gas, electricity or telephone service that the big concern supplies. And yet, when he comes to examine the balance sheet of the company, he finds that high as rates are they do not appear to have resulted in swollen surpluses. The corporation simply goes on paying its labor and its bondholders what the requirements indicate and distributing to stockholders what it can—when, as and if it can. The ultimate conclusion of Jones is not very different from that of Brown. He knows there is a nigger in the woodpile, but his precise whereabouts is not apparent.

The third member of this trinity of discontent is old Mr. Robinson. His linkage with the company is that of a stockholder. He acquired his little block of stock a dozen or twenty years ago, when it was selling for very much more than it is today. The dividends were perhaps not much higher then than now, but the margin of safety was considerably greater. During his years of stock ownership he has seen a splendid property harassed and manhandled by government regulation, labor troubles, hostile legislation and by every Meddlesome Mattie of the officialdom that pesters American business. Mr. Robinson's confidence in the management of the company is unshaken; but considering the millions that have been put back into the property, and the farsighted, upbuilding policies that have long governed its development, he feels, not without reason, that his dividends should be a little more liberal and considerably more stable.

Somewhere there is a leak, and Brown, Jones and Robinson—that is to say, Labor, the Public and Capital—are all, in varying degrees, affected by it. A few weeks ago the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company held their annual meeting, and representatives of the Brown and Robinson families spoke up loud and clear. An employe stockholder said that labor, or some of it, should be more highly paid. That was to be expected. Then one of the Robinson tribe rose in his place and shocked his fellows by declaring that during the year 1922 the system had paid out as much in taxes as in dividends.

This tax leak comes out of the pockets of labor and of the public, and stunts the fund available for improvements and dividends. It means there is less money wherewith to meet the demands of the Browns when they ask for a raise. It dashes the hopes of the Joneses, who are working to get a lower rate on the particular commodities they have occasion to ship. As for old Mr. Robinson and his brethren, imagine their feelings when it is intimated to them that the maintenance of present dividends is largely dependent upon a whole set of favorable conditions that the ablest management in the world could not control or guarantee. Mr. Robinson's feelings in the matter are particularly strong because, as he points out, at least $373,000,000 that might have been distributed as dividends has been put back into the property to strengthen its physical and financial resources.

The case of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is not exceptional. Our railroads, as a whole, labor under a tremendous burden of taxation. In 1911 their Federal and state tax bills were nearly $100,000,000. In the years that followed they increased so swiftly that in 1922 they were well over $300,000,000, of which the Pennsylvania with its 140,000 stockholders paid about one-tenth. Gas, electric and other public-utility companies are in the same boat. It is no uncommon thing for them to pay more in taxes than in dividends, and every Brown, Jones and Robinson in the country suffers accordingly. The taxgatherer remains perfectly calm. He gets his, and gets it first. Bondholders may whistle for their interest, stockholders may sigh for their dividends, and officials may tear their hair over neglected maintenance and depleted reserves; but the taxgatherer is a preferred creditor.

Rich and poor are taxed under the same set of laws, but there is a great practical difference in their taxes. Those of the rich loom like mountains. They stand out with rugged boldness and make an imposing silhouette on the sky line. Those of the poor are like icebergs. Being mainly concealed from view, they are actually six or seven times as great as they appear. The rich man can enjoy the cold comfort of knowing with considerable accuracy the sum total of his taxes, both direct and indirect. The little fellow who thinks he is getting off practically scot-free because he pays but a dollar or two as poll tax is quite unable to figure out the indirect taxes that eat into his income as silently and as effectively as the moths that are fretting his winter coat in the attic. The small taxpayer is in the position of a barefoot boy wading in a pond. He is unaware of the leeches that are happily sucking blood from his ankles. Presently the boy will come ashore, and then the leech family will have his undivided attention.

The New Trend in Speculation

MUCH of the speculation of the decades before the war was founded largely on public ignorance of factors that are today common knowledge. This was as true of wheat and cotton as of stocks. A few men had possession of the best data. Fortunes have been made by hearing of a rain or frost first. One of the largest fortunes of Europe was grounded on advance knowledge of the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo.

Here the Government did not properly assemble and publish the data of industry, outside of crop reports, and these often started speculation rather than repressed it. Private concerns kept to themselves their information on outturns and markets. Speculation in wheat and cotton was largely an employment of wits, playing with the cards of private knowledge.

The war brought an end to this state of public ignorance in these fields. In order effectively to marshal the forces of the country against the enemy and for the support of the Allies, private business became public business. The cards of production, distribution and consumption were laid on the table. The Government assumed the function of collecting, classifying and interpreting the facts of industry. Many industries have seen the light, and since the close of the war the collection of trade data has been continued and even intensified. Trade associations compile the statistics for the different groups. Before the war, only a few concerns, like the Steel Corporation, issued real reports of business. This is now becoming more general. The activities of the census are being extended into the domain of business statistics. The Department of Commerce issues a monthly survey of current business. The academic world has discovered business. Witness the Harvard Review of Economic Statistics. The average man now has offered to him more data on business than the insiders possessed ten years ago.

Much speculation is now based on interpretation of data, not on possession of data. It is an expression of expert judgment, superior power of analysis of public data. It works with curves, graphs and coefficients. The present-day speculator knows that the curve of the wholesale index number over the last two years is not identical with the curves of index numbers of particular groups, that there are wide disparities between commodity groups of which the price indices were higher and lower. The inequalities between price levels of different groups—as between farm products and chemicals on the one hand, for example, and fuel and textiles on the other—constitute a problem for the economist and a maladjustment for the business world. For the speculator, however, this state of affairs is an open field for operations, if he can interpret the meaning and trend of affairs better than his fellows. Legislation designed to prevent the types of speculation based on public ignorance of public data will not easily succeed against speculation based on superior use of public knowledge. But success will be limited, because brains are limited.

Speculation is a term with wide meaning. There is an element of speculation in every business. The farmer is predestined to speculation. The use of modern business data will enable some men to avoid speculation; it will lead other men to engage in speculation.

There is another phase of the situation that is not speculation, but rather the converse. The possession of the data of an industry, if adequate, accurate and timely, may lead the trade to adopt a common policy without consultation or agreement. If the dozen manufacturers in a particular line have the same complete information on production, markets and business conditions, compiled possibly by the Government, these dozen manufacturers may independently resolve to cut production to a certain level. Thus the possession of public data may enable business men to carry out a policy that, in effect, corresponds to the elimination of competition and is equivalent, in effect, to an action that if arrived at through agreement would constitute conspiracy in restraint of trade. There may be less competition in any line where information is particularly complete and timely. The possibility of this outcome of the newer way of doing business was clearly in the mind of the chairman of the War Industries Board when he wrote his final report. The problem is to utilize the newer statistical method of conducting business to the advantage of business and the community, and not to have society penalized by it.

SPEAKING OF EUROPE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IF YOU should put an advertisement reading "Wanted—A Foreign Policy; send suggestions to the State Department at Washington" in every important newspaper in the United States, the chances are that the ancient and honorable fountainhead of American statecraft would have to hire a small army to dig it out of a mountain of mail.

Ten years ago such a request would scarcely have aroused a flicker of interest. Then a survey of opinion about Europe was principally concerned with the cost of tourist travel and export facilities for the surplus product of the farmer and manufacturer. "Foreign relations" was an amiable phrase that in the main only passed back and forth across committee tables in Congress.

Today millions of Americans are thinking, or laboring under the delusion they are thinking, about Europe. Foreign relations have become foreign complications, and they bristle with possibilities for trouble that have vast significance for us. It is no longer possible to take refuge behind the mere idea of isolation and let it go at that. The Great War, as everybody knows, left America a legacy in which the practical aspect is too often subordinated to the sentimental. In some quarters we have fallen into the habit of ignoring economic self-preservation in an emotional consideration of the nebulous quantity called international obligation. Where will it lead? The excursionists into universal altruism seldom pause to consider the consequences of their misplaced benevolence.

The Political Issue in 1924

IF YOU have read the preceding articles of this series you know that the major problems directly and vitally affecting our life and prosperity have been dealt with. In a larger sense they are no longer national. Practically every issue that touches the American pocketbook is now bound up in some way with Europe. Every dollar that we pay for taxes, for example, is a reminder of Europe's debt to us. The fact that tens of thousands of undesirable aliens are streaming in from the hotbeds of Continental hates is additional evidence that the destructive aftermath of the war not only abides with us but is bringing Balkanization to our doors. In the high cost of commodities, and the otherwise disturbing reaction from Europe's backwash of bicker and hate, we are really assuming some of the German reparation. So it goes.

This visible toll that a bankrupt Europe—bankrupt largely through its own folly, I might add—is taking of us is matched by an invisible levy in the shape of a conflict of opinion as to whether we shall add to the burden. The professional Anglo-American—and a cynic once defined an Anglo-American as "an American being importuned to help England"—demands an English-speaking alliance, while the no less professional friend of France would have us ignore every sound business instinct, in the memory of Lafayette, Rochambeau and the Marne. Everywhere a mist of emotion clouds the clear perspective.

Thousands clamor for an active participation in European affairs, either in the shape of membership in the League of Nations, a world court or some form of association. On the other hand, a still larger number believe that we have done our job abroad, and that it is up to Europe to put her house in order through her own efforts before we interfere. Meanwhile we are without any definite foreign policy. What is the answer? In this article an attempt will be made to present it in the form of opinions gathered from every available source.

Difficult as the previous mobilizations of comment have been, they pale alongside the effort to crystallize what Americans feel about Europe and what we should do. Not only does the investigator encounter a strong sectionalism—the farther west you travel from the Atlantic Seaboard the more pronounced is the desire for isolation—but the same racial animosities that engender antagonism abroad crop up to a lesser degree over here. The transplanted German or the son of a German still detests France, while the unreconstructed Irishman has his ax out for England.

Another obstacle is the unfortunate fact that to the average American foreign policy means something political instead of economic. This is because the League of Nations was a dominant campaign issue in 1920, and will probably be the storm center in the next presidential contest. Therefore, whether John Jones lives in Kansas, Massachusetts or Louisiana, he consults his politics rather than his better judgment or knowledge when it comes to forming opinions about Europe.

The Valor of Ignorance

THE greatest handicap to intelligent appraisal is plain, unadulterated ignorance of the subject. This valor of ignorance is largely responsible for so many distorted or utterly unpractical points of view. Usually the uninformed or the untraveled make the most noise. The case of a Western congressman is one in point. He conducted a whole campaign on the League of Nations issue and railed eloquently against what he called the thirty-second article, when in reality there are only twenty-six articles in the whole covenant.

Hence there are two distinct sources of information—or misinformation, as the case may be: One is the man who knows his Europe, and who is sometimes loath to talk. The other is the person who has never been farther east

(Continued on Page 154)

PROLETARIAN RIOTERS FROM BELOW PINE ST. AND NORTH OF MARKET ST. SQUELCHED BY CLASS-CONSCIOUS MAIDS OF RITTENHOUSE SQUARE—
LESS NOISE, PLEASE! IF YOU WANT ANYTHING GO AROUND TO THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE
Herbert Johnson
MY GOSH!!
MEMBERS OF THE UNION LEAGUE DISPERSING MOB BY SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE—
HELLO, BOYS! COME RIGHT IN! HAVE A CIGAR!
DESPERATE WEST-PHILADELPHIA REDS TERRORIZING VETERAN COUNCILMAN WHO HAS SEEN REFORM UPRISINGS COME AND GO FOR FORTY YEARS—

When the City of Brotherly Love Goes Bolshevik

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Real News

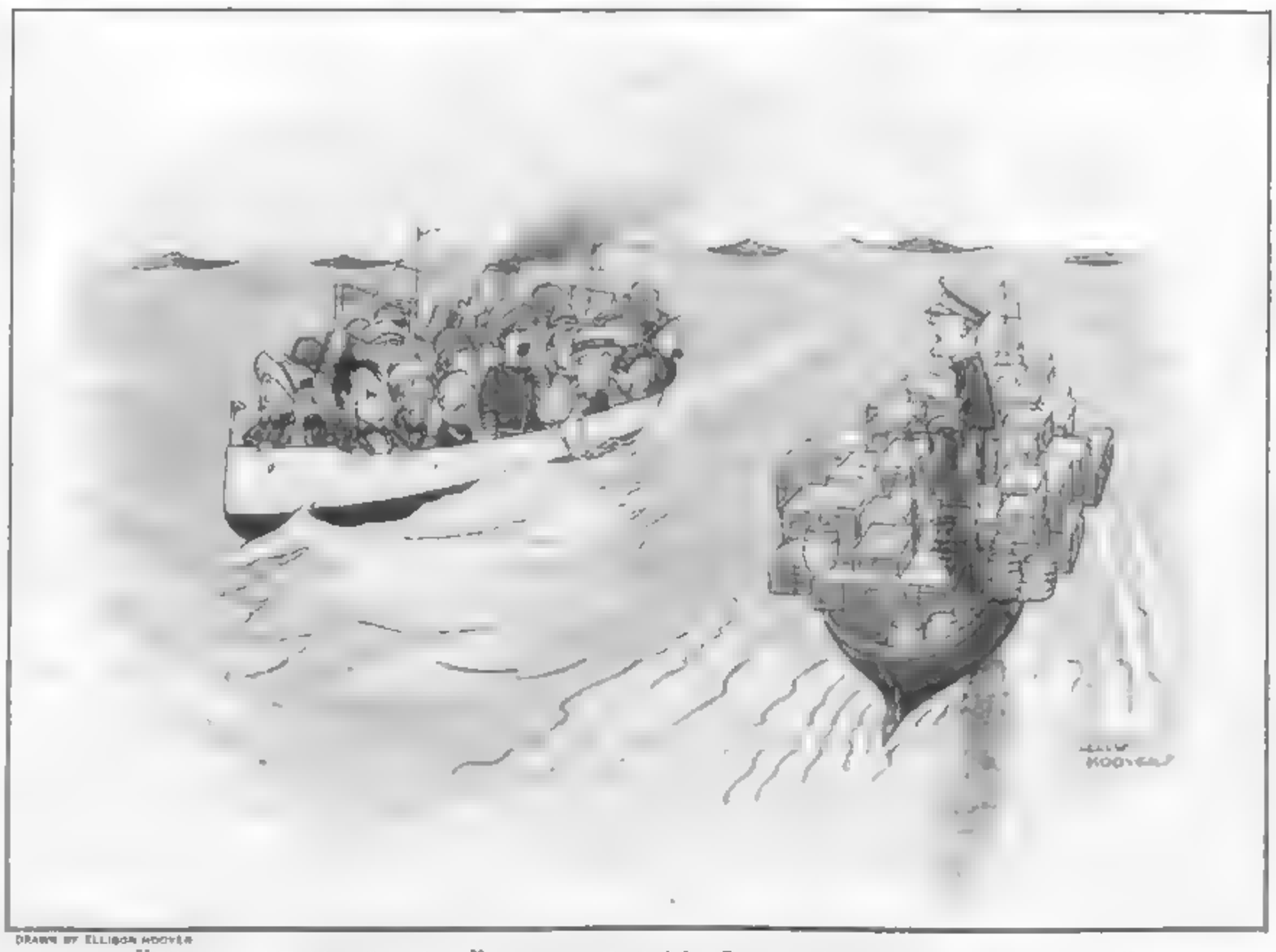
A Rimed Editorial

EVERY time I look at the paper
I read about another divorce—
One more romance gone up in vapor
And never either one's fault, of course.
It's boresome now; it's commonplace to me;
I've seen it so often it's grown quite stale.
But oh! what a thrill would go surging through me
At sight of a headline that told this tale:
ELOPERS CELEBRATE THIRD ANNIVERSARY; CLAIM WORLD RECORD

Count that day lost whose low descending
Sun sees not in the daily news
The sordid account of a man's life ending
Through drinking a bottle of bootleg booze.
Once I'd have called it a gripping story;
Now when I see it I hide a yawn;
But I'd swiftly become ejaculatory
If this on my startled gaze should dawn:
SPURNS HOOTCH: DOESN'T DRINK, SAYS CITIZEN, 42

Midnight murders and daylight lootings
Fail to flutter me any more;
Taxicab killings and movie shootings
Haven't the kick that they had of yore;
By riots I'm not in the least affrighted;
Suicides don't cause my heart to miss;
If you want to get me really excited
Show me a headline that reads like this:
NOTHING AT ALL HAPPENED TODAY

—Baron Ireland.



DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

"What're y' Taking Over?" "American Relief for Europe. What're y' Bringin' Back?"
"European Critics of America"

Headlines

TWENTY Killed in Railroad Crash;
State Attorney Threatens Probe.
Bank Cashier Absconds With Cash.
Find King Tut-Ankh-Amen's Robe.
Two In Death Pact; Suicide.
Borah Flays World Court in Speech.
Lenine's Death Again Denied.
One-Piece Suits Are Barred From Beach.
Congress Kills Light Wines and Beer.
German Marks Take Sudden Drop.
Taxes May Go up Next Year.
Frenzied Burglar Battles Cop.
Husband Slayer Grilled on Stand.
Prince to Wed Declared Untrue.
Sunday Movies Should be Banned,
Pastor States in Interview.
Harvey Speaks at Pilgrim Feed.
Germans Claim They Cannot Pay.

These are headlines that you read
In any paper any day.

—Newman Levy.

Say it With Whitewash

(How Certain People of Importance Might Have Figured in Our Histories if the Autobiography Habit Had Started Earlier)

EDEN EXPLAINED,
OR
HAVE I ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME?

By EVE

I HAVE long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumors that have been published concerning me; and in this book I shall try to tell exactly what occurred at the now justly famous Garden Party.

What I did was done with the best intentions. In the first place, I distinctly understood the Serpent to say that an apple a day kept the doctor away, or I certainly would never have touched the horrid thing. And in the second, could anyone believe that any woman in her right mind would knowingly do anything that would expose her to

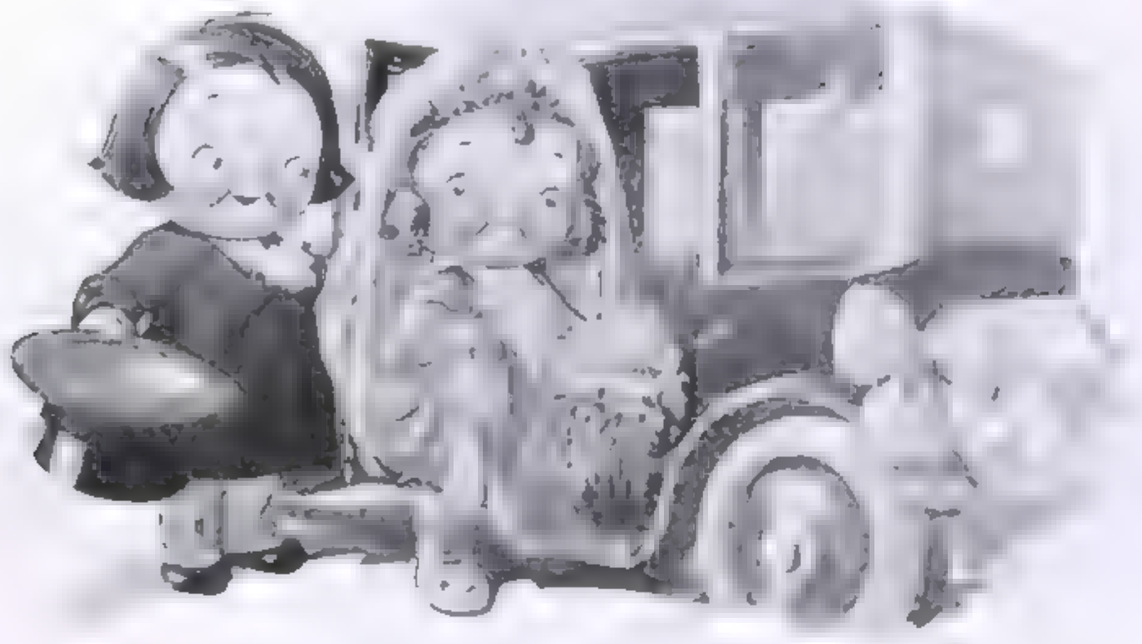
(Continued on Page 69)

SLAM BANG FROM CO
DISCOURAGED REDS WHO HAVE BEEN TRYING FOR A WEEK TO PULL OFF AN IMPRESSIVE MINIATURE DEMONSTRATION IN HOLLYWOOD AGAINST SUCH NO COMPETITION —
BROTHER, ARE YOU WITH US?
WHO'S HE
I TOLD HIM TO SEE ONE OF MY SECRETARIES FOR AN APPOINTMENT — I WOULD NOT CONSIDER LESS THAN SEVEN FIGURES —
A NATURAL MISTAKE
SIMPLE AND OBVIOUS METHOD OF ESCAPE OF MOVIE MAGNATES BESIEGED BY MOB —

Bolshevism Will Find Hard Going in Los Angeles

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

In the merry month of June
We'll speed upon our honeymoon,
Then home to Campbell's every day
To cheer us at our work or play!



A happy beginning!

You know how important that is for any meal. Begin it with a hot, fragrant plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup to delight the appetite with delicious flavor. Here is a soup that pleases everybody who relishes the tonic richness of pure tomato. There's health and vigor in every spoonful!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the smooth puree of finest tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines, plucked at their prime and made into soup the very same day. The plump, meaty parts of the tomato and the juices are strained free of all skin, seeds and core fibre. Golden butter is blended in. The best-liked soup in the world!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Oxtail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato	

We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TECHNICS DIFFER

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

He Sacrificed His Meat to Talk. He Would Forget His Soup for One Idea, His Salad for Another. "Eat Your Food," Julie Kept Saying

MISS MARTIN sat at her flat-topped mahogany desk in her own private office in the Henry J. Walker Company, dictating to Celia Callahan, her short-haired stenographer. Looking at Miss Martin, Susan B. Anthony, had she lived to see the sight, might have cried delightedly, "Behold the equal of any man!" For Miss Martin was an advertising expert and earned a man's salary and took orders only from Mr. Walker, who considered her a paragon.

Her mother had named her Juliet after an old-maid aunt, but she looked more like the Capulet girl whom Romeo was so mad about. She was not too short, and yet not too tall; her hair was blue-black and fitted her head like a cap. Her eyes were gray and fringed about with long black lashes. When she spoke, people listened involuntarily, for her voice had certain throaty, husky tones that softened the businesslike severity of some of her remarks. She moved with a quickness that was graceful and a certainty that was comforting. Never did she drop papers all over the floor, nor become disconcerted when Mr. Walker told her her ideas were rotten. She simply drew a new one out of her head and confuted him.

"The icy incongruity," Mr. Iverson called her. "I like her looks," he used to say to himself—he was very analytical, as young men are these days—"but it must be chilly near an iceberg."

He burst open the door at this moment, and Julie stopped dictating. She looked at this Iverson questioningly. He was the only man in the firm who banged in upon her without knocking.

She knew what he was going to say. He said it.

"Will you write that Silverex letter? I want to go to Ardsley. . . . I mean the long statement."

He was a long, thin young man, and so impatient to go that he kept his legs in the hall outside, ready to start.

"Look out!" she said. "You'll break my door." He came halfway in and waited. "I think you ought to do it yourself. You saw them. I did the short one."

"All right," he said cheerily. "We'll let it go until tomorrow. I told Joe Harding I'd meet him at the 2:52."

She looked at him, as a nice young teacher looks at a bad boy, inexpressibly pained.

"You're hopeless. You know Mr. Walker expects that to go off today."

"Mr. Walker expects a great many things that never come off. He's like you—he still has illusions."

The color rose in Julie's cheeks. For some reason Iverson's words irritated her.

"I won't do it for you," she said. "If you want to take the risk of letting them wait a day for a statement like that, when you know everybody else is after that account, let it be upon your own head."

"For Pete's sake!" said Iverson. "What is the matter, Julie? You've got the business blues. Don't you suppose those dummies are waiting to see what we offer? You're too serious. You take this stuff too conscientiously. It's all bahoo and buncombe. Now, isn't it?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"If it is, I wish I had found it out before."

"Well, there's no time like the present. I hate to see you sinking so."

"Sinking?"

"Yes; sinking into this business gloom. Some day you'll wake up to find out that you've given your lovely self to a hollow idol. Then you will be in a fix."

Julie stared at him perplexedly. Why did he say to her that which she already had been thinking?

"You'll miss your train," she said irrelevantly.

"No, I never miss trains. You'd better come along. Nine holes of golf would put you in fine shape. But you won't come. You're an old maid about your work. I had an aunt like you. She thought the skies would fall if she didn't bake cake regularly every Friday morning."

This was more than Julie could stand.

"You bore me awfully. I wish you'd go," she said, and her cheeks were even redder.

"Well, I hate to forsake a chance to do good."

He had the grace to go, thinking how much prettier she was when angry. All the way over to the Grand Central Station he thought about her. These modern women were difficult to handle. They were like meringue glacé—hard and soft in unexpected places. The sight of Julie provoked him to lectures, even as the thought of her stirred within him romantic images. He had her all mixed up in his mind with nymphs and lovely pagan goddesses and princesses out of fairy tales. He couldn't picture her as an ordinary wife. Marriage—bah! Dreadful, disorderly intimacy—men and women and children strewed all over small flats and houses destroyed the fine pattern of their first passions. Juliet, if she could not have a classic background, needed a great large house, high-ceilinged, stately rooms that she illumined, a dusky vivid being.

At that moment he saw Joe Harding standing beneath the clock at Information.

"You big crab!" shouted Joe.

Julie was lost for the day in the tide of Iverson's explanations.

Left to herself, Julie went on with her dictation and then sent Celia away. Her desk was stacked with work, but there was something the matter with this young woman today. She knew it and was irritated, and she was the more irritated because Iverson, with his careless scoldings, had as usual laid bare the state of her soul. He had an uncanny gift for telling Julie what she was thinking before she knew it herself. He was her unappointed mind reader.

For two weeks Julie had been very bored. Staring dully at the floor, at a spot midway between her desk and the window, she remembered when this depression had begun. Monday—a fortnight ago—she had gone to the opera with Mrs. Grayson, an old friend of her dead mother. Mrs. Grayson had a box, and as Julie sat there, hanging over the edge, staring at the young people and the old people, the beauty and the withered hope that make up the great world, she was assailed by doubt. All that she had done, all that she was, all that she had been thinking valuable for the past five or six years, suddenly seemed nothing. Here was gayety going on, and she not of it; a world of artists, and she a mere advertising pygmy, a drab woman who worked for her living: here were all the alleys and paths that led to colorful lives and gracious existences. Certainly she had entered none of them. What she lived for, as far as she could see, were several kinds of canned goods and household necessities.

This mood had lasted. She had not been able to banish it, as she was accustomed, by saying, "There, that comes from going to the Russian players"; or, "I'll never spend another week-end with the Browns." Some people, had she consulted them, would have advised her to have her teeth X-rayed, or to get married. But Julie was not the telling kind. She came from New England. She grew a little more quiet and a little more irritable. That was all.

"Oh, the devil!" she said finally, and pressed a bell at her desk. In a few seconds Celia appeared.

"Get the Silverex file. I want to dictate a letter, Celia, please," she said.

She was not yet in a mood to take chances with an account for which she was partly responsible. When Celia came back she dictated a long letter about silver polish, in the clear, flexible prose that even the most successful manufacturer could enjoy. Mr. Walker valued her fluent, simple way of saying things, and paid her accordingly. Some of her seductiveness went into her letters.

"There, that will be all," said Julie, and Celia slipped through the door. Then Julie walked over to the window and looked down on New York.

The office was on the twentieth floor of a great white building that mounted, with all its sister skyscrapers, up into the blue heaven. It was one of those clear white days in the city when the ribbon of river that runs around

(Continued on Page 32)

V-TYPE, EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE

A prominent thought in people's minds concerning Cadillac is that it is the pioneer-leader of fine car engineering.

They remember, for example, that Cadillac was first to install a complete electric starting, lighting and ignition system—one of the most important contributions to automotive progress in years.

They recall that Cadillac leadership was again demonstrated, in dramatic manner, by the introduction of America's first eight-cylinder automotive power plant, the ninety degree V-type Cadillac engine.

Today, when many critics are convinced that Type 61 marks a new high level of automotive development, Cadillac engineers and craftsmen work zealously to improve each day's production.

All of their skill, equipment and tests are mobilized to give the Cadillac clientele as excellent a car as modern engineering can devise.

As a result, the public is affirming its belief in Cadillac leadership by a steadily mounting demand for Type 61 which has forced these great works to heights of production never before approached in fine car history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2885
at Detroit

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 30)

Manhattan Island was a deep cobalt blue, when even the green on the New Jersey side of that river had a verdant, springlike hue. It was late June, and the soft wind curled itself caressingly about Julie's face as she stood there, staring dully down on the panorama that never failed to arrest her.

Today that world, all distinctly laid out, so clearly patterned, was a mockery of her own confused and wearied mind. What in heaven's name was the matter with her? She had traded with life, not her beauty but her brains. She expected to be paid back, and she saw now that what she had been getting for her effort was something that pleased her no longer.

Down in the streets below her darted about like frantic ants thousands of men and women, all like herself beset, depressed, ensnared, indifferent. What was to become of them? What were they for, anyway? And all around them this mocking impersonal beauty, this taunting frame of delight in which the wretched human picture is bound—these clouds, these skies, and marching horizons that give the lie every minute of the day to the importance of human excitements.

At this moment she became human. Over on the wall opposite the desk hung a small mirror into which Celia Callahan looked to see if the powder had hit its mark. Julie sometimes gave it a perfunctory dart when she was putting on her hat. She went now, and taking it down looked at herself in the full light of the window. This, as all women know, takes courage.

There looked back at her her gray eyes, widely opened, a little too serious, black brows that arched adventurously, high cheek bones that might get bony, and a red mouth that might easily grow too determined. She moved the mirror up and looked at her hair; it was thick and black, but artlessly ineffective. She dropped the mirror and inspected her throat. It was firm and round, but not chastely white. There was ink, too, under one ear. She smiled at herself and observed that her teeth were white enough. There was something softer, more comfortable about her face when she smiled. She tried it again.

The door behind her opened and a young man's head came through. Seeing her, he came in and shut the door. Her startled eyes met his over the mirror, and she made the universal feminine gesture of arranging her back hair. She did not know that Freddie Skidmore respected none of the conventional delicacies. The sanctities of the hair net were as nothing to him. He took his hat off and gave her a modest nod.

"Go on," he said. "Don't let me interrupt you."

"I was merely looking in the mirror," said Juliet.

"Yes, I see," he answered. "A dangerous but useful pastime. You learn things."

"You do," said Julie, dropping the mirror gently on the desk. "To one's sorrow."

She hadn't meant to say that. Why was she saying anything to this strange young man? Before she had time to ask him what he wanted in her private office he had startled her again.

"You can risk the mirror any time," he said in his peculiarly indifferent voice. "But I don't believe you ever look at the back of your hair or your profile."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's awful—that bun on your head, when you ought to have a smooth, hard coil. And you ought to take your hair away from your temples and show your ears. You could stand it. Not many women could. Dark, startling, severe beauty—that's what you ought to go in for. I'd begin with that bun. Take it off."

"Cut it off?"

"Oh, no, not that! Leave that to the high-school girls. You're a beautiful woman."

Juliet flushed. She walked over to the desk and sat down. She summoned all her dignity.

"Whom did you want to see?" she said.

The strange young man was too interested to answer.

"It's amazing to me," he went on, "how you fall for standardization. Your hair, your clothes, your morals, your manners, all alike. Even your homes—every decade you all redecorate your homes. Very charming, but alike. Go into any twenty bedrooms from San Francisco to Maine and you'll find fifteen bedspreads of the same school. It takes centuries to develop personality. You don't get chic by coming out in New York and marrying well on Long Island. You might do something with your looks. And here you sit in an office—probably a stenographer. Did you ever think of the stage?"

"Look here," said Miss Martin, severely this time, "what do you want here, anyway?"

"Want? I don't want anything. Your superior lady boss sent for me."

"You mean Miss Martin?"

"The very same."

"What is your name?"

"Skidmore. Go tell her I'm here. I'm only a poor illustrator."

The opportunity was too perfect. Miss Martin took it.

"It's good of you to come down so quickly," she said. "I am glad we were able to get hold of you."

Skidmore was not slow. He leaped out of his chair.

"Miss Martin, I beg your pardon. I only saw your face. I never thought you could be the Miss Martin. Why, it's really funny!"

This was rude, but rather a tribute. Julie blushed and looked at him, taking him in. Evidently he was one of those young men intensely interested in the thing they are dealing with, and not at all interested in anything else. His words to Julie, impudent and invading as they were, seemed prompted by a genuine aestheticism. He wanted to save women for beauty. He had also a deft and fluent way of talking, dealing with his ideas firmly and pleasantly as a wise mother does with her child.

She told him what she wanted him to do and he agreed to do it. He lived in the Bronx, where he had a studio in an abandoned fire house.

"I can really work up there," he said.

Black and white was his real interest. He was drawing in charcoal, and etching. He had some things he'd like to show her. This commercial stuff supported him.

"Very well, too. You'd be a good subject," he said. "You've got a fine line around the temple. I'd like to draw you. I'll bring a pencil in here and make a sketch. Title: Lady in the Wrong Box."

The telephone rang. Skidmore rose to go.

"Next Thursday," he said.

"What do you mean," she said—"the wrong box?" Her hand was on the receiver.

"Oh, you'll find that out for yourself."

He opened the door and stood waiting.

"Hello," said Julie, wishing the telephone had never been invented. "Oh, no, no, no!" She grew very excited. She listened and then she scolded. It was all about proofs and corrections and types.

Skidmore, standing by the door, thought she was awfully easy to look at; but her quiet, direct efficiency hurt. He bowed himself out, smiling. Julie smiled over the receiver. Neither of them bothered to say good-by. A few minutes later each of them was wondering whether the other had noticed it.

Julie had very little time the rest of that afternoon to worry about that. After the strange Mr. Skidmore's departure, she forgot his erratic remarks for the less complimentary assaults of a printer and a composing-room foreman. Then Mr. Walker sent for her. He wanted to see all the letters on the Silverex people. He read with great care the one she had just dictated that afternoon.

"Iverson has seen this, I suppose?" he asked.

Julie carefully refrained from observing that Iverson was now no doubt at the fifth hole.

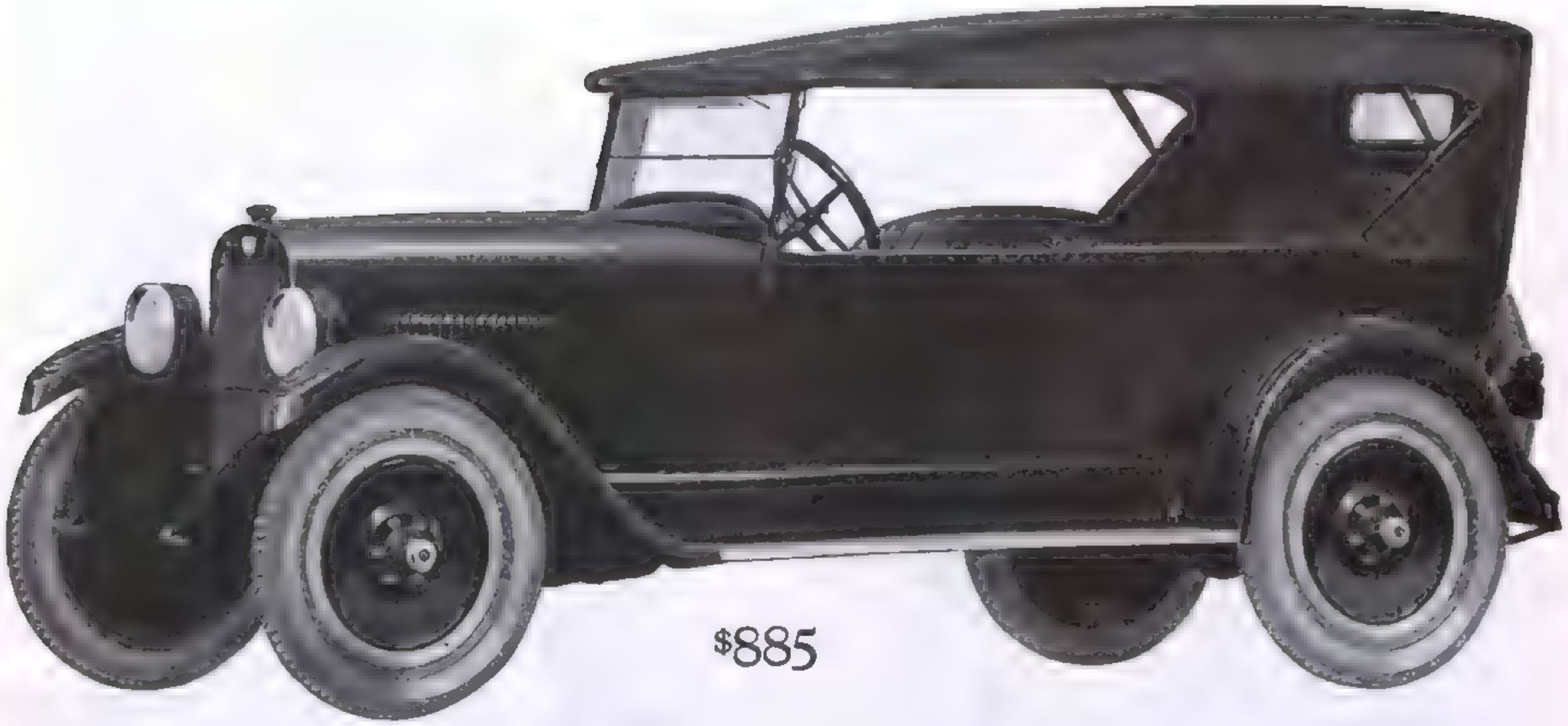
"Certainly he will see it," she answered.

She sent a carbon to be laid on his desk, which she knew he would never look at. He never bothered clients until they came in person, when he took them to lunch and then proceeded to hypnotize them. He was good at hypnotism, although she usually handed him the material for his tricks.

Walking home up Fifth Avenue that night, she realized that her mood of black despair had been replaced quite mysteriously by a lazy sense of well-being. Ahead of her stretched the Avenue, still bathed in the golden glamour a big city picks up from a sunset. It was all very lovely, and very soft and comforting. Julie was part of a crowd, and a pretty part of it. A tall, dark, graceful woman, she walked home, her usual precise path, up the Avenue to Sixtieth, across and up to Sixty-second, and then east to her apartment; and as

(Continued on Page 34)

"You're an Old Maid About Your Work. I Had an Aunt Like You. She Thought the Skies Would Fall If She Didn't Bake Cake Regularly Every Friday Morning"



$885

No car has ever gone faster, or farther, in winning a great and growing success.

The plain, blunt reason why the good Maxwell has rolled up such a huge volume of public regard, is that it is *giving more for the money than the public has been used to getting.*

Under the hood and in the chassis is the unmistakable proof of the higher-grade manufacturing that produces higher-grade results—not only in appearance, but in the kind of performance and the easy riding, the low running costs and staunch reliability, that really count.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; pressure chassis lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Sport Touring, $1025; Sport Roadster, $975; Club Coupe, $985; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1235; Sedan, $1335

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good

MAXWELL

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 32)

she walked she noticed the violet-and-gray shadows on the side streets that would soon make a summer night in the city. She felt the soft wind from the Hudson; she saw the pleasant things of life extended in the windows of the shops. She was filled with a light sense of well-being, a consciousness of something coming to flower within her that had never flowered before. All this, too, because an irresponsible young man had told her she had beauty.

Julie lived in a small, expensive flat with Hildegarde Dervish, with whom she had gone to school. Hildegarde lived up to her name. She whirled. When she was not working—she drew elongated ladies in bizarre clothes and distorted postures for fashion magazines at high prices—she was making and breaking engagements. She lived and moved in a crowd, and was never so happy as when the crowd changed. New men with strange faces were the breath of life to her.

Hildegarde came from Boston, where a horrified family clung to its darling and regretted the day when she began to have ideas. But Hildegarde was never bothered by what they thought in Brookline. She was tall, rangy and very blond. Her voice was quite shouty, like a trumpet, but her diction was elegant, and clipped like that of a stage duchess. This, combined with her racy vocabulary, made an extraordinary effect.

"Here," one cried, "is a good family slipping down!"

But there was nothing slippy about Hildegarde. She was honest and faithful and hard-working. Her life was less wild than noisy. Julie liked her immensely. When the evening's circus was over and the flat free of young men and the cigarette ashes dusted off the tables onto the floor, she found Hilly an excellent companion.

This evening when Julie entered the flat Hilly was dressing. Her head, a wild, blond, unfinished fortification, came through her bedroom door.

"Shake a leg, old dear," she cried. "Two tame ones are coming at 7:15."

The two tame ones meant nothing to Julie. She was used to being dragged along to entertain the annexations of Hildegarde.

"Oh, heavens, Hil, I wish you'd get someone else! I don't want to go jumping around all over the roofs tonight."

She laid her hat down on the hall table. Hilly reappeared.

"Huh?" she said, taking the hairpins out of her mouth.

"I wish you would entertain your own swains. They never know I'm there."

"Listen, you poor crab! If I didn't drag you out you'd never see the night air."

"I don't see that it helps me any."

"Julie, you go get ready."

Julie went. There was nothing else to do. In their well-run establishment there was never anything to eat but milk and oranges. Hildegarde's men always bought good dinners.

In her bedroom she flung her things on the bed, and walking to the closet took down her one evening gown. It was a crimson thing, neither very old nor very new, and it made a warm frame for what Hilly called her frozen beauty. She contemplated it nervously, however, because she was afraid of what Hilly would say when she appeared in it. It was time, according to Hilly, she bought some new clothes and gave up looking like the American flag. Nervously she began to dress, and at the inevitable moment Hilly spoke.

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't wear your red! It will kill this thing of mine."

"But I haven't any other."

"Oh, sacred cat!"

Hilly appeared in the door. She was clad in a magnificent and indescribable costume which announced in no uncertain tones that its wearer was in for a big evening. In some places it was solid gold, in others solid silver. No lady in Boston ever contemplated such a gown without a shiver, which is exactly why Hilly delighted in it.

"You look marvelous," commented Julie, brushing her hair. "Like Thais chasing the monk."

"You hush! Honestly, aren't you ever going to get some clothes? You can't wear that red rag all summer. They won't let you in. You make people uncomfortable."

"Next week," said Julie, looking into the glass and speaking very slowly, because she was interested in the effect she was achieving with her hair, "I am going to reform. I want you to go with me to buy"—pause—"some seductive gowns."

Hilly, however, hadn't waited to listen. The doorbell had rung. She didn't give Julie another thought until late that night, about 11:30, when they sat on a roof garden, high up above the city. Hilly was sitting beside Bummy Migler, a young man of wealth and parts vaguely occupied in Wall Street. Bummy felt himself clenched on the arm.

"Look!" gasped Hilly. "Do you see what I see?"

"Where—what ——" trying to look everywhere and wondering if Hilly's mother was turning up.

"There! There, out on the floor!"

Hilly was pointing to a moving spot in the swaying jungle on the floor. She was trying to point to the slim figure of Julie, dancing around with a young man known only as Hencoop. Hencoop's father was the president of a railroad, but Hencoop didn't care. His own name was enough for him. All evening he had been dancing and flirting with Julie.

"I see now why Hencoop's fallen!" cried Hilly ecstatically. "She's changed her hair!" She almost expired on the last word.

"What? Good Lord, does she rent it?"

"No, you dummy," Hilly was devastating in her disgust. "No; she's taken it off her ears. She looks exactly like a Goya."

"Like who?" said Bummy, who had only been to Harvard.

"You Look Marvelous," Commented Julie, Brushing Her Hair. "Like Thais Chasing the Monk"

Hilly didn't answer. She was too curious and too loyal to go farther. Late that night, or early that morning, Julie told her that some whim had led her to change her hair

"So you like it, do you?"

"Gorgeous!" said Hilly. "It's the newest line. Now you meet me Saturday and I will take you to Stephanie's and get you those clothes. The Lord knows it's time you came to!"

Mr. Skidmore's drawings put in an appearance at the office the following Thursday on schedule time, and they pleased Julie.

The drawings were good, the technic masterly and they charmed the eye. They were deft and sharp, like the young man himself, and a little malicious, because they were so sufficiently sentimental. If Skidmore had to sell his soul, he sold it gracefully.

There was only one thing Julie didn't like about them—Mr. Skidmore did not come with them. Here she was, strangely alive and interested in this next encounter, handed a note and a bundle instead of a young man. He was, too, the first young man in all her twenty-eight years whom she had ever been excited about seeing. She took the note bravely and read it:

Dear Miss Martin: Here are the drawings. I hope they suit. I hate to ride on the Subway, so won't come down unless you want me to do some more. I will ring you up at 4:30.

Yours for better head lines, SKIDMORE.

Julie blushed. He had not forgotten.

By the little clock on the desk it was 4:28, and she had barely time to reëxamine the drawings. They would, she was sure, please Mr. Walker. Also, she would like to have Iverson's approval. But for some reason that she quite humanly did not attempt to analyze, Julie did not care to run the risk of missing the telephone call appointed for 4:30. Neither did she wish to get that call in any office but her own. It was a business conversation, direct and short; but ——

She sat in her chair, waiting, fingering her pencil and making little marks over her blotter. The operator no doubt was that moment insisting that her line was busy. Why should a man like Skidmore live in the Bronx? She was tense and excited. She watched the hands race around the clock, and her little finger quivered. She was unbearably in suspense.

A terrific crash sounded in her ears. She started and took down the receiver. At that very moment Iverson came through the door.

"Hello," she said, and her voice was constrained and embarrassed. She looked self-conscious. Iverson sat on her desk. She could kill him!

Far distant, but familiar, she heard the voice of Skidmore, asking her if the sketches were all right. In cool, polite tones she heard herself answer that she thought they were; but she would like to see him before ordering any new ones.

Iverson was now pawing the papers on her desk.

"Don't," she said to him.

Iverson stopped. He was afraid of Julie when she was snappy. What was the matter with the girl, anyway? For a thin, dark girl, she could certainly be pugnacious. He sat and watched her brazenly. It was hard on the poor girl.

"You are very frosty," Skidmore was saying. "What's the matter?"

"I can't tell you—now," said Julie, which showed her up as an amateur.

"Look here," said Skidmore with the air of one really having an idea, "the thing for you to do is to eat dinner with me. I can't come down now in that rotten Subway. Make it 7:30 at the Plaza."

She spluttered and blushed, but finally consented. Iverson, of course, took it all in, and enjoyed it.

"Who's that?" he asked as she hung up the receiver.

"Only a poor artist," she said. "Look here, this is his work."

She wanted Iverson's approval of his drawings. He liked them immensely.

"But I don't see why he can't come down here to talk with you," he proffered.

"Oh," said Julie, "he lives in the Bronx and doesn't like to ride in the Subways in the daytime."

"So that's why you meet him for dinner, is it?"

"I haven't any other reason—as yet," she answered.

"Those others," said Iverson wisely, "are not long in coming." He went away.

At five minutes past 7:30 Julie walked sedately into the Plaza, trying to appear as if her rendezvous were nothing unusual to her. Her dining out, it must be confessed, had until this evening been of the most harmless nature. Uncles, cousins, young men she had met here and there, had taken her to dinner and then taken her home and left no train in their wake. The evenings had ended there.

Tonight, however, she was meeting a young man, for the first time, with a sense of excitement. This was a beginning of something—she didn't know what. It was more than a mere desire to discuss his pictures that had brought her there to dine with Skidmore, or Skidmore there to dine with her. She knew it, and she hoped he did.

She was five minutes late, to give an effect of indifference; but her precautions were useless. She sat for fifteen minutes in her chair in the long corridor before she saw Skidmore coming.

His straw hat was slightly tilted, and he had the faintly distrait and yet perfectly assured manner that was to become so familiar to her. He walked, evidently looking for something, but with no intimation that what he wanted would not be there. Sooner or later some chair would infold his prize.

He saw Julie and waved his stick. His eyes roved appraisingly, from her wide brown hat, which made her face a new kind of flower, down to the long inclosing lines of the gown Hilly had bought her. It was a strange color. Hilly called it dusk.

"Do you like it?" she asked him.

(Continued on Page 70)

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The Quaker housewife's meat delivery in 1650

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William Penn started them—semi-annual fairs to encourage fine stock raising, and semi-weekly markets to get the meat to the consumers.

They became a part of the city life.

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Twice a week the Quaker housewives walked over to the markets with their baskets on their arms—the only way they had of getting meat.

* * *

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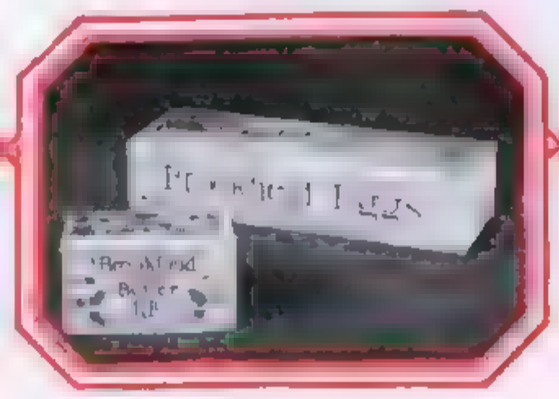

HOUSEWIVES of today who are particular as to the foods they serve, order Brookfield Butter and Eggs. Thus they are sure of getting the high quality ever implied by the name Swift & Company

DALLYING WITH THE DRAMA

By L. B. YATES

AND all this reminds me of a Western editor who started out to realize a dream that he had been sleeping on ever since the time he was a little shaver and a yard of cloth would have gone a long way toward making him a suit of clothes.

He wanted to own a circus; and, by the way, it wasn't going to be like any other tent show that had yet been invented. Now this little man had oodles of money and could have gone right out and picked up a circus complete in all its details and in full running order, but he didn't want that kind.

His idea was to build a big show from the ground up. He wanted to buy all the little dogs and the littler ponies himself, to build the red wagons and have the joy of superintending the painting of them.

He wrote to all the animal men he could hear of and started negotiations for camels and elephants and hyenas, orang-utans, and all the wild animals and fierce denizens of jungle and plain that men who are hep to these things write about. He ordered a tent that would house the biggest show in the world, and used up more gold leaf than Denver had ever dreamed of, even in the gala days of Cripple Creek with its miraculous millions, and then he marshaled his staff.

In those good old days of joyous Western journalism the editorial staff of this man's paper represented a diversity of more or less talent and an original method of airing their views and opinions that was eminently *sui generis*. The beauty of it was that these journalists always signed their own stuff. Sometimes it read like a series of editorials because everybody gave free rein to his convictions, chronicling them as he saw fit, and though sometimes the idea expressed on the back sheet of the paper did not always agree with the editorial policy, still people liked its rollicking unusual style, and the paper itself became a great success.

So the little editor called these men into the famous red room and informed them that he was about to go into the circus business. He intimated that from that time on the duties of the staff were to mold public opinion and in spare moments double in sawdust.

Mr. Brady's Infallible Recipe

EVERYBODY was pressed into the service; even the society editress was commissioned forthwith to write an illuminating article on the circus girl, her manner of living and the clothes she wore, together with an exhaustive résumé concerning the social aspects of circus life.

It is fair to confess that this staff, which was ordinarily supposed to know all about everything in the way of local and otherwise happening, was a chip or two shy on the circus game. It is true that one member, bristling with importance, announced that he had run away with the circus when a boy, and for that reason was entitled to special consideration; and, needless to say, the sporting editor, running true to form, said he knew all about circuses. But there was a doubting Thomas in the bunch in the shape of a red-headed reporter. He was one of the original why-and-who-and-what boys you meet so often, so he took up his parable in this wise:

"It's a great big contract to start a circus," he vouchsafed ponderously. "We're liable to bite off more than we can chew; it's an awful job, that's what it is."

"Nothing of the kind, Bill," replied the editor briskly. "You just want a cage full of monkeys, and a great big spread of canvas."

"That ain't enough; that won't get anything," persisted the doubting Thomas.

"Oh, yes, it will," retorted the amateur showman optimistically. "Sure it will. What else do you want? First you have your cage full of monkeys an' plenty of room—then all you need is a tent full of people, and away you go and make a million dollars."

Now, of course, you're saying to yourself, "What has the circus to do with the theater and wherein does the comparison lie between a dalliance with the drama and recollections of red wagons?" For answer I point with pride to the wise sayings of one William A. Brady, who quite recently was subjected to interrogation.

"Now, Mr. Brady," began the interviewer, jumping right into the middle of the subject and removing the bridle, "please tell me why some plays succeed and some do not, and what are the main ingredients to be employed in the successful presentation of the drama."

To the writer, this looked like a large order.

"Easy enough," quoth Mr. Brady, without the slightest hesitation. "Get yourself a good believable and understandable plot with lots of human interest and striking situations, make it run along smoothly, have the happenings well portrayed and easy for the audience to follow. Then so construct it that it is actor-proof, and the rest is only a matter of a pencil and a pad of paper to figure out just how much money you're going to make."

"Fair enough," say we; "fair enough if you can get 'em."

"Well," responded Mr. Brady, "that's the recipe—if, of course, you can get the prescription filled. Now what else was it you wanted to know?

"You ask about the success of some plays and the failure of others," continued Mr. Brady after a pause. "Well, let's start at the beginning and I will remind you of the old bromide so often referred to—'The play's the thing,' said Shakspere; right and fine so far, but he might have added another sentence, however—'The play is the thing so long as it is actor-proof.'

"In explanation I point to some of the greatest successes we've ever had on the American stage. Just think of Lightnin', Ben Hur, The Old Homestead, Shore Acres, Way Down East, and perhaps twenty more that I could mention. Well, every one of them was actor-proof, and when I say this I mean that they were not plays which were at the mercy of any of the actors who played a part.

"Let me give you an instance, one with which we all are conversant. As everybody knows, poor old Frank Bacon was the star in Lightnin', not to mention his being the author of it. Well, everybody loved him, and by many it was thought that when he passed, the patronage of the show would fall away to nothing. But what was the result? Just before Frank Bacon's death the show was billed to play Boston. Of course a substitute had to be engaged to take his place. Naturally a good actor was chosen, but not exactly one who was accounted a star of stars. Well, the company went to Boston and broke all records, and is doing so yet. I think that is the most essential thing in the construction of a play. First take a subject that the average theatergoer is familiar with—forge it out of a believable yarn, and don't leave the audience too much in the dark or wrestling with abstruse problems. Added to this, you must construct a story that never loses its sequence, but carries its audience right along with it. Then you may be said to have a play that is actor-proof. These ingredients, I should say, are the first principles in the manufacture of a play that will live and last.

"There is, however, the indefinable something that every producer who knows his business is everlastingly looking for. You realize we are supposed to know more about the business of producing plays than the average layman, and rightly so, because if anything teaches one, it must be experience. These experiences are invariably backed up by certain costly mistakes which everyone in the producing business can always look back upon. But for all that it is sometimes forced upon us that we know very little, after all, about the subtle something that will catch the public sympathy. The producer may think he has a play that is letter perfect in rehearsal. It may be an interesting well-told story—probably, let us say, based on a pronounced hit in the magazine field or in book form—but when we come to play it, we find that we have missed something."

Money Between Tears and Laughter

"THE audience doesn't rise to it. It doesn't either tickle their sense of humor, or in its pathos fails to arouse their sympathy. Like a cantilever bridge—instead of joining up at the piers it rests on, it keeps swinging farther away. What this is I don't know—I wish I did. But I do know one thing: I know that whenever the actors like the play while it is in rehearsal, going around telling each other what a sure-fire hit it is bound to be, and whenever everybody gets set for a long run on Broadway, you can put it down that ninety times out of a hundred you are facing a failure.

"It is hard to diagnose this or to get the cube root of it, but it exists; every producer will tell you that.

"But I will mention one thing that comes as near being sure-fire as anything else I can think of. If you can get a play that turns a tear into a laugh, or a laugh into a tear—why, you've solved a large part of the problem. I think this accounts for the marvelous success of Warfield and the irresistible charm of Maude Adams.

"Strange to say, some of the present Broadway successes have been brought in by men who were new to the business. We have had quite a crop of them in the last two or three years. No doubt this was due to the advent of war profiteers. You see they had made so much money during and immediately after the war that they cast about them for ways and means of perpetuating the golden shower. A good many of them turned to the theaters, but I am afraid the majority did not find things just as easy as they expected—yet we had them, and some of the cult are still pouring out money like so much water.

"A lavish expenditure of money in production does not necessarily make a success. There must be something back of that. This has been proved a thousand times, as many theatrical men know to their cost. Another thing you must remember—a star cannot carry a play any more unless it is worthy. Perhaps we have two stars that can sustain interest in a play regardless of other shortcomings. If you ask me who they are, I would say David Warfield and Fred Stone. The latter dances himself into public favor, and the former, with his quaint mannerisms, is in a class by himself.

"Then we have what they call the Jitney Syndicates, so called because the sponsors or authors elected to take it on their own and sold stock to all their friends and acquaintances before their plays went into rehearsals. Some few of these have been singularly successful. The sponsor of one of Broadway's most eminent successes sold stock in the play in shares from one hundred dollars up, and when the curtain rose he found that he had retained only 7 per cent of it for himself. It is said that there are half a hundred owners for this production."

The Soaring Costs of Production

"BUT, as I said, we may know the things that absolutely will not go on Broadway, but we don't know the things that will. Most of our best plays were peddled from one manager to another, and, as everybody knows, Frank Bacon carried the manuscript of Lightnin' in his pocket for more than twenty years before he found a producer. Most of the Broadway managers turned Rain down. I know I did myself. Not only that, but I can look back and think perhaps of a score of pronounced successes that I had the refusal of. I think that is the experience of every manager. I thought Rain was absolutely impossible as a play. I just could not see it at all, and in this contention I was supported by half a dozen producers I could mention, but look how it is going on Broadway—and there you are!

"When one leaves New York out of the question, the show field for the average production of consequence is limited to six or seven cities. The road show is practically a thing of the past. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the railroads have eaten the heart out of the business. The cost of transportation has doubled and trebled because in many cases it costs six cents per mile per capita and the old rate is universally doubled. You will know what this means when I tell you that twenty-five producers in 1921 spent slightly over two million dollars with the railroads for the movement of their attractions out of New York. Before the war a company of twenty-five people, with one car, could travel as low as thirty-seven and a half cents a train mile; at the present time the minimum rate for the same service is ninety cents. So you see the railroads get first money, as they say, and when you deduct the cost of transportation, there is very little left for anybody.

"Then the admission prices play a part, of course, but I cannot see at this particular time, with increased cost of everything, how these possibly can be lowered. Before the war the average minimum salary of the actor was forty dollars, the maximum in the neighborhood of three hundred. Now the minimum is seventy-five and the top one thousand and upward. The stage hands, scene shifters and carpenters get three times as much money as they used to. The printing costs two to three times as much. Costumes and accessories have gone out of sight, and the present trend is upward rather than downward. You will have some idea of conditions when I tell you that a play which does not do a gross business of ten thousand a week in New York cannot stay there.

"It used to be that we could count a fair profit with an intake of six thousand, but such a thing is not possible nowadays.

"Now there is another point which may account, and in fact does, for the decadence and lack of patronage of the road show. Let us say that a man from Grand Rapids visits New York and goes to see one of the pronounced successes. On his return home he tells all his friends what a good show it was. Well, pretty soon it is billed to play Grand Rapids. This man rushes around, secures a block of seats, tells them all over again how they are going to be entertained and edified. On the opening night he is down there at the theater in a prominent seat, full of anticipation. Imagine his feelings if he sees a production with old makeshift scenery and second-rate actors. It isn't the same at all, and the man who touted all his friends, senses that they feel they have been victims of misplaced confidence so far at least as his judgment is concerned, and he

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

himself is all het up because he realizes that he has lost caste as a critic, and is thoroughly disgusted.

"That is mainly the reason why the moving picture is supplanting and in some cases has entirely wiped out the spoken drama. A man sees Fairbanks in Robin Hood on Broadway, and he is quite safe in extolling its merits to his friends at home. When it comes to their little town, it's going to be just the same. Douglas will appear his very self, just as he did in all the big-time houses back East. The beautiful ladies and the horses and Friar Tuck and the costumes and the tremendous outlay in staging and effects will all be the same.

"But the producer's life is not all beer and skittles. We've often been accused of commercialism, and I don't mean to say that the commercial spirit is wholly foreign to the theater, but I think that 99 per cent of the managerial producers love the artistry and traditions of the stage. Sometimes when you stop to think, it is a great question where art ends and something else begins. Some people prate about art who wouldn't know a tube of burnt sienna from Rubens madder. But leaving out the make-believe 'artistic' productions that have to be accompanied by a key of explanation from the sacred six, there is a good margin left that do honestly represent the art of the theater as the average layman understands it.

"Be that as it may, a certain spirit of commercialism is forced upon producers by the fact that it takes real money to support the theater. The contributions of the select few who sit in final judgment on the drama would not go far to sustain a production of consequence. The real people whose interest makes the theater possible are the plain everyday folk who voice their approval in a tangible way.

"You see it's this way: Let us say that you own a theater on Broadway. Well, there are overhead expenses of all kinds; many of them the layman would probably never dream of, but at the end of every week we know what they are.

"Now a play may be most meritorious, but if, as I said before, it does not draw a gross intake of ten thousand a week on Broadway it's got to go. For that reason it is impossible for the owner of a theater to throw open his doors to everybody who comes along. He has to take the patronage of the masses into consideration, and must have at least a reasonable assurance that he will be able to meet all the demands necessitated by the business. It's a blessed thing, after all, to realize that we do not all think alike. What one man considers a classic, another regards as inane drivel. In the old days players banked on the patronage of aristocrats and so-called intellectuals—they starved to death. Even Shakspere, actor, poet and playwright, and patronized by royalty, was not insensible to that fact, and he died worth something like six thousand pounds, which was important money in those days."

The Actors and the Critics

"NOW there's another thing that we know: We know that plays that are successes in New York are rank failures sometimes in the outside towns. What will be accepted on Broadway frequently passes without notice in San Francisco or Denver. You must never make the mistake of underrating the intelligence or discrimination of the people in the provinces. Take San Francisco, for instance, with all its glorious traditions and its fine companies of home-bred actors and actresses, and, man for man, I venture to say you will find as many keen students of the drama as in any city in the world. This applies also to many other communities dotting the country between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

"Now you were asking about the present-day status of the actors. They are a good deal better off than they ever were, taken both collectively and individually. The actor of today is a better business man, more saving and frugal, consequently he is more reliable; and as I said before, he is better paid. Then, too, he has a wider market for his wares. The pictures have opened up a big field for him, and local stock companies growing up all over the country have increased the demand for his services. The actors, as you know, have their organizations, which are very good ones, and from their side business is transacted on a standard and equitable basis."

"And the critics," we ventured humbly.

"A fine body of men," responded Mr. Brady, "thoroughly conscientious, although, of course, we sometimes don't agree with them. A critic can ruin a piece of theatrical property, but he can't make it to save his life. Let us suppose that a new play is produced and adverse notices appear in all the papers. Well, the play itself may be one that from the public standpoint is worthy—that is, for those who see it, but you've got to get the people into the theater to convince them of that fact; and then let us suppose that the man who is sponsoring the play hasn't capital enough to carry it over for a sufficient length of time for the people to have a chance of judging for themselves, so that by word of mouth it percolates that the play is worth while. In a case of this kind the play dies and is forgotten. But if, on the other hand, the backer of a play is strong enough financially to stand his ground, all the panning in the world by his critics cannot kill what the masses want. There are several instances of this kind playing Broadway right now.

"Sometimes you will find a play that in its characterizations happens to fit exactly into the angles and personalities of a certain actor or actress, and they will carry it right along to a howling success; but take them out of the cast and you haven't anything. I know a brother producer not so long ago tried this experiment: He produced a play in several towns before coming into New York. The leading man and leading woman were not regarded as topnotchers, but the parts suited them exactly and the play was tabbed with all the earmarks of success.

"This manager, however, thought it best to make a change in the leading characters before the première in New York, so he engaged a man and a woman, fine actors, well-known to New York, but they just didn't get the spirit of the parts; their comedy seemed to fall flat and they were not able to sense the real characterization in the mind of the author, which had been so successful in the small towns. The result was that it died on Broadway. This producer told me recently that he regarded this play as one of the best pieces of dramatic property he ever owned."

Success Rare, Failures Common

NOW one might state in a general way that Broadway bars nobody, especially in the show game. It has been invaded by so many sorts and conditions of men and women that one could not pin the personnel of it down to any particular class or profession. You can start with ex-senators and otherwise important statesmen, and go right down the list until you find yourself shaking hands with the man who used to own a bootblack stand, and in between you will discover tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, prize-fighting impresarios, gold-mine promoters, speculators on the Street and off the Street, besides men who have made their millions and men who have still to make them on paper and off paper; and probably the result of your investigation will force the conclusion that our beloved country is made up of two kinds of people—those who have money and those who are trying to take it away from you.

Not so long ago we met a man who had spent the greater part of a long life in promoting and producing various theatrical enterprises. He has been a success financially because to a great extent he started at the foot of the ladder and learned the game as he climbed up. This is the sum and substance of what he had to say:

"I started in the show game when I was sixteen," said my friend. "That is to say, I ran away with a circus and roughed it. It wasn't like the big shows that we know nowadays, traveling on trains of sixty-foot coaches and flat cars. Ours was a wagon show, or what we used to say in the circus patois of that time, a hit-the-grit show. We had twenty wagons, played by day and traveled by night. My bedroom was in the band wagon. I slept with a few old horse blankets for covering, and my mattress the side-show banners. Gosh, some of those fall days were cold! But when we weren't traveling it was all action, and I learned the game in its manifold branches from the front door to the cook tent—sold tickets in the wagon, sometimes went ahead with the advance man and helped him to bill the show, learned how to order fresh paper and keep track of it, made local contracts and settled grievances of the natives, the professional term for which was squawks.

"The result of this liberal education was that I made up my mind that there were some things the public universally wanted—were sure-fire, so to speak. I sensed, for instance, that they wanted light tuneful music, catchy songs, pretty women, and a certain brand of comedy or stage humor that did not have to be interpreted, but was obvious to the very average man. Crude, you may say, and utterly impossible from the highbrow standpoint, but my experience has taught me that shows formed along those lines are as a general thing money-getters and stable attractions.

"Of course, mind you, shows in this class can be embellished, polished up and strengthened by the introduction of clever people in specialties. Then a French name, of course, is tacked on, and the price doubled or trebled, and it means glorified burlesque, but the genesis is all the same, because so long as people go to shows at all, those furnishing pretty, symmetrical women, bright, catchy songs, music with a lilt, and clever comedians will have the call."

"But outside of that," I persisted, "what is the matter with the show business?"

"Well, now," replied my friend, "you are filing a large order. In the first place, and turning to the legitimate attraction, I would say that 10 per cent of those brought to Broadway for a première are successful. When I say that, I don't mean that they are pronounced successes, such as Kiki or Lightnin' or Merton, but I refer to those who get away with a clean appreciable profit for their owners and producers.

"Take the list of the attractions that are already on Broadway—Kiki had its première in November, 1921, Chauve Souris on February 4, 1922. Then we get to Abie's Irish Rose, which was produced in May, and after that nothing produced stood up on Broadway until August, when Whispering Wires, The Old Soak, The Gingham Girl and So This is London had their premières. From that on to the end of last year, sixteen shows which were produced still remain with us. Now we are in the first of April and when you come to figure that in the theatrical season three new shows are brought into New York for premières every week you may gather a very fair idea of the percentage against a man who invests his money in the show game."

Plays That are Never Finished

"THIS of course, you must remember, embraces only the attractions which are brought into New York for premières, because all of them, or at least 95 per cent, have a two weeks' tryout in cities or towns adjacent to the metropolis. There is no means of keeping tabs on those which do not measure up to the standard or the supposed degree of merit in the eyes of the backers or producers and never see New York, but it is safe to say that 50 per cent of them fall by the wayside, and I should think that figure would be a conservative estimate."

So there it is; we are told by those who ought to know, that every fourth man you meet on the street has a play tucked away somewhere, either in his inner conscience or in his inside pocket. We are also apprised of the fact that 99 per cent of these little journeys into the fields of drama have got only as far as the second act.

It's the same all over the country, from the Golden Gate to Sheepshead Bay. This man will entice you into some quiet corner, pull a bunch of closely typewritten pages, and hold you in durance while he drones out the cast of characters, the argument, and the more or less interesting dialogue that embellishes the first and second acts. The third he will dismiss with a comprehensive wave.

"You see, old top," he'll say, "the third act will write itself. Why, I can sit down any time for an hour or two and rattle it off. It's the first and second acts that count. Just now I ain't got time because the coal yard needs most of my attention this winter. You wait, though, and when the birds begin to sing I'll give it the once-over and then they'll hear from me on Broadway."

But in the foregoing there is what the lofty-browed ones call a strong note of hope. Our friend who lacks the third act won't have to sit around and cool his heels in the outer dungeon of managerial offices any more. It won't be necessary for a precocious office boy to inform him that the chief has gone to Europe and will not return until after Christmas. He won't have to face a soft-voiced young lady who will assure him that she hasn't seen the great dictator of the drama for a week and does not know when he will be in; and even if he sends the manuscript by mail he will not suffer tortures when he discovers that it has been returned by mistake to some other aspiring dramatist. Like the little man who started the circus, all he's got to do is to form a jitney syndicate, and the rest will be just as easy as getting a cage full of monkeys, a tent full of people, and making a million dollars.

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The car is so easy to operate that it is a real pleasure for a woman to drive.

It is comforting to know that, day in and day out, the car is always ready to go anywhere, without mechanical trouble and petty annoyances.

It travels many thousands of miles before there is any necessity to remove carbon.

The New Peerless embodies all the qualities desired by a man who prides himself on the appearance and performance of his car.

Here is a real opportunity for the right man:

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age; of good personality and sound character.

Whose qualifications fit him to deal with business executives of a high type.

Who has a growing conviction that his ability, his training, his record, and his ambitions show that he needs a better opportunity for the years ahead than he now has.

Whose experience proves that he has sales instinct and ability of a high order and a practical character, and that he is well grounded in the fundamentals of modern selling and merchandising.

Who has had experience both as a personal salesman and as a sales executive in directing others, especially in lines that call for originality, initiative and resource.

Experience in advertising would be desirable but is not essential.

There is a vacancy in each of our branch offices, in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and in Boston.

Write us in detail about yourself. Your letter will be held in confidence, and if your reply is considered favorably an interview will be arranged. Address your letter to

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Advertising Department

Philadelphia - Pennsylvania

BARBRY

(Continued from Page 25)

had flown over the hill to Beulah and her father and freedom; a wrong direction this had seemed, a guilty project until now.

"Yes, I s'pose so," Jen repeated. "Natural that you'd want to leave."

In her distress Barbara rose and walked about, trying to divine what the woman meant. Go, or stay? By mere superstition her hand reached after the captain's boat call on the ledge for help, but got nothing; the silver bauble was not there. She looked at Jen beyond their fire and saw bowed down a head of gray hair smooth and tight as glass; a poor, loveless head, not drawing much comfort toward it, not to be cherished, but pitied.

Barbara sat in her chair again and kept still. The fire burned "for snow" a while.

"If you want me with you," she offered at last—"if you want me, I'll stay."

That picking and fingering at the throat suddenly ended. With an awkward lurch, Jen plunged across and fell on the bricks of the hearth, clasping Barbara's knees.

"Oh, you good little critter!"

Jen's eyes were wet.

"You good little critter! He liked you."

They held each other, young and old.

"He liked you!" said the widow in a passion of tears. "Maybe it was —— I do' know. You wan't my own child, Barbry. Us poor humern bein's has a lot to learn."

She raised her head from Barbara's lap.

"Go open me a winder. Chuck them sickly plants out in the shed. Do somethin'. I can't never bear that musty green smell of geraniums no more."

XVII

THERE were so many people to thank afterward that before Barbara could see them all, the snow had gone, roads dried and fields turned green. Old Rigger Lapthorn, who had jumped about most active in the crew of the snowplow, being seldom at home, was the last to be told of her gratitude. Met by chance one evening on the bridge among budding alders, he heard her out with awkward patience.

"'Twan't nothin'." A bent little ancient, his mop of hair like steel wool half hiding gold-wire earrings, he chewed tobacco and refused to look at her. His cramped brown hands curved stiffly down, hooked, as though lugging a pair of invisible crowbars. "Put here on earth to help wonnuther. And we don't. 'Tain't nothin.'"

"A great deal to us, Mr. Lapthorn."

The old rigger cleared his throat and considered the alder buds.

"Trib'lation," he said hoarsely, "and the valley o' the shadder makes us to fergit our own selves." He chewed again, and added very honestly, "Fer the time bein'."

More than once, later, she recalled this saying of his. It was an odd life, by no means gay, which the two women led on Savory's Hill. Tribulation had brought them together, indeed, for the time being; but Jen, although she now leaned on Barbara, sometimes heavily, could not change habit and nature, or join hands for their daily contact. Having melted, the woman hardened.

"A dogged old devil, ain't I?" she asked one night. "This can't be much fun for you. Never had no gift o' conversation. Wish't I'd let him buy fast hosses and gallivant to his fairs, after all."

When runaway boys and girls had gone Mayflowering in the woods behind the long river hills, Barbara found her desk at school covered with bunches of trailing arbutus. Dug from under last autumn's leaves, and bound in tight pink nosegays, Mayflowers exhaled a breath that seemed too delicate for mortal sense. Late that afternoon, carrying them home, she met Captain Pagan in the road.

"Tribute?" said he. "From a lovin' scholar?"

"Smell. They were from all hands."

The captain lowered his white beard to them.

"Never went Mayflowerin', did ye?" he asked. "No. H'm! Jest as well. You look here. What's this they told me? You're goin' to give up your school end o' term?"

"It's true," said Barbara. "There's the farm and the house to care for."

"And her?" the captain bellowed. "Great Sackaree a Mujee a Hea-ho de——" He turned away, filling the roadside evergreens with roomy echo, but a moment later he swung back and was walking humbly along with her. "Don't you mind a little foreign-climate, quarter-deck brimston'," he said. "You're right. I was wrong. It's better to act loyal. Give me another sniff o' them. What a fool a sailor must be, Barbry, when things like that grow ashore at hom' all the while."

To give up school had been a wrench, although she knew herself a poor teacher, ignorant, a stop-gap. To take over Bion's labor was not so much her choice as a plain doing of what had to be done; yet in prospect it seemed forbidding, and when undertaken vaguely discouraging, as though she had put some hope or agreeable deception behind her.

"You can't never do it alon'," Jen rapped out. "And you can't git help for love nor money."

The work Barbara did, however, and throve, and was not unhappy except when beaten by a task demanding two pairs of hands. Each long hard day, each dreamless night gone like a single deep breath, gave only more staying force to a flexible young body seasoned in all weather. Jen seldom interfered. Perhaps aging quickly, perhaps losing heart now, the widow often sat idle all day without finding fault; oftener, as time passed, she called Barbara in from afield to hitch up the horse, and drove away to visit neighbors whom she had neglected for years. Errands on foot were therefore common.

Returning from one of these late in a hot afternoon, with the last of twelve miles yet to go, Barbara paused at the moss-grown hollow log of the horse trough near Pagan's Fork. From dusty grass and spirea leaves the gnawed end of a wooden pipe, drooping, let water sparkle slowly down, clear and cool, into her palms. When she had drunk, wet her face and risen, the greenness of the woods invited her to rest awhile. Across the road, cedar, cat spruce and old hemlock formed a wall in which the lighter green of hazel and rank fern choked the narrow gap that was the mouth, she knew, of an old smugglers' path. No one ever went there now. Climbing down through leaves into shade, Barbara felt long silken guys of cobweb snare her forehead, yield and snap. The waist-high masses of green brakes clung together with fronds dovetailed, winding among boughs and trunks in a steep plunge. The sharp breath of half-tide seaweed drifted up; a herring gull that mewed below set all the declivity of woods ringing; and with these, here and there, golden flickers on leaf and bark betrayed the underrunning presence of the river.

"What in Tophet you lookin' for?" asked an angry voice. "This don't lead nobody nowheres. You'll break your cussid neck."

Barbara looked down through the ferns. Their leafy cataract ended just below in a pool of wood sorrel and bunchberries, round which opened a great, wild subterranean-like slant of brown, green and golden tangle. There, on a keg, sat a little man who glowered at her.

"You git out of here!" he said. "Git!"

He was a gray little man, without coat or hat, his face flame-red and dripping.

Barbara laughed.

"Why, Mr. Mowle," she replied, "you sound very hot!"

Dropping lightly, she sat before him on the bunchberry carpet. They both stared. He beheld a young woman in faded blue gingham, with face and arms like pale bronze, and large black eyes willing to be merry. She saw the fiddler of The Devil's Dream, who had held her in his lap years ago.

"What's all this?" His long rodent teeth looked ready to bite. "What you doin' here?"

"Walking six miles and back to catch a lazy man who wouldn't come work for me," said Barbara. "And what were you?"

"Nothin'." He squirmed on the keg as if to hide it with his feet. "Nothin'."

"But Gunjerboo?" she ventured.

His eyes, which had been glaring like a cornered rat's, opened wide, blank and comically harmless.

"Jumpin' Joash!" he cried. "What? Lo, you! The little nutbrown maid! Well, there!"

With a great puff of relief Mr. Mowle drew out an endless red bandanna and mopped his head all over. It might have been the same sheet of cotton which he wore under his fiddle at the grove, thought Barbara, and never in a tub since.

"Wouldn't 'a' knowed ye," he sighed, polishing away. "My, what a start! Handsome's a coon kitten, ye be. Gorry!"

His abstersion complete, he hung the red rag limply about his neck, produced a dirty card of sulphur matches, then a clay pipe, which he lighted, keeping one eye shut, the other cocked at her in wary calculation.

"You hain't the girl to give a man away," he decided. "I see that. You're a lady. Now when a lady drops like a thousand o' brick on a man, and finds him in the woods alone, settin' on a kag ——"

"—— of molasses," put in Barbara, for he halted and stammered, "or vinegar —— Nothing to speak of."

In delight, real or feigned, Oddy Mowle threw back his head and gave a pantomime of a laugh.

"I knowed it!"

Then, smoking the burnt clay again, he nodded many times. A doubtful grin worked on his face.

"Five gallon, the best brandy," he whispered, gently tapping the keg with his heel. "None of your mince-pie flavorin' that would singe a blacksmith's ap'n." He pointed his pipestem over one shoulder. "A bo'tlo'd of other kinda layin' under that bed of leaves and duff. Warrants out for little me, both sides the river, but I done it single-handed, lo'din', rowin', landin', buryin' cargo—me, an old codger like me, all decrippet and sunk in above the shoulders, onassisted. Then, right on top my last armful, down you drops like—like a thousand o' brick. 'Tain't as if a man was young and spry, for I'm beat, I'm tuckered out. Now, you wouldn't be the one to go git me into trouble, would ye, Miss Barbry?"

The little gray outlaw did seem very tired.

"No; not into any more," she promised, "than you have now."

Mr. Mowle rose, laid his pipe on the head of the keg and whetted his right hand solemnly up and down his thigh.

"Brick, I said," he declared. "Brick it is. There! The hand of an old good-for-naught skipgrace who hain't worth a pistareen in this world! But you take it, you shake it, and you won't never feel no regrets, ma'am. Horatio Nelson Mowle is my name. Shake it!"

They performed a cramped ceremony, bending under green-gold sprays of cedar.

"Now," he cried, throwing off his fatigue with remarkable ease, "you wait! We'll bury this babe in the woods too. You set and watch good old Father Robin Redbreast."

From the wood-sorrel carpet he picked up a spade, with which he dived under boughs and vanished. Not long afterward, returning, brisker than ever, he shouldered the keg.

"Gurgle," he told it. "Plenty of ears would love to hear ye so close. A spell under the leaf mold won't harm."

Foliage swallowed him again, but a moment later he popped out, dusting empty hands.

"A skinny old runt, in a leaky old punt," he began, then slapped his knee and cackled. "There was poetry, wan't it? But see here! A puny little bag o' bones like me, soul alone, chased by able-bodied men armed with warrants I'm here to Ramoth-Gilead, and not only hain't they failed to ketch me before, but yisterday evenin' also I run this bran-span noo cargo acrost right under their snoots. Was you the Widow Savory, I'd make me my bed this night in jail. But you ain't."

He recovered his pipe from the crotch of a cedar, and while relighting it became cross-eyed and hollow-cheeked.

"For the last forty year," he stated between puffs, "everybody round has called this the Old Smugglers' Ro'd. Hence, therefore, accordin'ly, not a one of 'em would watch her now. At high tide the sweetest little back eddy lands ye right where ye'd fain be, amongst rockweed under them leanin' white birch, and never a chock of oars to tell the tale. Remember that, Miss Barbry. When your enemies gether round for to stop the back gate, don't let on a word or exalt your horn, but walk right in the front."

He expounded, this evildoer, like one who rejoiced in a good stroke of his art and gladly taught it. Barbara sat smiling.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll remember."

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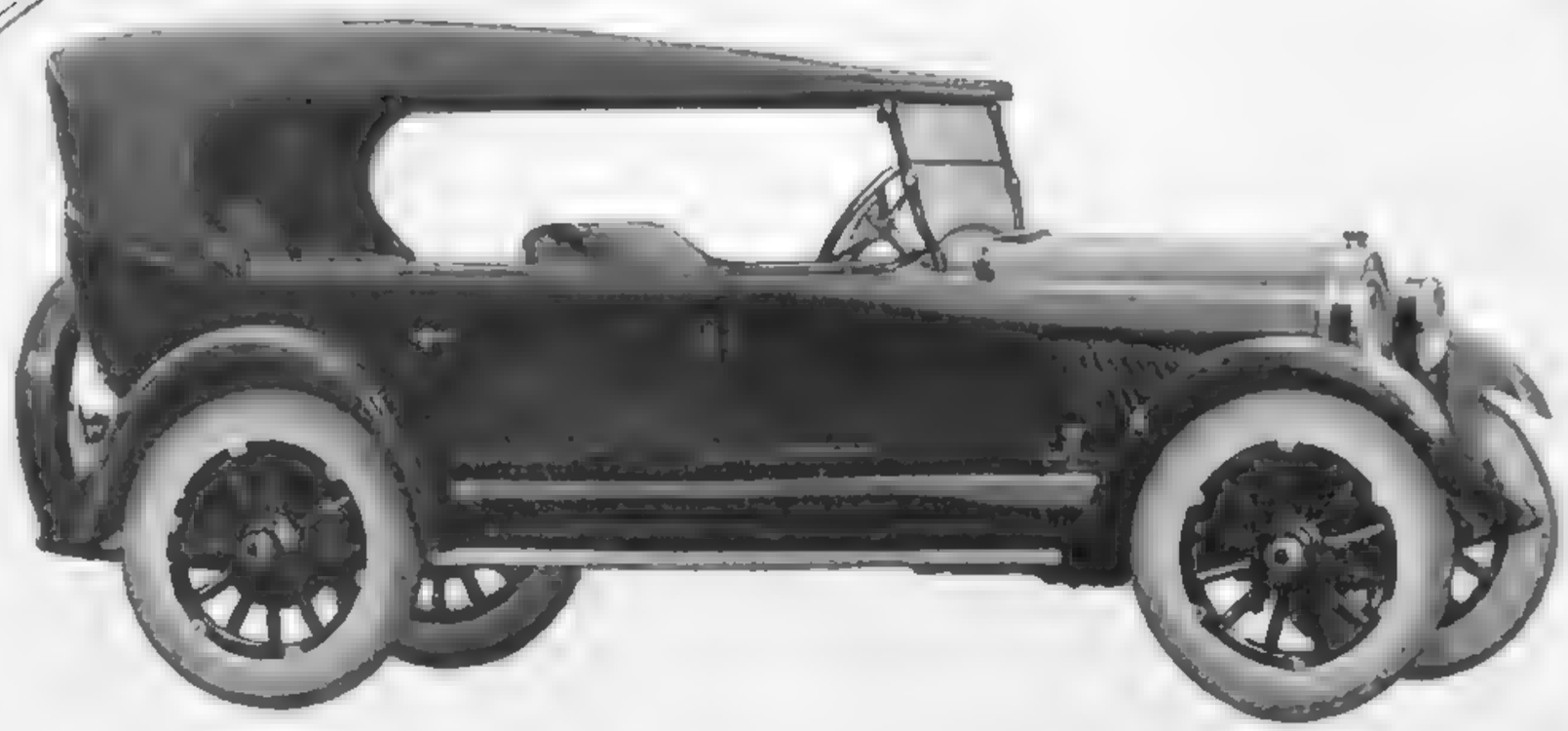

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FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 40)

His wits were not slow, for he darted one birdlike glance down to rebuke her.

"No, you're right; a trade secret which you ain't liable to use, young woman." His foxy face clouded and saddened. "Little to brag of at my years. No great gift, hey? But you might 'a' let it pass without pokin' scorn Dear enough bought."

"Did I?" asked Barbara quickly. "If I did I'd be ashamed."

The smuggler gave her a long paternal scrutiny, which melted into a grin.

"Speakin' of gifts," he rejoined, "you got it, whatever 'tis, that makes men tell ye things. And speakin' of men, you want one to come work for ye?"

"Yes. But all the wages we can ——"

He cut her short with a flap of the hand, turned away and began to climb downhill.

"Tomorrer!" he called back. "Tomorrer mornin'! You'll git him!"

Sidewise, nimble as a boy, Mr. Mowle dropped from foothold to foothold, through leaves and tree trunks down the abrupt slide. His head, bobbing behind a root, was gone like a gnome's head sunk underground. Where the herring gull cried, far below, water shone for a handbreadth to mark the bottom of the hill. Along this water three or four oily golden lines, drawn by a boat departing neither seen nor heard, rolled into shadow, broke and left wriggles of sunshine to coil upward like phosphorescence through the woods.

XVIII

NEXT morning a man came to work. Sea fog, drifting upriver by night, choking the valley and covering the hills, made sunrise no more than a wet silvery dawn when Barbara came outdoors. The well sweep near by ran aloft like a distant mountain edge, toward a gray smother which was the peak of the barn; and the barn itself, yawning, swallowed along with her an indrawn cloud that melted under the darkness of the haymow.

"You don't keep a dog no more?" called a voice from within. Mr. Mowle came toward her, trailing a pitchfork and bearing himself like one quite at home.

"Good mornin'," said he, and repeated his question.

Poor Base Four-Eyes had gone the way of all flesh a year before his master.

"I seen his little warm blanket nightgown hung up in your harniss room," continued the smuggler. "Did you make that? I thought so. You're no slouch of a seamstress. . . . Well, come to bein' timid o' dogs, I do slink from 'em like an Injun. They make the calf of my laigs feel onpertected and kind o' meachin'."

With some difficulty Barbara checked the flow of his talk to learn what brought him here at this hour of daylight.

"Me? Why," he exclaimed, "I'm the man!"

"What man?"

"The hired man who's goin' to work for ye. Who has a'ready." Mr. Mowle put his pitchfork away and beckoned her toward the open door of the harness room. "They was chasin' me till nigh midnight, a pack of 'em; but once the fog took a good holt, I shook 'em off and come and slep' here for the balance of it. A rale tidy, comf'table room. And that reminds me ——"

The speaker went sidling round the little drum stove, peered at the wall behind it, then along toward the bunk, studying the naked boards closely up and down, his forehead wrinkled and teeth protruding.

"Here 'tis." Like a map reader who had found what he sought, Mowle planted a knotty finger on the wall, high under the row of pegs. "When did he sleep here?"

"Who?" asked Barbara.

"Him," was the reply. "Look. This one."

On the smooth deal, brown with time, enough light fell to show a neat circle drawn in pencil; a ring of which the diameter might have been two inches, and which contained a penciled cipher, the letters A and P so joined to each other and the circumference that they gave the whole design an odd, cabalistic air.

"That's him!" declared Mowle with approval. "His 'nitials and the two Chinese w'ales, all drawed in three strokes. That's him!"

"Who?" Barbara asked again; yet she knew, and felt the prescience cut like a two-edged flash of joy and pain, unexpected, senseless.

"Drawed it quicker'n a wink," said her companion. "Slicker'n a chew of slipp'ry ellum. I can see him do it. One-two-three swoops. When did he stay here, young Skipper, young Pagan?"

Barbara waited for this folly, this return of something childish, to depart and leave her calm. It did not. She answered at last.

"I never knew. It must have been—last winter—when Mr. Savory died."

The little outlaw ruminated beside her.

"That's right. He come home 'bout then, Skipper did. Time o' the last big snowfall. Had a few days ashore, less'n a week, holidays, and he spent 'em travelin' to see his old man."

They both remained for a moment, looking at the cipher on the brown wood. To Barbara its dim lines had such meaning that she could fancy they shone, a wizard's pentacle, white magic brightening this

A Hot Summer Afternoon Found Her Hard at Work, Aloft in a Hay Field

heavy dusk of the fog. A sailor, with a few days at home; and he had given them, working here in this barn, sleeping under horse blankets in this harness room.

"You called the place tidy," she said. "He made it so."

"He would."

The retort was dry and snappish, yet encouraging. She went so far as to put a question which had often troubled her in secret.

"Then he didn't—go all to the bad?"

"Him? Andrew Pagan?" The scorn in the voice and look made answer enough. "What give you that idee?"

"His father never speaks of him."

Mr. Mowle grinned like a badger.

"Pride. Family pride," said he. "Cap'n Barzy's so proud of the boy he can't see straight. One of the ablest young men ever walked. Scairt to mention him fear o' makin' a fool of himself. If you don't know that, you can't git much news up on this hill o' yourn."

Barbara smiled.

"No," she admitted, "we don't."

"Well," drawled the other, "it's a good hill for me, then, just now. We won't quarrel about wages."

In this way, and for motives which they never discussed more clearly, a helper came to the farm. He surprised Barbara by staying and working well. The house he avoided except at mealtimes, when he entered cringing, ate in silence and the fear of Jen, and dodged outdoors like a stray dog escaping. After supper, on fine evenings, his fiddle sounded, a thin imprisoned wail or two far off inside the haymow; sometimes no one could have guessed he was playing but that under the eaves the frightened barn swallows dropped from their plastered nests and flew twittering higher than the ridgepole, into the sunset afterglow of the upper air. Late at night, more than once, Barbara through her sleep heard him go or come on some unholy errand of his own. One morning the old horse acted as though leg-weary, and harness hung misplaced; but she asked no questions, caring to get no lies. For the rest, her shabby little rascal, whatever he lacked in strength, made up in activity, good will and good humor.

Mrs. Savory, who in the old world before last winter might have driven the man away with questions if nothing more, accepted him as part of the new world, and tried neither to learn his history nor to remember his name. Now restless, now apathetic, she lived apart in her own thoughts. Barbara even found her writing, or at least gripping a rusty pen and making tremulous motions with it in air above the pale blue lines on a sheet of paper which had the dome of a capitol embossed fatly in one corner.

"How d'ye spell 'vacation'?" When answered she dipped her pen in a gray fluid, the bottom crust of an old inkpot, well watered, and again wrote shakily on air. "I ain't had your schoolin', my fine lady."

Autumn came early, on a cool rushing breeze that swept all night down the hill pastures like a river of leaves pouring through the valley, fell before dawn, and let the next day arrive warm, still, summerlike, but with a pale clearness in the air telling that summer had blown away. Later, when the first light frosts came, Jen broke a piece of news.

"You no need to lay in for winter so lavish this time," she said. "One less mouth to feed. I'm goin' to visit my brother's fo'ks, way off to western part the state."

It was the first that Barbara had heard of any journey or of any brother.

"Well? What ye starin' so for?"

Barbara corrected the fault.

"I hope you'll have great pleasure and benefit, Mrs. Savory. And you will. It will do you good."

Jen let all poor idle words pass.

"You ta' care the house," was her reply, "and I'll come back by spring."

The leaves changed color before she was ready to go. A lovely Indian-summer day was beginning as Barbara and Oddy, between them, lifted over the tail of the wagon a tin-sheathed trunk with bellying lid, corded like a hammock. Its owner, bolt upright on the seat, neither spoke nor turned head while the horse went grudgingly down the furrowed lane. She wore her widow's veil, which became her better than the old black grapes; and a sense of departure, or the act of carrying out a resolve, not only brought some faint color to her cheeks but clothed her with a rough dignity. Barbara was glad to remember this afterward, and to suspect that it hid a flutter of excitement. Even from the river road Jen did not look back at the house, but with her cold blue eyes regarded what lay ahead. Perhaps the mind was on pleasure bent.

Autumn leaves by the mile flamed along their road, from hill to hill, across the river; a conflagration of scarlet now edged and marbled with clear yellow, now darkly hemmed in, conquered by evergreen, to burst out elsewhere and, like fairy fire that gave delight and hurt not, sweep both flanks of the valley with color burning away into the distance.

"Maples outdone themselves this year." Horatio Nelson Mowle, seated on the wagon floor, clung to the cordage of the trunk and enjoyed his outing. "So red them trees are over the river, ye can't make out a British flag agin 'em till she flaps."

His was the only voice raised on the way, except when they met another early wagon and bade its driver good morning. Before any such encounter he lay down and feigned sleep, with his hat over his nose. For an hour they journeyed slowly through woods and fields, below which the river

(Continued on Page 44)

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Modern successors of the old stage coaches of '49, sturdy, Delco-equipped Cadillacs today are carrying passengers over plains, deserts and mountain roads.

Day after day, year after year, one of these cars belonging to a fleet of Cadillacs owned by the Red Star Stage Company of San Francisco has made its trips to Half Moon Bay and Pescadero.

It has rendered more than 300,000 miles of this type of service—a distance equal to twelve times around the world.

This performance is but one of many extraordinary demonstrations of the dependability and endurance of Delco—the World's Foremost Starting, Lighting and Ignition System.

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Exclusively for Men and Boys

HANOVER SHOES FOR BOYS and Little Men are Staunch and Serviceable—purposely made for growing feet—good-looking too. $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.

Style LM-38B
Little Men's Brown Norma Blucher Oxford

(Continued from Page 42)

constantly broadened, shining, in a more and more free expanse of airy blue, as the headlands moved apart by illusion and opened a great islanded horizon toward the sea.

At last Barbara turned the horse from the road into a rocky wheel track which on their left dropped through autumn leaves. Waves of color, tranquil under morning shadow, ablaze where the level sunshine pierced, covered all as the travelers went lumping downward with clink of horseshoes and creak of leather. In a warm clearing the stillness exploded underfoot, when a family of ruffed grouse whirled off through golden underbrush. Everywhere, though overpowered at times by sweet fern, at times by sea air, dwelt the breath of woods drying after a frosty night.

At the bottom of the hill the track ran forth into open sunlight. Away on either hand reached salt water, calm as the sky; for here, where the river became a bay, out curved a little cape or low ridge of land, bent like a sickle and yellow with ripe, scanty grass. Barbara drove down to the point through myriad flights of grasshoppers. Mr. Mowle, jumping out, hauled the trunk after him. They carried it together, Jen following, down through beach peas dried and gone to seed, where sand lice hopped; among silvery logs of driftwood embedded at some ancient high-water mark; down the pink sand, and over treacherous mounds of seaweed on the low-tide rocks.

Here, having planted it firmly, the smuggler crawled back and helped the widow to a seat on its tin side. He did so with the gallantry of a courtier escorting a queen to Canute's throne.

"Hain't no sign of her at all," said Jen, for thanks.

"Don't fret, marm. She'll be here. She's a-comin'."

"So's Christmas. And s'pose she did, I won't never ketch that outside bo't."

Mr. Mowle made a soothing gesture, but retired prudently behind a rock. Whiffs of tobacco smoke from unregenerate clay presently mingled with the brine and iodine of seaweed.

"If she does," broke out Mrs. Savory, "they'll go sailin' clean on by. They won't see us."

"They ought to," said Barbara.

"Well, they wun't."

Silence followed, except for the withdrawing sigh and returning flutter of little unbroken waves along the shore. Barbara, with a remnant of tablecloth folded across her lap, sat still and rested. At their feet wine-red tatters of dulse and sallow-brown sheets of devil's-apron stirred, glistening like wet rubber; in clear green depths beyond, phantom circles of jellyfish bent inside out, fading as they passed; but nowhere else, when she raised her eyes, did motion flaw the surface of autumnal calm. Slack water was changing to flood, for buoys in the distance, pale-red spars, or black, lay pointing up the channel. A topsail schooner far off hung as on air, though her old canvas loomed heavy and dark, like a silhouette cut in slate.

"Or if they do," Jen suddenly added, "they'll keep a-moggin' right past us."

"We'll get you on board, Mrs. Savory," Barbara promised. "And you have beautiful weather for your voyage."

The black-veiled woman on the trunk made no reply. Time passed. The sun had climbed higher; the tide began to cover a purple blotch of starfish that clung half dry on a rock below, when Oddy called out "I hear her!"

A throbbing in the air, smoke over the fir points, warned them that the steamer came. She glided into view from a turn of the river as though from solid land, and bore down on them slowly, a fat little white squab of a craft. Barbara, jumping up, waved her tablecloth in the sun till a snowy line spurted above the wheelhouse; then the hoot of a whistle rolled ashore and was echoed afterward from hills across the water.

"Stoppin'," declared Mowle, "off the p'int! A waity-lookin' trap she is too."

"She won't never ketch me the outside bo't now," complained Mrs. Jen.

They said nothing more until a dinghy and an impatient deck hand waited at the water's edge.

"Good-by," said Barbara. "I'll miss you ——"

She bent nearer, expecting she knew not what gentleness to be given or received, but on impulse, with honest warmth.

"Good-by." Jen gave her a stiff clench of the fingers. "Don't git sick. Remember to string them apples I was dryin'."

She climbed over the gunwale awkwardly, released her fingers and sat down aft. The oarsman, with a corner of her trunk prodding his backbone, gave way. Barbara never forgot the celestial blue water in the distance, marked with inky threads of weirs; the motley color streaking the evergreen promontories; and at the center of all, a human pin point amid vast mellow glory, Jen's black veil hanging over the stern of the rowboat.

"Well, sir!" Mowle crawled out from his hiding. "The lutthery old squaw ——"

Barbara turned on him.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't make me cry!"

XIX

LONG before winter closed in, the house felt empty. Even by day, when at work indoors, Barbara caught herself hearkening; not for any voice, because the lack of spoken words all day was nothing new, but for sounds of movement, a creak on the stairs or a footfall in another room. At mealtime came Oddy, punctual, ravenous and free now with his table talk; after supper he often sat by the fire to smoke and tell unedifying tales; but, having broken two fiddle strings, he could play no music. Their evenings were quiet; and when he withdrew to his bunk in the barn, what redescended was not silence but vacant expectation. The wind sang a doleful blend of notes in the tall chimney, a log broke with a jump, crumbling into coals, or the kitchen water tinkled and iterated almost unbearably. To hear these was to wait for that other sound, beyond, which never came. Sometimes, while threading her legacy of dried apples, Barbara glanced up quickly, saw nothing, remembered that both the living and the dead were gone, yet for the moment could not think which one was to return.

On a dull afternoon, toward the last days of bare ground, when the air was whitening for snow, she and Mowle met in the barn and paused for a word.

"Oddy," she said, "there's one thing."

The little old reprobate could not look honest. In appearance he might have been caught stealing oats, though in fact he was only preparing to fill the bin.

"Yes'm."

"Are we friends?"

"Bottom dollar!"

"Then why," asked Barbara, "do you always dodge when I speak of my father?"

"Do I?" Mowle turned a weasel's eye on her, and stooping, grappled with a bag of oats. "It wan't a-purpose. Your father, hey?"

"You must know about him."

"Why, that's so!" cried the little man with false heartiness. "You sot in my lap up there to the grove when me and your father fiddled for the whole kit and boilin' of 'em. That's so!"

"You're getting ready to dodge again," declared Barbara. "Where is he?"

Mowle hoisted the bag and emptied it, a dry, rasping stream that poured slowly into the nearest compartment of the box.

"I don't jest know, or I'd tell ye. Honest, I would so."

"Is father alive?"

"Sartain!"

"When did you see him? Tell me."

Folding the bag, Oddy gazed past her toward the daylight, and calculated.

"Your father, I seen him last," he began—"I seen him about ——"

The eyes widened, the lantern jaw dropped.

"Gosh!"

With a start backward Mr. Mowle vaulted into the middle bin, let the lid sink down on his head and, quicker than jack-in-the-box, vanished with a kind of instantaneous glare.

Barbara stood amazed. It was a mad trick, yet as promptly and silently done as if practice had made perfect.

There came a change in the light behind her. She turned, and began to understand. A shadow had caused the change. In the broad white square of the doorway loomed a man, just entering; a thin, high-shouldered man with long legs.

"Hallo, Barbry! All alone?"

He was only a blackness, and his voice puzzled her.

"What ye thinking about so hard?"

Barbara laughed.

"I was admiring the thing they call presence of mind," she answered. "Is it you, Mr. Hill?"

The long-legged shadow came walking in.

"Well," it said, "I do think you might call me Ransom"

With a shy jerk he offered his hand, a cold hand, moist in the palm, weak in the knuckles. While shaking it Barbara maneuvered him quietly round, with his face toward the light and his back toward the silent grain box.

"Why, so you are!" she said. "That's better!"

Although once or twice Barbara had seen him going out of church, they had not met thus at close range since their walk together by winter moonlight. Ransom Hill was no longer a top-heavily grand youth, overbearing, but a subdued, strict, rather worn young man. Either he had shrunk in the growing, or his clothes, which were of a sober dun hue, and tight-fitting, had been skimped in the cut. His pale face, too, looked hollow as if pinched. It had lost its freckles and gained a scar like a drawn seam that ran from his right cheek bone down past the corner of his mouth. His greenish eyes watered against the light.

"I hear you been left in sole charge," said Ransom. "That right? Gettin' lonesome?"

"Oh, there's plenty to do," answered Barbara at random. Her thoughts were divided. The grain box behind him, solemn as a tomb, provoked her to laugh, while that scar on his cheek set her wondering and racking her memory. "How are you, yourself? You look well."

Ransom nodded.

"I enjoy pretty good health," he replied modestly. "That is to say, good sedentary health. I'm practicing law now, ye see, in an office. It does keep a man indoor."

He had not changed, after all; the new primness covered the same joyful self-esteem. This withered young formalist, in his tame, sparrow-colored clothing, still was Ransom the Glorious.

"I'm doing real well at my profession too."

"And," said Barbara, "you smoked half a baby carriage once!"

He looked up, suspicious of her gayety.

"I don't jest follow that," he declared. "Some old saying of ours? You always was a great joker, Barbry, and smart's a whip."

His pale green eyes, watering again, slid from her face. He studied the floor and went on talking mildly of himself. Meantime, she thought, how long could her little malefactor breathe inside that dusty bin?

"Did you know," said Ransom, without change of voice or manner, "that I carried your mark for life?"

He touched the drawn pink seam on his cheek.

"Mine?" she cried in remorse. "Oh, that was it, then? I never meant to, Ransom. I never knew it. I am sorry."

He drew one finger down the scar.

"You laid my face clean open with my own skate blade," he explained. "It was nothing. I never set up for a beauty, and I don't bear malice. That night—do you remember it?"

To her horror, now, Ransom was not dryly acting the prosperous young man, but bending on her a full-orbed look of adoration—false or true, she could not determine—at the same instant when Horatio Nelson Mowle came up for air. The grain box began to show a yawning slit, like a clamshell.

"My mind has never changed, never, since that night," yearned Ransom in tremolo. "As for looks, there ain't a girl on the border can hold a candle to you. I always said ——"

Barbara's hand made a downward signal which implored everybody.

"Don't, please, Ransom! Wait! Not now!"

"I always said, I always thought so. Not now? Why not now? I came all this ways to say it now. Barbry, look here, will you marry me?"

In the slit wavered an obscure black-and-gray thing, like the neck of the clam afraid to come through.

"No! No! It's too much!"

Her laughter ran trilling up over the hay-mow and was echoed in the peak of the barn. Ransom could only stare, a wronged man. The swelling of his wrong made her even worse.

"Funny, am I?" he burst out. "I call it a serious moment in our lives. A man makes you an hon'able offer, and you go treating him like this!" He choked. His indignation mounted. "An hon'able offer.

(Continued on Page 46

A Success Which Has Endured and Grown Steadily Greater

A year ago the wonderful welcome accorded the new Single-Six was characterized as the most dramatic moment in Packard history.

The high respect in which Packard has always been held culminated upon the appearance of this car in a much larger public and a widespread warmth of appreciation surpassing all previous accomplishments.

If this success of the Single-Six was impressive a year ago, it is infinitely more so today, now that it has endured *without abatement* for more than twelve months.

It is worth while to point out, we believe, that the confident hopes and expectations which the Packard Motor Car Company centered in the production of this car have been realized in the *character* as well as the volume of its success.

The Single-Six was designed to demonstrate that Packard facilities for the finest possible manufacture, supplemented by greater volume, would result in value unprecedented in a car of the finest type.

Certainly there can be no question of the attainment of this aim, in view of the comparative status of the Single-Six today and the results it is giving in the hands of many thousands of owners.

It has naturally attracted the most rigorous competition from ambitious aspirants for a share of Packard reputation—and grown steadily stronger month after month as that process of comparison has proceeded.

It has proven itself a Packard in the fullest and the best sense of the word, verifying that right to unquestioned leadership which has always attached to the name.

Furthermore, the Single-Six has fulfilled its early promise of easily recognized greater value and of daily economies in operation so marked as to be without precedent among cars seeking comparison with the Packard.

These facts can be corroborated in any community in the country, by inquiry of any Single-Six owner.

They are mentioned in order that Packard may register its appreciation and give assurance again of its devotion to the high principles of manufacture which have governed Packard production for twenty-three years.

Alvan Macauley
President
PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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THE MAN
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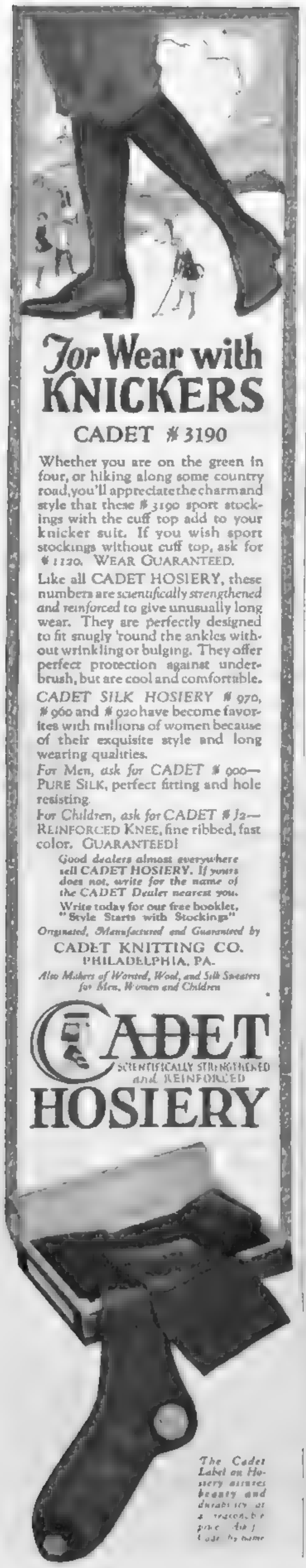
ONE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What's more, the advantages don't lie your way so heavy that you need laugh, come to them. I'm a church member in good standing, while you ——"

Barbara nodded weakly through her fight for composure.

"Yes, Ransom; you're right," she confessed; "while I ran away and hid in that grain box all Sunday afternoon."

The wooden clam silently closed its mouth. Her outraged suitor glanced behind him, up to the haymow, round the stalls and back to her.

"And then," he said, "everybody knows your father ——"

He stopped in a fright. This girl's folly was gone as it had come, a thing unaccountable. Her head went back like a lifted weapon, her eyes darted black fire; and then, this change passing also in a flash, her grave young face looked down at him, pale brown and calm.

"Never mind my father," she said. "I wasn't laughing at you, Ransom, but something else. We're poor silly creatures, we girls. I know you were serious. I'm very sorry; but you can find someone who isn't a fool."

Again he studied the floor.

"Then," he said, "you mean your answer's no?"

"It is."

On Mr. Mowle's behalf, she moved toward the door. Ransom came doggedly after.

"Anybody else?"

"No," said Barbara lightly, though displeased.

He halted at the barn door, pinching his chin with those heavy-knuckled fingers and staring into the dull whiteness that threatened snow beyond the brown hills.

"I'll wait and try again."

"You needn't, Ransom. Don't! I'm sorry!"

"I will," he grumbled. "Said more'n I planned to, some ways. . . . Oh, look! It come to my ears, Barbry, that you was harboring a fugitive from justice. I mention it for your own good. Fo'ks talk. . . . Well, good-by."

He stalked off without a smile. Barbara watched him go round the corner of the house, then turned into the barn again. She feared the grins of Oddy. The old man, however, who was leaning on the box, dusting his hands, looked only hot and cross.

"Don't you never marry Ranse Hill!" he warned her.

"I shan't."

"Well, don't ye," Mowle repeated. "Ranse hain't a man. He come to life too early, on the sixt' day o' cree-ation, 'mongst the creepin' things."

He said no more at the time, but picked up his empty sack and edged away into the dark.

A week later the snow began to fall. Early one morning Barbara opened her kitchen door to find the back step thinly powdered with white. A twisted paper bag stood on the threshold, with snow in its creases. It held a little wad of green paper money wrapped round a few silver coins, and a strip of birch bark scrawled over with pencil. She could barely make out the words.

he spilet my haven the creapen thing did and sot them on wich ant the same as ketchen me ha ha inclose find wages not needed for the cooken was above all words fair you well a spell yrs. truly JNO. DOE.

She read the document twice before understanding that it was Oddy who took leave. Then she looked away and smiled, but the gray barn, its roof altered by white siftings that outlined every shingle anew, overhung her like a great monument of emptiness. Winter would seem long.

xx

WORK helped her through, but it was indeed long, that winter alone. The kindness of neighbors helped. Persons who had seldom or never climbed to the Savorys' door, surprised her by running in, as they said; the Reverend Mr. Belden and his new wife, who came once for duty, returned for what was evidently pleasure; young Greles and other small fry for love that was not all cupboard love, though the white vinegar taffy which Barbara pulled had no time to cool. In all she counted fourteen or fifteen visitors, a proud record. Old Oddy did not appear again, being perhaps caught, she fancied, by those warrants from Ramoth-Gilead and the mysterious Them. Every book in the house, already known by heart, she went through again, taking chief refuge in the two big tattered volumes which had survived her childhood. Twice there came a letter from Jen, containing dry mention of names unknown, of remote weather, of things to be remembered and done. As time passed she forgot to hearken after sounds at night, and when spring came the worst was over.

A hot summer afternoon found her hard at work, aloft in a hay field. Travelers on the road might have beheld her as a black speck moving against the skyline. She could see them now and again, like midgets far below, crawling solitary on foot or with tiny horse and wagon raising a short-lived blur of dust on the roadside trees. Below them, beyond green fields, the river lay brimming with flood tide, a dark burnished blue. Vessels floated there with little dots of men walking on their decks. If she turned to look inland nothing appeared but more green fields that sloped away to the darker woods, and the farthest blue hills dissolving under a haze of heat.

Barbara was very busy up there, getting her first crop of hay. She had gone about to make it piecemeal. The lower breadth of the field lay bare, covered with mown grass well tossed out and bleaching, while the summit remained uncut, a surface of tall timothy rippled by lazy, innumerable noddings. This last third of the field Barbara now prepared to mow into, having an hour or more free, as the height of the sun told her, before time would come to put the other up in cocks. Under the shade of a buckthorn hedge she grounded her scythe anath and drew from her skirt pocket a long blue whetstone. At that moment she paused.

"Well," she told her other self, "you thought you knew them every one by now, but here's a new kind."

In all the vagaries of loneliness, and she had learned many, none like this had ever seized her. It was exactly as on that spring day when Bion and Jen first left her, a little girl, alone with the farm, and the two holes in the maple tree came to life. A thing like fairies would happen; those were the old words, and here came the old presentiment, almost knowledge.

"Am I growing queer," she wondered, "living alone?"

She brushed the thought away and lifted her whetstone; but, pausing again, looked off downhill. Waves of heat boiled across the lower field. Through them appeared the gray barn roof, hiding all but a corner of the house. The back door stood open, a dark slit.

Just as her glance fell on it the slit widened and a figure passed through, disappearing from the sunlight.

"She's home! Her!"

No word had come lately from Jen, but it would be like her to arrive without warning. Barbara hung her scythe by the blade in a buckthorn crotch, and was off, running downhill. In the back yard her run became a walk. Whoever had gone into the house, it was not Jen; she knew by the strange old presentiment which now took her again and led her to the door.

Her heart beat fast, not from hurry, not from fear. All was well. This coming event cast light before.

She went in, and having formed no picture of what awaited her felt at once that here, like the sequel to a dream, was the continuation of a thing unknown but long expected. On the hearth, with his back toward her, stood a man who was looking at the sky-blue jug. He lifted it from the shelf, handled it with a puzzled air and then turned, smiling.

"So you had this all the time."

"So it was you left it."

They spoke together, as if renewing a conversation broken but a moment ago.

The man was Andrew Pagan.

"One of my first voyages." He looked more like his father, more powerful even than the young giant she remembered. "The cook sent me ashore for milk, but we sailed without it."

"Your piece of money's under the clock," said Barbara.

The sailor peered there quickly, nodded and laughed. He was very brown, so that his close-cut fair hair and dark-blue eyes had a brightness well-nigh alarming, an exaggeration of color.

"Still there." He replaced the jug by the clock. "And the vessel gone to bottom this many a day."

They stood silent, regarding each other with what might have been gradual surprise. To her at least came a mortifying return of common sense; after all, they were strangers, in spite of this plunge.

"Where are my manners?" cried the sailor angrily. "Miss—Miss—I've forgotten that too. Father always calls you Barbara. My name's Pagan."

She nodded. His honesty, and a kind of benevolent wrath which was like his father flashing out through him, drove off their confusion.

"I knew you—right away," she said. "How is your father?"

"Splendid. And that reminds me"—her visitor waved a hand toward the table—"father told me to be sure to bring you that, with his compliments and affectionate regard."

On the table shone a fat glass jar filled with something dark brown.

"Wild honey," explained the captain's son. "Wild honey from the West Indies. Father's away. He sent that to you with a long message."

It was time for Barbara to recall her own manners.

"Won't you sit down, sir? I can give you a cup of tea, and ——" She stammered, and felt herself growing red. There was not much in the house to offer. "And we might try the honey on bread and butter."

The sailor stalked to a chair.

"Good," said he, and sat down. "Thank you. I'd love it."

He spoke so heartily that her shame, the timidity in her offering, gave way to a glow of pleasure. At the running water she filled her kettle, and on the hook of the crane she hung it, with a delight which recalled to her the old lost banquets of cinnamon rose and pilot-bread crumbs. But that was make-believe, this real.

"Your knife takes too rank a hold."

She had begun to whittle a stick of kindling, when a brown hand, broad, mighty and supple, quietly took it from her.

"Enjoyed watching you so," declared the captain's son, "that I nearly forgot to help. Give us your toad stabber."

He felt the knife blade with the ball of his thumb.

"She takes too rank a hold. If we could do the edge over—don't suppose you have ——"

Barbara drew the whetstone from her pocket.

"By George, a woman and a half, you are!" He broke off, embarrassed. "That is—excuse me. I came lately from bellowing at a crew of lunkheads."

When the water was boiled, the tea drawn and the table spread, he picked another flaw.

"What? Our old friend left out?" He jumped up and from the shelf caught the blue jug, which he clapped in the center of the table. "There! Now! Perfect!"

Their wild honey tasted bitter, all else looked scant and bare, but he had spoken the right word.

"And now, your father's long message?"

"Father's away; not home yet. He just heard you were alone all winter." Her companion's bold good humor suddenly turned to caution. "He didn't know."

"Is that a long message?"

He smiled.

"Long enough, maybe. Father can be a pretty fiery man. . . . When did we meet before, you and I, last?"

She understood, and was glad that he meant to say no hard words of Jen in her own house. Barbara answered both smile and question.

"We met on the day when you scaled heaven."

"What?" he cried.

"In a balloon."

"Oh!" said he with relief. "At the grove. I remember now. Fell in a cat-tail swamp."

He wore very fine clothes, recklessly fine, of a smooth dark-blue stuff, thin as for the tropics. With no more than a drolling look, a gesture, he seemed to drip marsh mud on the kitchen floor. They laughed together.

"That was the day you crept out and danced on my platform." He nodded at her slowly. "Prettiest little wildwood game ever I laid eyes on. Often thought of it. When you danced I 'wished you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that.'"

He frightened her, this giant whose voice made the board vibrate between them, and who spoke, as readily as his own, the words from her dead soldier's book. He was the first fellow creature on earth who had ever heard of Florizel and Perdita. This amazed

(Continued on Page 48)

QUICK ACTION BRAKES
EXTRA LARGE AND EXTRA SAFE

In the construction of Dodge Brothers Motor Car, every consideration has been given to the owner's safety.

This is particularly evident in the brakes, which, with their 14-inch drums and 2¼ inch lining, are appreciably larger than the average. The extra surface thus provided develops greater friction when the brake bands contract over the drums—and it is this friction which stops the car.

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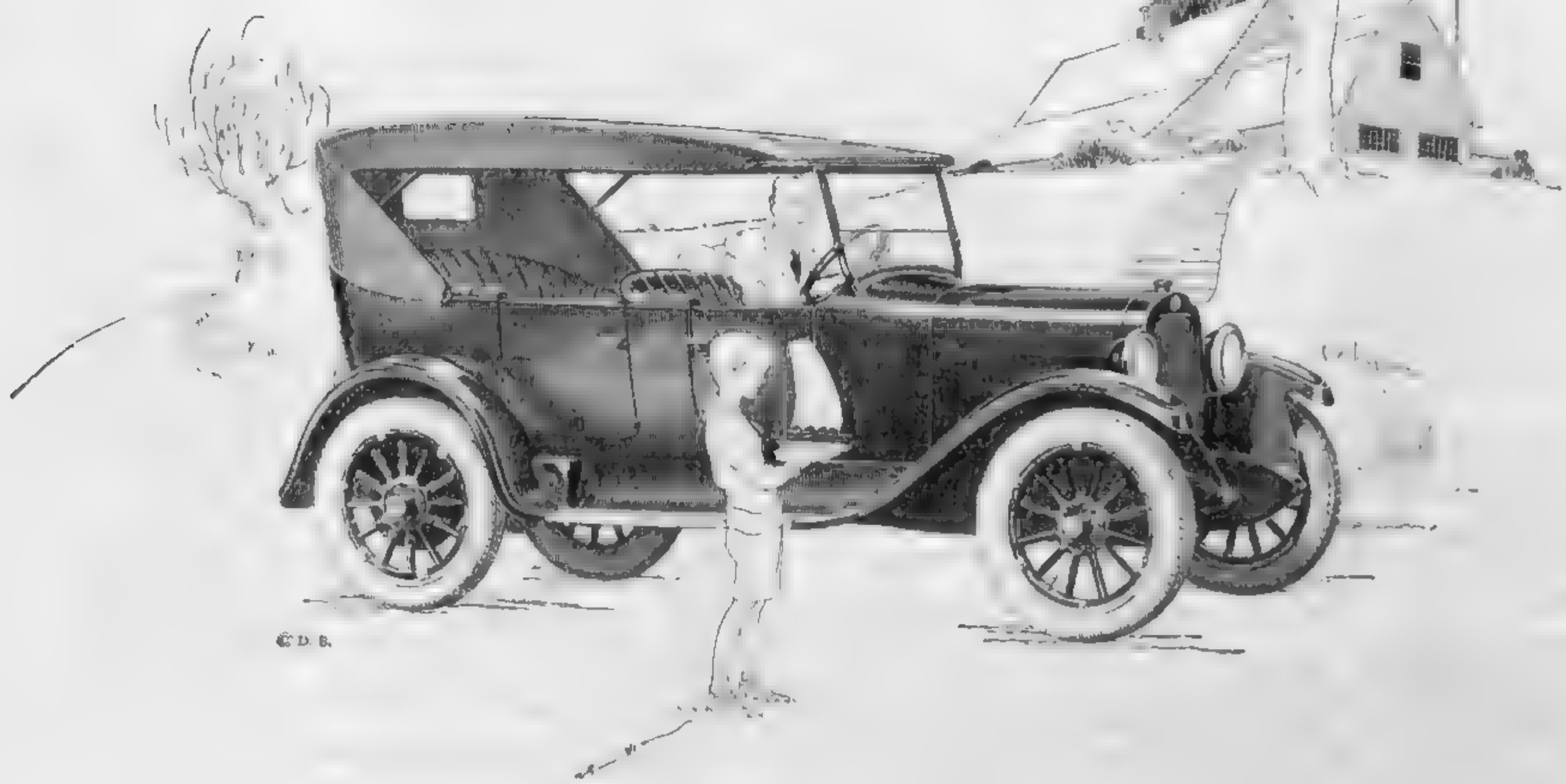

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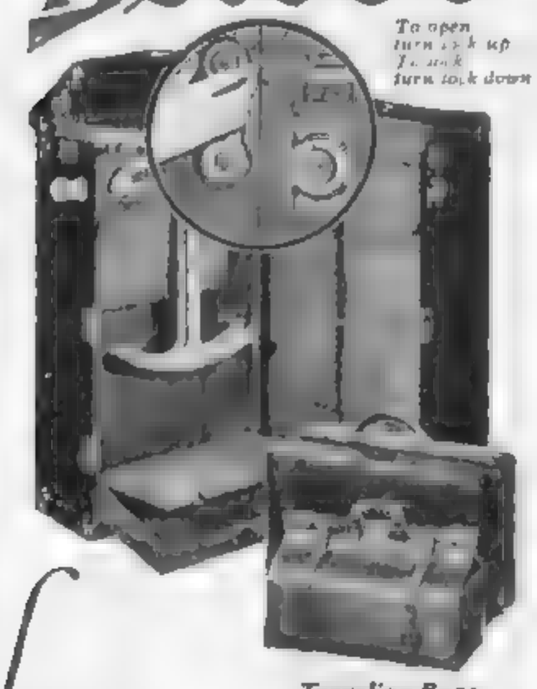

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(Continued from Page 46)

her, not his compliment to a child long past and gone.

"You sat on a stump and wouldn't touch food. You were a little Old Sobersides then." Leaning with an elbow on the table, he gazed through her into some vision. "You looked like a child who never had a doll."

His dark blue eyes returned as from distance to meet her own. They were most friendly and knowing.

"What's more, you never did have one, did you?"

The insight, the novelty of the attack overcame her as though he knew her life better than she herself.

"No," said Barbara, both moved and startled. "My mother died when I was very little."

The guest raised his teacup and held it at his lips, forgotten.

"What did you do at Christmas?"

"Do?" she echoed. "How?"

"You folks—here." He waved his cup round to indicate the room and the house. "How'd you keep Christmas, as a rule?"

He drank, watching her over the brim.

"Why, how did we?" She sat thinking. "We gave each other a card. I drew mine for them sometimes."

The cup came clattering down in the saucer.

"Lord Herod!"

Young Mr. Pagan jumped up, walked away to the kitchen window and stood there looking out.

"Scalt my tongue," said he.

"Oh, was your tea too hot?"

"Bit it, I meant to say."

He returned and slid into his chair, an angry light waning from his face, which at the same time wore a grin. They had finished the meal and sat talking of Captain Barzy, when he broke out in a tone of revenge and triumph, "It hasn't done you any harm!"

Barbara looked from their empty plates, the jar of dark honey and the blue jug across to his beaming countenance.

"It?" she inquired. "What?"

"Nothing has!"

He uttered this extraordinary praise with violence, beating one fist abroad to defy the kitchen or the world. They rose gayly from table.

"Jolliest supper in years," he declared. "Fun, that was. Now tell me, what work have I spoilt for you meantime?"

"None," said Barbara.

"Saw you up on the hill. Haying?"

He saw altogether too much. Yet the fault captivated her.

"I have some hay on the ground," she admitted.

The sailor at once poked his head outdoors.

"The sun's low," he called back, and vanished.

He was no waster of time, for when overtaken he had got a wooden rake from the harness room and was disappearing round the corner of the barn.

"I have a rake up there," she objected. "I saw you had one. We need two."

They climbed the green hollow field together, waist deep in shadow, yet dazzled with the long light.

"I never thanked you," said Barbara, "for your help that winter when Mr. Savory died."

"You're welcome. Father told me."

On the hilltop he tossed his fine coat over a bush, waded into the prostrate hay and with unhurried, rhythmical sweeps began raking it into windrows. Barbara worked opposite, raking a parallel line and vowing to be even with him at its end. Their long shadows raced in silence. The warm golden light streaming from below ebbed upward to them.

"You do the rest," he called. "I'll go ahead."

A pitchfork stuck in the ground by the buckthorn had not escaped his eye. The twilight still was clear when they had that part of the field in order—row on row, an encampment of haycocks, olive gray, tidily rounded, sweet smelling. Beyond and seen in glimpses among these, far down where evening darkened the bottom of every hill, shone the cool glaze of the river. High in air a farmhouse window on one of the distant ridges burned like a bonfire and went out. The two workers met by the thorn. Pagan shrugged on his jacket.

"Mowing this tomorrow?"

He gave a nod at the uncut timothy, down among the stalks of which a sprinkling of fireflies, not yet ready to come out, lighted their earliest green-gold lanterns deep in a green forest of elf-land.

"Pity to spoil it," he mused; and then, with a doubtful air, "I'll walk home over the hills. Would you give me father's privilege?"

"What is that?"

"To call you by name. Yes? Well, good night, Barbara."

Her hand was ingulfed in a huge, firm, reassuring clasp, all strength, yet none put forth.

"I'll come help out tomorrow."

He walked quickly away over the crest, along the bright evening sky.

XXI

FEAR stayed with her when he was gone; fear lest her own nature magnified trifles into happiness, made words and looks immortal which he, striding home, had surely forgotten, and cheated her with this dream where stars began to light a new heaven, fireflies a new earth.

"Are you standing here all night?" Barbara shook herself awake. "Oh, fool and self-deceiver! And the cows down there still in the lane! And the milking!"

At bedtime she leaned from her window, hearing the crickets, watching overhead the Swan's eternal flight in the Milky Way, not thinking, but feeling the immensity in which those trifles of word and look were all she would ever gain.

"Afraid?" She laughed and drew her head in. "Yes, you're afraid it will rain tomorrow; and not on account of the hay, my dear. Your head's turned. All of him and none of hay."

The thing which had come, however, was too great to be mocked at. The wonder of it kept her long awake, ran like music entangled in a dream of a lost child found again, and when this became the song of birds at daybreak, roused her to a vague dread of something forgotten. Remembering, she hurried to the window. All well; the sky was clear for their day, their birds' chorus filled the departing shadow of earth.

She had finished breakfast, looked after house and barn and packed her basket for noon, when a shrill whistle pierced the air outdoors, jumping at the end an octave high:

Mother, Don't I Love Eggs, O?

There against the well curb leaned the sailor, in rough clothes for work, and with a bright morning face.

"I was afraid," said he, "it would rain."

The words gave her a start as if they contained witchcraft. An omen, a bond; she accepted it gladly while coming toward him into the sunrise of their second great day. He met her and took the basket.

"What do you call this?"

He pointed at the ground. Barbara could see nothing there but a homely green carpet of plantain leaves.

"You have been at sea a long time," she answered in surprise. "The Savorys called it plantain. To me it was Englishman's Foot."

He looked down at her as though the day for him also had begun well.

"Outside our family," he said, "you're the first I ever heard keep the Indian name. Those seeds crossed the Atlantic in the cracks of farmers' old boots. You belong to this land."

The barn door yawned, and within stood the horse waiting, harnessed to the hayrack. They drove up the hill, standing together as in a cage, jolting and swaying over the new stubble.

"You've been at work here already!" cried Barbara on reaching the summit.

"Since daylight," repied Pagan.

They jumped down through the framework. Barbara led the horse under the buckthorn hedge, then turned to admire again. Half the remainder patch of timothy had been cut, and lay in beautiful straight swaths on the ground, so that where last night the fireflies' enchanted wood had raised its little frontier, long clean stalks of fallen grass now drew a band, their light-green polished quills holding bright sprays of strawberries all bunched and laid out in order by the scythe.

"While you gather them up," said the sailor, "I'll be cutting what's left of it."

He handed her a cornucopia, freshly made of white birch bark.

"You're giving me child's play to do," Barbara objected.

"Young woman"—he bent his brows at her in mock sternness—"you feed me berries for lunch, or down scythe and home goes Goosey!"

There were both red and white strawberries, all dead ripe and fresh with dew. Barbara, stooping to the easy task, picked them up in clusters by the stems. Pagan moved like the swing of a pendulum never to stop, now near her, now hidden to the knees at a distance, while he carried his swath about and about the dwindling stand of timothy. A scythe in his hands moved as lightly as a horsewhip.

"That's done." Barbara propped her birch horn of plenty, full to spilling, beside the basket. "What next, my lord?"

The words out, she grew red at the sound of their pertness, redder at their implication. The mower stopped, leaned on the heel of his scythe, and half against green field, half against morning sky, looked down at her as in trouble.

"I didn't mean—it's you to give orders here, Barbara," he answered. "We're dreadful bossers in my family. Habit."

She could not believe her ears; he, first of all the world, to humble himself before her. Then she laughed with delight, her own secret delight in this conqueror.

"Shall I be spreading the other?"

"Good thing," he replied. "You might gore and toss 'em a trifle."

Away his tall figure swung again, while Barbara began to undo their work of last evening, destroy the encampment of haycocks, and pitch them one by one abroad in loose, even layers. The sun grew high, the field hot. For a long time the laborers paused no more to talk; they heard only the rustle of tossing hay or the quick, far-darting, twofold ring, sweeter than bells, of the scythe whetting; and yet, though parted and busy, they maintained a brooding fellowship in work, thought Barbara, for whenever she looked up their glances met across the field.

Toward noon they rested for a moment in the shade. A wet mound of jute wrappings lay there among wild bergamot. The sailor unwound them and disclosed a new wooden pail holding brown liquor, a lump of snowy ice and a long-handled dipper.

"Tamarind water." He filled and offered a tin cup. "Try it."

Barbara did so from courtesy alone. To her surprise, the draught was delicious.

"Ours never tasted like that."

His glowing sunburnt face lighted yet more, as if it declared that he had tried to give her pleasure, and won.

"There's knack to the making."

They talked recipes while he drank.

"I don't want to eat," he said presently, "and waste the noon hour. Keep my victuals for supper, will you?"

She would have fasted with him, but he made her sit down, fetched the basket and would not budge till she had chosen food. Then, with scythe slanting down his back, he returned to work in the hot sun.

"You are stubborn," Barbara called after him in revenge.

"Some ways."

He had finished mowing when she came out. They now worked side by side, tossing the new hay apart over the stubble.

"You'll get a sunstroke, bareheaded," Barbara warned him.

"So will you."

"I'm used to it."

"So'm I. This is not down under the line. I guess we're both like the Injun, all face."

A moment afterward he startled her by uttering in his own language the very thought which filled her mind.

"Never knew the sun to travel so fast. Legging it for home. Somebody's put new works in him to spoil our day for us."

The afternoon went all too quickly, indeed. Having spread the new hay, they went downhill to the old and regathered it into rough cocks before disturbing the aged bay horse. Drowsy under the buckthorns, motionless except for a shudder of neck or shoulder muscle to drive off a stray fly, he woke unwillingly and dragged the hayrack out with a creak and clatter as if to bewail their hard hearts.

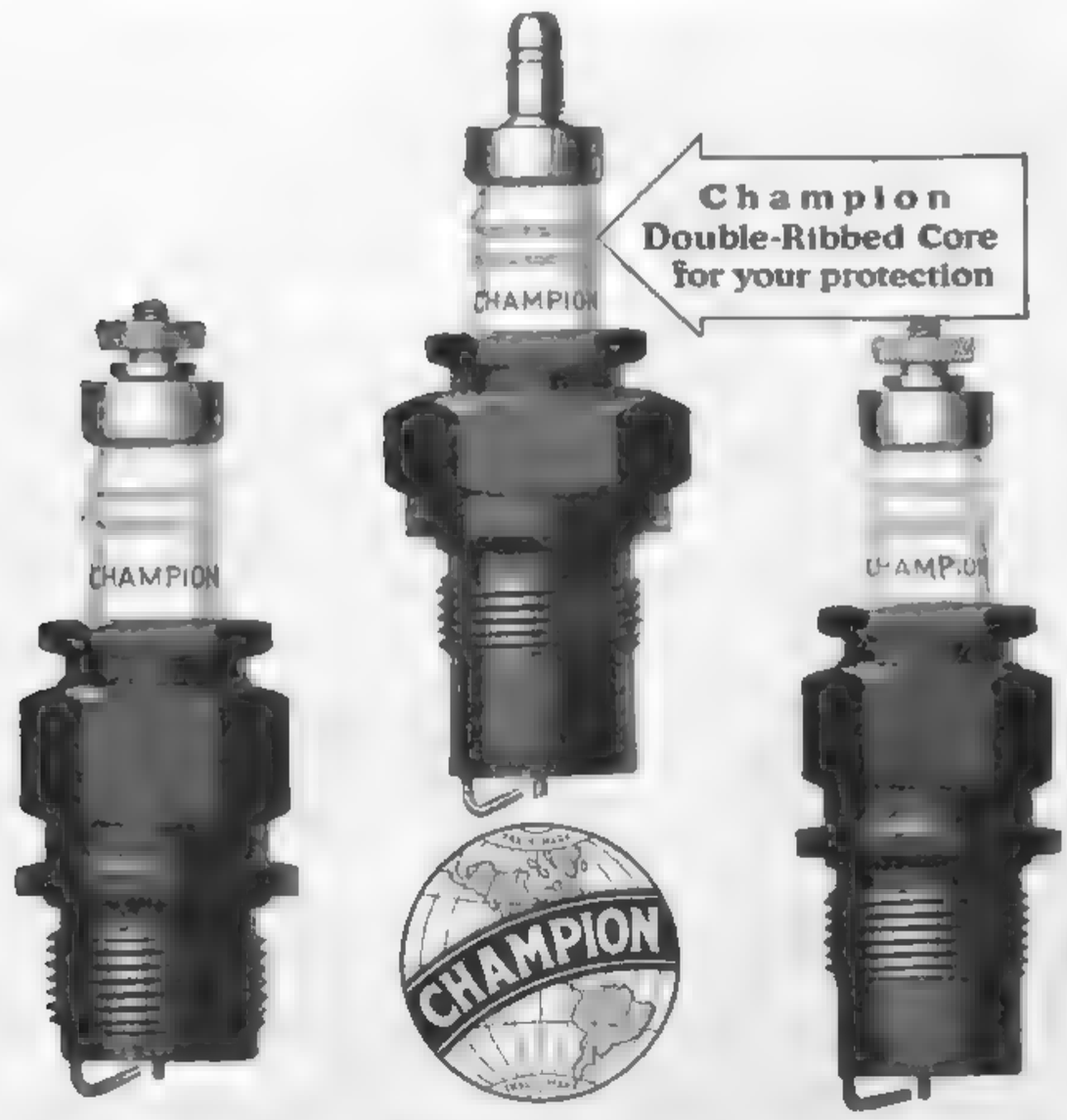
The sailor brandished a great beam of a pitchfork, with tines that seemed as long as his legs.

"Do you know Goliah? Father had him created, made by hand, for picking up the whole haymow at one jab. Like this. All aboard!"

The silvery tines flashed. He bayoneted the nearest haycock and whirled it like a feather over his head, over the rack, to drop on the floor of the wagon.

Barbara knew what power bent and leaped in that airy toss.

(Continued on Page 50)



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More than 40,000,000 Champion Spark Plugs are in daily use. Six out of every ten cars you meet on the road have Champions in their cylinders. This overwhelming preference for Champion is a definite recognition that Champion is a better spark plug. Its superiority is due to its wonderful new core—the core with the Double-Rib.

After laboratory labors of years, after scores of experiments and trials, Champion scientists evolved this core. It stands stress and strain far greater than it will ever encounter in any automobile engine. It never loses its insulating properties. It has given Champion a very definite advantage in car performance and car economy.

The fact that more than 60 per cent of all the spark plugs sold and used today are Champions is an assured recognition of Champion superiority.

Thousands of motorists are now replacing the spark plugs in their engines with Champions because they are finding that it is real economy to renew all spark plugs at least once a year. Engine performance is improved. Gasoline and oil are saved. Costly repairs are less probable.

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It is a fact, proved in countless tests, that Champions better withstand engine strains. But it is sensible practice to put in new Champions each year, just as you replace the oil in the crankcase at regular intervals. A difference and a betterment in engine performance are immediately registered. New power and liveliness are felt. There is better and smoother running. All sluggishness is gone.

You owe it to your engine to put in dependable Champion Spark Plugs at once—a full set. They will soon save their cost. Ask your dealer or garage man. He knows that Champions will give you better spark plug satisfaction.

You will know the new Champions by the Double-Ribbed core. Buy them by the set from any dealer anywhere. A type and size for every make and model

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CHAMPION

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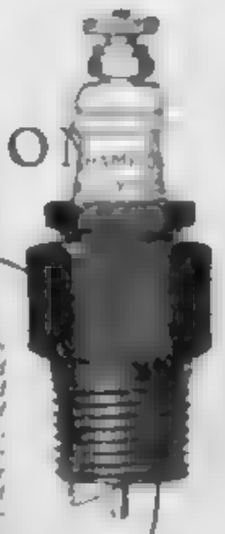

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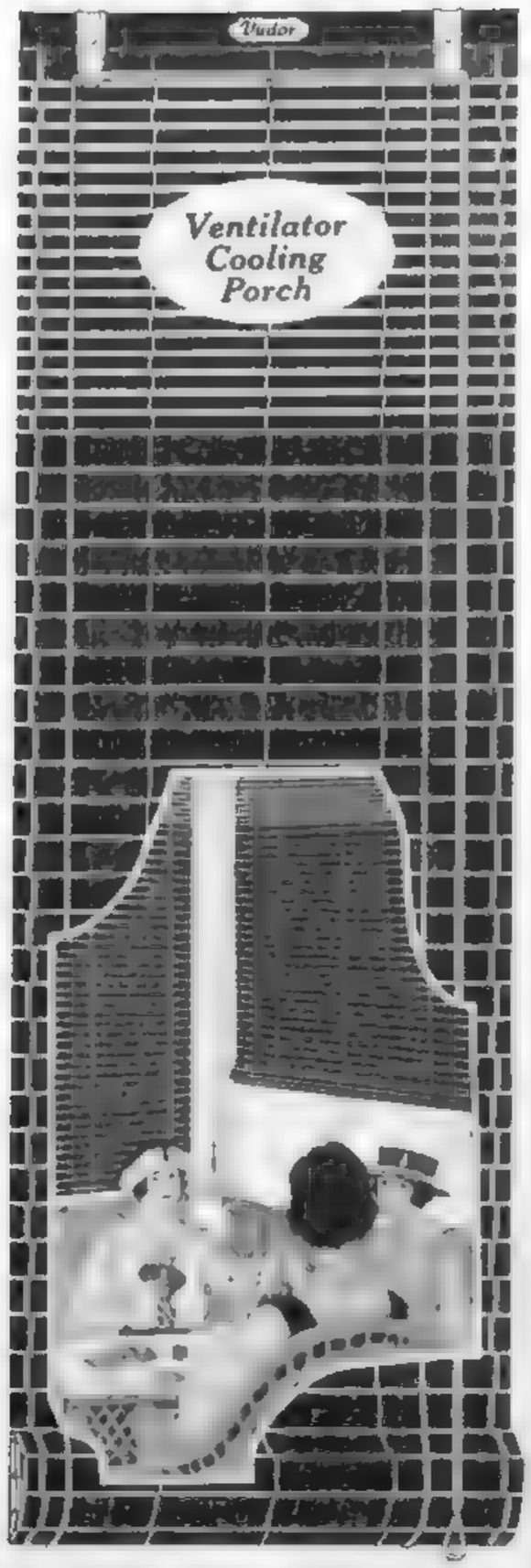

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The porch enclosed with VUDOR Porch Shades is invitingly shady and comfortable in the hottest part of the day. Cool air is kept in circulation through the ventilator at the top (an exclusive VUDOR feature) and the light plays softly between the tinted wood slats with the heat and glare filtered out.

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Self-Hanging Ventilating
PORCH SHADES

(Continued from Page 48)

"No wonder your father doubted if you were a seafaring man!"

"Father?" The captain's son laughed and speared another heap. "Dad thinks nobody can use the sea after he got through with it." Pride and affection were in the words, as in the bold dark blue eyes. "He could beat me pitching yet for a short spell. Father's awful hard to please, but when a thing's right—well, like yourself, Barbara. He sets the world by you."

The second haycock flew and tousled in beside the first. Barbara climbed through the bars to trim load.

"Out of reverence for old age," the sailor told the horse, with a clap of his hand in passing, "we'll make your burden easy, grampa. If your teeth were any longer you'd be an elephant."

With a light load, therefore, they went downhill, walking together while Barbara led the horse by the bridle. At the barn she stood in a loft window, among cobweb and fragrant dust, to pitch back into darkness the rustling mountains that Goliah whirled up from sunlight. Having stowed all these, they returned afoot beside the horse to the top of the hill. Deliberate journeys, their number augmented by sparing loads, thus wore out the afternoon.

When their last forkful came bulging through the window a shaft of the lowering sun followed it and gilded the brown cobweb hammocks in the peak. Barbara set the tired horse free, lowered the well sweep to draw water, and then missed her companion. He had gone without a word.

"What? No good-by?"

The emptiness of the farm frightened her. Then as the bucket dripped on the curb he slunk into view again, coming through the kitchen door.

"Left my mark"—he wore the subdued look of one who had been up to mischief—"in the house. For you to find afterward."

Cold well water, splashed on bare arms and face and neck, relieved them as if work were over or the day begun afresh. They walked up the long hollow field, bathed to the waist in shadow like yesterday's, and under the buckthorn, where red smoky sunset poured between them, took their supper, leaning against the bank of wild bergamot. Crushed by their elbows, the little hairy leaves made all that cooling hour breathe of mint.

"Better stack the rest of your crop," advised the sailor. "I'll come home in time to help you cut the rowen."

They were eating strawberries, red and ivory white, from the birch horn of plenty.

"You," said Barbara, trembling suddenly, "are as kind as your father. You think."

His look alarmed her.

"Tomorrow I go back to sea. Have to." He paused, then hurried on. "You know, once, dad says he heard Father Taylor, the big Methody sea parson, talk to his men in a bethel. He was going a voyage, dropping all he cared for behind him, ashore. 'But,' says Taylor, 'He who takes care of every whale, and can give him a ton of herring for breakfast, will find food for my babes.'"

Looking down, and choosing blindly among strawberries, Barbara took refuge in a laugh.

"So the whale would agree," she replied; "but the poor herring ——"

He overturned the birch bark and caught her hand.

"Don't you make fun of us now, you little heathen!" he cried. "This is in earnest! I'm not the apothecary's boy!"

"What?"

"Yes"

"It was you looking in the window that snowy night?"

"I happened to see you kill the apothecary—with one look. Your eyes were like a black knife. Don't you slay me so!"

Barbara did not. Her hand felt safe in this great hard palm.

The clasp was only for an instant, yet for all time.

"Beside you," he declared hoarsely, "any girl I ever saw's like a yellow-eye bean to a burning candle."

"Oh, our berries are spilt!"

When they had gathered the red-and-ivory clusters from the stubble he spoke again, reaching two fingers down a shirt pocket.

"Here's our family luck. It belonged to a pirate. Father and son, we've handed it down as soon as the oldest boy got his first command. You keep my luck for me?"

He passed to her the old worn silver boat call which Captain Barzy had lent her.

She took it, and in happy confusion turning it this way and that, spied writing engraved on the stem—faint letters of script rubbed almost out:

"Las Cinco Llagas."

To tide her emotion over, she pointed at the words.

"What is that?"

"The name of an old galleon or carrack," he replied. "Fifteen hund'ed ton or more, five or six hund'ed crew and passengers aboard her, scared from brown to coffee-colored, taken at sea by a couple of dozen able-bodied white men in a sixty-tonner, maybe. The Five Wounds, her name—a common one. There you have the old-time Don all over, naming a ship something too holy for the average church to stagger under, then putting her to carry guano, or gold -it's all one. That whistle has piped to many a tough doing. Will you keep it?"

Things past, present and to come filled her thought and solemnized the moment.

"Yes," was her answer. "And you must keep this. It was in your blue jug. We saved it for you."

She gave him, from her skirt pocket, where it had rattled on the whetstone all day, his little foreign silver coin that had waited for years under the kitchen clock.

"Good!" said he. "Call me by name. Is it a bargain, Barbara?"

She laughed and gave him her hand in rising.

"A bargain, Andrew. But I must work now, for the night cometh, doesn't it?"

He jumped up. Sunset and the perfume of crushed bergamot drifted among the thorn leaves.

"Work it is Day or night, you needn't be scared o' me."

Their second evening closed like their first, with the new mowing to rake, windrows to draw them apart, pile after rounded pile of haycocks to bring them near together.

Down below, where three-masted schooners lay and waited for a tow next morning, the river shone cool; across its flood the same high farmhouse window on a ridge burned like a bonfire, grew dull, contracting to a square of lilac haze, and went out; yet no fireflies winked in the bare stubble, and when work ended nothing remained but a trill of crickets and a broad covering of stars. Even these were different.

"The Swan's flying," said Barbara.

"In the Milky Way," replied Pagan. "China boys call that the Silver River."

Even the stars had changed and were held in common overhead.

Even the song of the crickets dropped low, to underrun a longer trilling from a pond of frogs inland.

"Seeing you," said Andrew Pagan, "is like coming into a new harbor along about dawn."

He quietly held her secure in his arms.

"What—what are you laughing at?"

Barbara shook, but could not explain why.

"The frogs. They ring," she said, and choked, "like Tom Grele driving a thousand sleighs."

"You funny little thing!"

Above them the rare summer ghost of northern lights flickered in bars thin as tissue of the galaxy, in misty spray of light wheeling, spokes from a hub at the zenith, ribs to form a boundless tent which protected them and their hayfield.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE POETS' CORNER

The Wandering Minstrel

I THINK I hardly knew how glad,
And mad, and strange, and sweet
Is life, until one day there came
A minstrel down our street.

He was not dressed in silver lace,
Nor in a suit of red;
He did not have a handsome face,
Nor plumes upon his head.

To look at him, you'd never guess
He was a troubadour,
Nor that he stood upon the brink
Of Hope, guarding the door.

And yet, as he came down our street,
Singing an old, old song,
The children crowded round his feet,
And windows that had long

Been barred, flew open—heads appeared—
And all grew queerly still.
Oh, ragged, modern troubadour,
What is your magic, still?

The sunlight slants from the blue sky;
The wind blows softly, and
The people laugh as you go by;
I wonder . . . is the land

You sing of very far away?
And shall I ever see
Beyond the dimness of today
Into eternity?

And how is it that you, who are
Only a beggar, know
Such wise, sweet things, and scatter dreams
For pennies, as you go?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Lines On an Unpaid Bill

THIMBLE was first of the tailor's trade;
His name, that each goodman loathes,
Is cherished by woman, wife and maid—
'Twas he that invented clothes.

Frocks he sewed of the silken stuff,
Gowns of the velvet pile;
But clothes didn't wear out fast enough,
So next he invented style.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Listening In

THERE'S dance tunes wandering round the air
And songs and speeches from Lord knows where.
You needn't hustle away to town,
But take your time, just sit right down
At your own red hearth with your radio set
And listen in and try what you get.

It may be a piece by a Pittsburgh band,
The march from The Prophet, slow and grand,
Or a speech from Detroit on the liquor question,
Or a Boston sermon on good digestion,
Or an Irish ballad, the best of them all,
McCormack sends from Carnegie Hall.

But there's other things in the air as well,
Just what, maybe, there is none can tell;
Not sounds you get through a pad at your ear,
But songs that only the wise can hear;
For you've got to put your soul in tune
To catch the hint of that wireless croon.

Get out in the open, far from the din
Of the city's clamor and listen in
To the undertone of the forest's glee
Or the silent shout of the flashing sea,
The mountain's eloquent loneliness
Or the flowers that preach to the heart's distress.

You can sit by your lamp with an honest book,
Or talk with a friend, the kind whose look
And tone tell more than the words you hear;
You'll get the vibrations, never you fear!
Just tune your soul till the wave lengths chime,
For God is broadcasting all the time.

—*Charles Wharton Stork.*

Secrecy

Anonymous

"ANONYMOUS" is just a blind—
But you'll know who is writing this,
And in these open lines you'll find,
Just meant for you, a secret kiss.

You've found it? Ah, I knew you'd see;
This was the safest place I knew—
'Twas hidden very cunningly
From everyone, my sweet, but you!

—*Charlotte Mish.*

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide coöperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"Children of Dust"—Magnificent

HOW CAN I pin emotion with a pen? Or say why I cheered and why I nearly cried? After all it was just a motion picture; and we've all seen hundreds. Yet—well what *did* I see in "Children of Dust"?

Three children: a boy and a girl of wealth playing in private grounds in old Gramercy Park; and, hungrily watching through the rails, the ragged urchin Terwilliger. A bruised little-fellow. Like a stray dog he joined them, adoring the pink-and-whiteness, the very phenomenon of the girl.

I saw twelve years bring her almost to womanhood, with the rich boy as suitor now, and Terwilliger far down the social scale, mute but doubly adoring. War came to claim first the boy and then Terwilliger, still silent although the girl would have flung caste aside at a word. I saw tragedy in the swift stark flashes of France; rich boy, poor boy fighting together, and when a sacrifice was asked Terwilliger made it for his friend. For the girl, too. For both he stumbled unmasked into gas.

Let's leave the screen to tell the rest in measures of drama, human tableaux such as Frank Borzage alone can create.

Three years ago this director seized us by the heart with "Humoresque." He does still more with "Children of Dust," adapted from Tristram Tupper's "Terwilliger." It's one of those things that make us proud of motion pictures. Arthur H. Jacobs presents it; Pauline Garon, Johnnie Walker, Lloyd Hughes, Bert Woodruff, George Nichols and Frankie Lee enact it; thousands of theatres will screen it for the whole wide world to enjoy. It may be a long time before another comes so close to perfection.

What's a "Wanter"?

JOHN M. STAHL has found a new term for the social striver. It's "a wanter," and after his new picture entitled "The Wanters" gets around, that name will be pretty widely adopted. It fits. You don't forget it. Knowing from "The Dangerous Age" what entertainment Stahl can evolve from the simpler sides of life, his discoveries in the near-society whirl, covered by Leila Burton Wells' story, should be even more surprising. Latest cast additions are the curly-headed kiddy, Richard Headrick, Lincoln Stedman and Hank Mann. Marie Prevost and Robert Ellis have already been announced as leading players.

* * * * *

"Ponjola," by Cynthia Stockley, will feature Anna Q. Nilsson.

We're 600 Years Old

CORRESPONDENTS offering congratulations to Associated First National Pictures for fostering and developing independent screen production, have assumed this to be a new idea. It isn't. To protect screen art this organization has worked for almost six years; yet its impulse dates back as many centuries. Craftsmen's guilds guaranteed freedom of expression to the artists of old—painters, sculptors, penmen. Today the artist of the screen looks on First National in just that light. Naturally he gives his best. Frank Borzage, a director of remarkable talent, provides one of a score of instances. Ever since "Children of Dust" (originally "Terwilliger") was written Borzage has wanted to film it. Here, he knew, was a drama as potent as "Humoresque"; something within him could find expression through this story. Having bought it, he awaited his day of liberty which came when he joined the guild of unhampered artists. And now that "Children of Dust" is finished, critics say "Masterpiece!" and ask why it was not filmed before. Can you wonder then that the truest creators of motion pictures in America today are allied in First National's guild?

Circus Lady vamps Jackie Coogan in "Circus Days"! Or is Jackie doing the vamping?

Rich boy, poor boy, rich girl—yet all three "Children of Dust." Johnnie Walker, Pauline Garon and Lloyd Hughes unfold their drama in Frank Borzage's unforgetable picture.

Yours Lovingly

ANOTHER great lover has come to the screen. Hitherto his affection has been lavished on a father, a mother or a stray dog—but now Jackie Coogan is smitten by the undying love of a man for his mate. Pictorially speaking, of course. If you're one of the million kids who have read "Toby Tyler," you remember that Toby, the peanut boy, falls so hard for a little bare-back rider in the circus that when she becomes ill he saves her job by riding the ponies himself. Young Jackie, playing Toby, woos with heaving chest. Elephants, horses, freaks, monkeys, clowns, all sawdusty spangled allurements of the show suddenly seem unworthy. Across an ice-cream freezer he vows eternal devotion to pretty Peaches Jackson while audiences encourage "Attaboy!" Jackie's adventures through "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks With a Circus," to be shown as "Circus Days," mean more to picture-goers than one evening's entertainment. They carry a lasting laugh.

Tourneur Begins "The Brass Bottle"

A GENIE more amazing than Aladdin's stirs mirth and magic around the United Studios, Hollywood, these days. Maurice Tourneur uprooted him in filming F. Anstey's story, "The Brass Bottle," a regular Arabian Nights tale combined with modern romance. The genie is released from a bottle in which he has been imprisoned for three thousand years, and, grateful for freedom, mixes himself up in an Englishman's love affairs, sometimes successfully, often embarrassingly. Tourneur, his capacity for spectacular novelty already established by "The Isle of Lost Ships," has built enormous Arabian banquet halls, picturesque streets of Old Bagdad and present-day London, through which the genie leads to weird adventure. Oh, a delicious story this, with Ernest Torrence, the new screen luminary, playing the genie in association with Barbara La Marr, Harry Myers, Tully Marshall, Ford Sterling and Charlotte Merriam. If you can't place Torrence, recall the seven-foot mountaineer Dick Barthelmess battled in "Tol'able David."

The "Ritual" of Penrod, Sam and Herman is more than a laughing matter in Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" now being filmed. Benny Alexander is Penrod.

The Only Trilby

MORE HONORS for Andree. Amy Leslie, for forty years dramatic critic of the Chicago Daily News, friend of Du Maurier, who wrote "Trilby," and associated with every stage production of the play, has pronounced Andree Lafayette the only Trilby who has ever really played the part. The Parisian star is now making the last of the big Montmartre and Latin Quarter scenes of Richard Walton Tully's production under James Young's direction.

In Washington at Night

CROWDS thronging the stately Metropolitan and other Crandall theatres in Washington, D. C., endorse the entertainment First National Pictures give; while further south in Charlotte, N. C., the Broadway shows them, too. List Harry M. Crandall, of Washington, and R. D. Craver, of Charlotte, among the important theatre-owners who have demanded greatness of the art they helped create.

The Chosen Few

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Edwin Carewe's production of the famous Belasco play, radiates the glamour, the drama of the days of '49. J. Warren Kerrigan is Ramerrez; Sylvia Breamer, the Girl; Russell Simpson, the Sheriff.

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—Dana Burnet's drama of the jazz-age pictured as it should be by James Young. Marguerite de la Motte and Marjorie Daw delightful as the thrill-hunters.

KATHERINE MACDONALD in "The Lonely Road"—Wifehood as it should not be, but often is.

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CENSUS OF A SECTION

(Continued from Page 11)

my interest centered. New varieties show up year after year and in the course of another decade all the woodland birds whose natural habitat was originally some two hundred miles or more to the eastward will have pushed on into this region, which was all flat prairie but a few short years ago.

Nine pairs of kingbirds, seven of Arkansas kingbirds and four pairs of shrikes reared their broods in the section. All these are voracious feeders, almost constantly on the hunt for insects. The shrike, in addition, preys upon mice. This strikingly marked bird also destroys more insects and young mice than he actually consumes, as it is his custom to hunt even after his hunger is appeased, impaling his surplus prey upon the thorns of locust or hedge in the neighborhood of his hunting ground, a habit that has gained for him the title of butcher bird. He is, unfortunately, credited with rifling an occasional nest and devouring the fledglings.

Orioles were among the most common residents of the section, the Baltimores predominating, with a total of about twelve pairs, while the orchard orioles numbered perhaps two pairs less than their brilliant black-and-orange relatives. The Baltimore oriole builds its hanging nest largely of horsehair. Now, in localities where discarded scraps of twine and wrapping cord are available, this material predominates in the nests; but the Baltimore discriminates in his choice of twine and seems to use only the soft cotton string. At least I have never examined a nest that contained any quantity of the heavier cords, perhaps for the reason that the birds find it difficult to weave with this stiffer material. I have wondered what nesting stuffs the Baltimores used before either twine or horsehair was available; perhaps they made use of long strands of green grass, such as the orchard orioles use in the construction of their nests.

A pair of phœbes nested under a bridge, the nest perched on a brace, and a family of wrens made their home in a hollow limb. Two pairs of red-headed woodpeckers and five pairs of flickers along with a half dozen families of barn swallows helped to swell the bird population.

All the varieties previously cited are largely insectivorous: bugs, grubs, worms, caterpillars, insects and their eggs supply 10 to 80 per cent of their diet, according to species. That most of them require practically their own weight of food per day is quite evident to anyone who observes the almost ceaseless activity of the feathered residents.

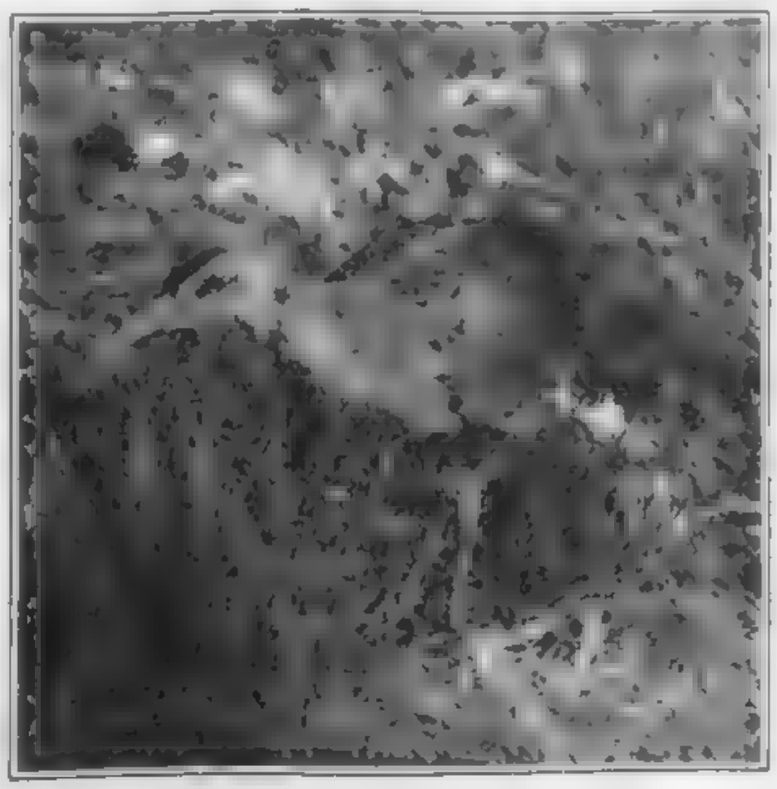
Gaining the Birds' Confidence

A pair of cardinals—not, however, either of the two pairs of these flame-colored songsters that nested in the section—supplied one more bit of evidence as to the quantity of food required to keep life in a nestful of young birds. After I had stationed the camera some four feet from the nest the parents whistled apprehensively, but failed to return for perhaps thirty minutes. At last the male bird made a hurried tour of investigation and flitted away, only to return after a short interval. He inspected the camera and even hopped down upon it. Once assured that all was well the old birds made seven trips to the nest in the next thirty minutes, bringing exactly three fat grubs on each occasion, one for each of the three ravenous fledglings. Here, too, was another interesting instance of shifting bird ranges. The cardinals, whose habitat was perhaps two hundred miles to the eastward a few decades ago, had nested in a pine tree whose native range is several hundred miles to the westward in the Colorado hills. The cardinals became very tame and the click of the camera failed to disturb them. They even permitted me to approach within a few feet while feeding the young.

Wherever birds are unmolested it is not difficult to gain their confidence. While I was engaged in setting up the camera before the nest of a brown thrasher, wondering if perhaps it might not be too close and thus cause the old birds to remain away from the nest, one of the parents definitely settled the question by alighting on my cap in a frenzy of outraged protest at this intrusion. The thrasher is naturally pugnacious, and the two old birds, after becoming accustomed to my presence, burned their wrath upon a ground squirrel whose hole was quite near the nest, darting down upon him whenever his head was thrust from the hole. On another occasion I was attracted by the war cries of a pair of thrashers and found them engaged in a desperate attempt to drive off a five-foot bullsnake. Their efforts had proved unavailing, however, as an empty nest and a series of odd bulges at intervals along the little body of the invader indicated the fate of the fledglings.

Approximately thirty-five pairs of mourning doves and some sixty pairs of grackles and crow blackbirds are in the section. The doves are vegetarians, but scientific experiments have established the fact that though they eat some grain by far the greater part of their diet consists of weed seeds. The blackbirds, when in such small numbers, do little damage, and whatever fruit they eat is offset by the great quantity of beetles and other insects they consume.

Two pairs of sparrowhawks waged continuous war on the grasshoppers, which, with shrews and mice and an occasional



A King Rail in a Patch of Heavy Grass

small bird, constitute their chief food. This little hawk is worthy of protection on every count.

The ground-nesting birds, too, were well represented. A dozen pairs of meadow larks, eighteen or twenty pairs of dickcissels and a half dozen pairs each of lark sparrows and horned larks, two pairs of nighthawks, four pairs each of killdeer and redwing blackbirds with perhaps ten pairs of various sparrows would closely approximate the numbers of these species, all largely insectivorous, that foraged there throughout the summer for themselves and young, searching tirelessly in the grass and about the roots of growing crops for beetles, weevils, worms and insect eggs and larvæ. A dozen cowbirds were ever in evidence, though this bird could scarcely be termed a resident of any particular square mile of ground, since it is the habit of the female cowbird to deposit her eggs in the nests of other birds and allow these foster parents to incubate them and rear the young. The vireos, lark sparrows and dickcissels seem to be the chief sufferers from this source, and I have rarely found the nest of a vireo that did not contain one or two cowbirds' eggs. I have wondered just how these impostors fare in the tiny suspended nests of the vireos, as a single young cowbird would quite fill the dainty structure before he attained sufficient size to leave the nest. Being larger and stronger than the rightful occupants, his demands for food more strident, no doubt the interloper crowds the young vireos out of the nest or smothers them with his greater bulk.

Red-shouldered hawks, rough-legged hawks and marsh hawks to the number of a dozen or so, though not nesting in the section, hunted across it intermittently throughout the day, accounting for hundreds of mice, shrews, gophers, moles and ground squirrels in the course of the year, and so must be classed as residents. Two pairs of crows nested there, and others made it their hunting ground.

The crows, where not too numerous, are rather a beneficial addition, but where they congregate in large numbers they become a nuisance. The crow destroys immense numbers of beetles and other insect pests, but he also destroys much sprouting grain and devours the eggs and fledglings of lesser birds.

Last year the crows rifled the nest of a killdeer after I had started to take a series of pictures. I had first filmed the eggs, deposited on the ground with no semblance of a nest, then the old bird standing astride of the eggs preparatory to settling upon them. I snapped her later as she sat contentedly on the nest, a strip of the eggs showing beneath the feathers of her breast. I had hoped to secure a picture of the parent bird feeding the young, but a crow made a meal of the eggs soon after the fourth and last one was laid.

Tricking the Camera

The camera was stationed about four feet from the nest and the old birds resorted to various ruses to lead this strange object away from the eggs. One parent, alighting some fifty yards from the spot, made a cautious and circuitous approach, inspecting the machine from all points as he circled twice about the scene but refusing to venture within twenty feet. Then he slipped away, finally taking wing when some distance down the field and veering back, to fall to the ground a dozen feet from the nest and there calling plaintively as if in great distress. The bird turned almost on its back, its slender form quivering in simulation of the convulsive agonies of a creature in its death struggles.

This constitutes one of the only two instances that I have seen where birds endeavored to lead some inanimate object away from eggs or young. The other instance occurred on the Mackenzie River, in Northern Canada, when a scoter suddenly flapped out before the river boat on which we were passengers and crippled along ahead of us for a hundred yards, then returned to her young, well pleased at having lured the strange monster from their retreat. This was a feat of some magnitude, but many birds resort to such ruses in decoying men and animals away from the vicinity of their young. Mourning doves are past masters of the art. Ducks, cranes, most shore birds and many ground-nesting varieties are very adroit at this sort of deception.

The killdeer, after repeated trips of inspection, including a close-up survey of the camera, resorted to a trick that misled me nicely. Apparently satisfied that all was well, one of the parents ran to the nest, fluffed its feathers contentedly and settled on the eggs while its mate foraged close at hand. I tripped the camera, and at the click of the shutter both birds took the air with cries of alarm. They returned with less trepidation than at first, and the camera clicked again. This time the birds took the sound more calmly. I removed the camera, lest too much of this sort of thing on the first day might cause them to desert the nest. Imagine my surprise, when the films were developed, to find no bird thereon, merely the tops of the eggs showing above the little depression in which they rested. The bird, in continuation of its efforts to draw attention away from the nest and evidently not fully assured as to the harmlessness of the camera, had settled down a few feet from the eggs instead of upon them as I had thought, and from my position on the ground I had been unable to observe this bit of deception, but had been neatly tricked into tripping the camera. Subsequent trials proved more successful.

A very conservative estimate of the feathered residents of the section could be placed at 300 pairs. I believe it would exceed that by a considerable margin, exclusive of English sparrows, of which pests there are many. Yet, numerous as the bird

(Continued on Page 54)

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residents were, they were far outnumbered by the migrants that visited it at various times during the year, though the stay of some of these transients was of no considerable duration. With the first breath of spring the north-bound flocks foraged across the countryside — sparrows, warblers, finches and others — some remaining to nest while their fellows held on to the north. Spotted sandpipers, yellowlegs and other shore birds were in evidence for a month or more, hunting along the banks of the little creek or wheeling round the pasture in flocks to prospect about the shallow pools of surface water left by recent rains. A half dozen varieties of ducks spent considerable time along the stream, occasionally congregating in flocks of hundreds. Some of them, particularly the mallards and green-winged teal, had remained in the country throughout the winter except for brief periods when cold waves had driven them to seek temporary refuge farther south. Many mallards, bluewings, pintails and some few greenwings and spoonbills remained to nest in the country, so they might well be classed as year-round residents. Bitterns and little blue herons frequented the stream both spring and fall, both species nesting in the vicinity, though not in the section. An occasional night heron or great blue heron spent some time on the creek, and I saw one king rail in a patch of heavy slough grass

All through the late summer and early fall the terns and Franklin's gulls made daily pilgrimages to the section, their numbers varying according to the abundance of food. There were days when only a dozen or so appeared, others when fifty or more made it their hunting grounds. Grasshoppers furnished the largest item of their diet, but there was seldom a furrow turned in the section but what a few gulls fluttered close behind the plow, frequently within six feet of it, searching for any grub or insect that might have been exposed as the loose soil was thrown up. The Franklin's gull is a lusty feeder. Naturalists, examining the stomach contents of these birds, have found 1157 beetles, bugs, ants, grasshoppers, wasps, and so on, in a single stomach. Imagine, then, the vast quantity of insect life destroyed by the gulls that frequent that square mile of ground for at least three months in the year at a time when all insect life is at the height of its activity.

Autumn Visitors

During the late part of the summer the upland plover resorted to the alfalfa stubble in fair numbers, averaging perhaps fifteen birds per day for three weeks or a month. The redwing blackbirds, grackles and cowbirds congregated in great flocks in the early fall, and for a period of at least two months they scouted over the section from end to end, rising in black swarms and wheeling in short circles only to dip down abruptly to settle on some new feeding ground. These flocks clean up the waste grain and are capable of inflicting considerable damage where grain has been left in the shock. However, they feed principally upon weed seeds, and as they cover the ground most thoroughly they sweep every luckless insect in their path. I have seen flocks of three to five hundred blackbirds feeding there daily, and the insect life destroyed by them must attain generous proportions.

Two years ago a flock of perhaps forty yellow-headed blackbirds stopped over for several weeks. I saw one pinto bird among a flock of crow blackbirds. It was liberally flecked with white and had evidently set out to become an albino, but had fallen short of the mark.

The migrants returned again in the fall on their southward way. The shore birds once more fed along the creek and in the pastures; the sparrows, finches, warblers and larks foraged in the weed patches; the ducks streamed down out of the North. The resident crows were joined by flocks that numbered tens of thousands, and when the other migrants passed on, the crows remained.

The crow furnishes another most pronounced instance of shifting bird ranges. Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, while hunting quail, I stopped overnight at the home of a farmer friend. He called me to the door shortly after daylight and pointed out three crows in a near-by grove, stating that they had been roosting there for several weeks and were the first he had ever seen in the country. Now they winter in that vicinity in hundreds of thousands, perhaps in millions. I have seen miles of sandbars in the Arkansas River blackened with the birds. Vast flocks congregate in the timbered bottoms at sunset, streaming to the roosting place from all directions for as far as the eye can reach; and by day they cover the fields. Considering their numbers and the length of their stay, and averaging them against even the most abundant bird residents, day for day, bird for bird, throughout the year, I believe the crow will outnumber any two other species combined. They have become a nuisance and may even become a menace. I doubt if there is a section of land in three counties that is not visited by an average of 200 crows per day for six months in the year.

The Much-Maligned Hen Hawk

Hawks of several varieties winter in the neighborhood, seemingly in larger numbers than during the summer months, so it is evident that some of them come down from the North, since the normal increase would not account for this difference in numbers. Every day a dozen or more marsh hawks, roughlegs, red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks scour that square mile for prey. These large hawks account for a tremendous number of moles, mice, shrews, gophers and other pests. Any one hawk will destroy in a year more rodents than any two men will trap. They kill but few birds, and the damage they inflict upon poultry is so negligible that their chicken-stealing reputation might well be classed as a superstition. All are grouped under the popular name of hen hawks or chicken hawks, and it seems to be part of the faith of the average gunner that they should be shot down on sight. The reverse is true, and they should be protected at all times. If an occasional hawk should turn poultry thief the farmer is capable of slaying the culprit himself, and the promiscuous shooting of hawks by every hunter that goes afield should be absolutely prohibited. The hawks are somewhat of carrion feeders and on scores of occasions I have seen them tearing at a dead duck or some variety of waterfowl that had been slain by some hunter who had failed to locate his kill in the rushes or grass. This habit has probably enhanced their bad name, and most duck hunters shoot them down as they soar over the marshes.

A pair of golden eagles made occasional visits to the section. These birds are now common winter residents. They appear in fair numbers, particularly in the sandhill region, where the trees are scattering, and subsist on jack rabbits and other mammals. The king of birds is also a carrion feeder by preference. I have frequently seen eagles feeding at carcasses in the range country and have caught them in coyote traps at a meat bait in Wyoming.

The flickers, too, remain throughout the winter. How a flicker finds a sufficient quantity of insects to keep life in his body during the winter months is a mystery, since he requires a vast amount of food. More than 4000 ants have been found in a single stomach. However, he forages busily in the grass, in rotten wood and behind loosened bits of bark, and so discovers enough larvæ and dormant insects to keep him going.

The cardinal also winters in the vicinity. Meadow larks remain in flocks except in excessively cold weather, when they move southward, returning with the thaws. A few lark sparrows linger throughout the winter. Slate-colored juncos congregate in flocks and scour the weed patches even when the snow is on.

Ten years ago quail were abundant, then practically disappeared, but are on the increase since they have been accorded adequate protection. The screech owl winters in the country, but his daylight hours must be a nightmare since the crow legions have come to use the region as congregating ground; for owl baiting is a favorite pastime of the crow. A dozen times during the past winter I have seen a flock of crows relaying an owl, a score or more of them hounding the victim through the air. And the owls are changing their habits. Formerly it was no uncommon thing to see an owl dozing in a tree, but in the past four years I have seen but one so exposed during the daylight hours. However, I have flushed scores of them from the waist-high slough grass while tramping along the

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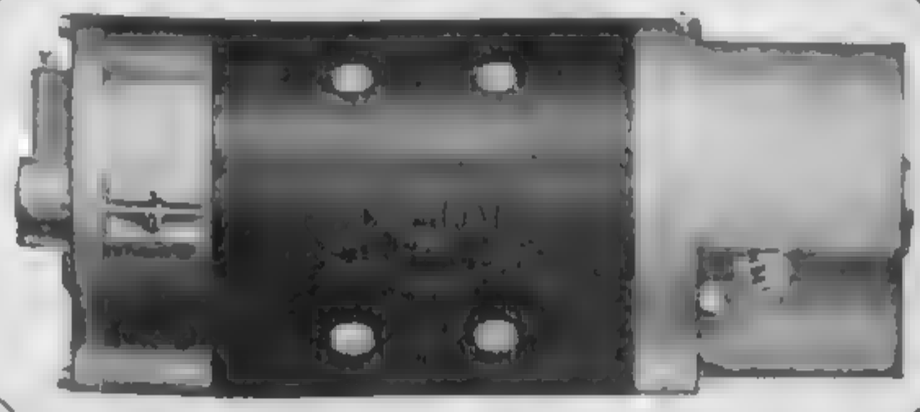

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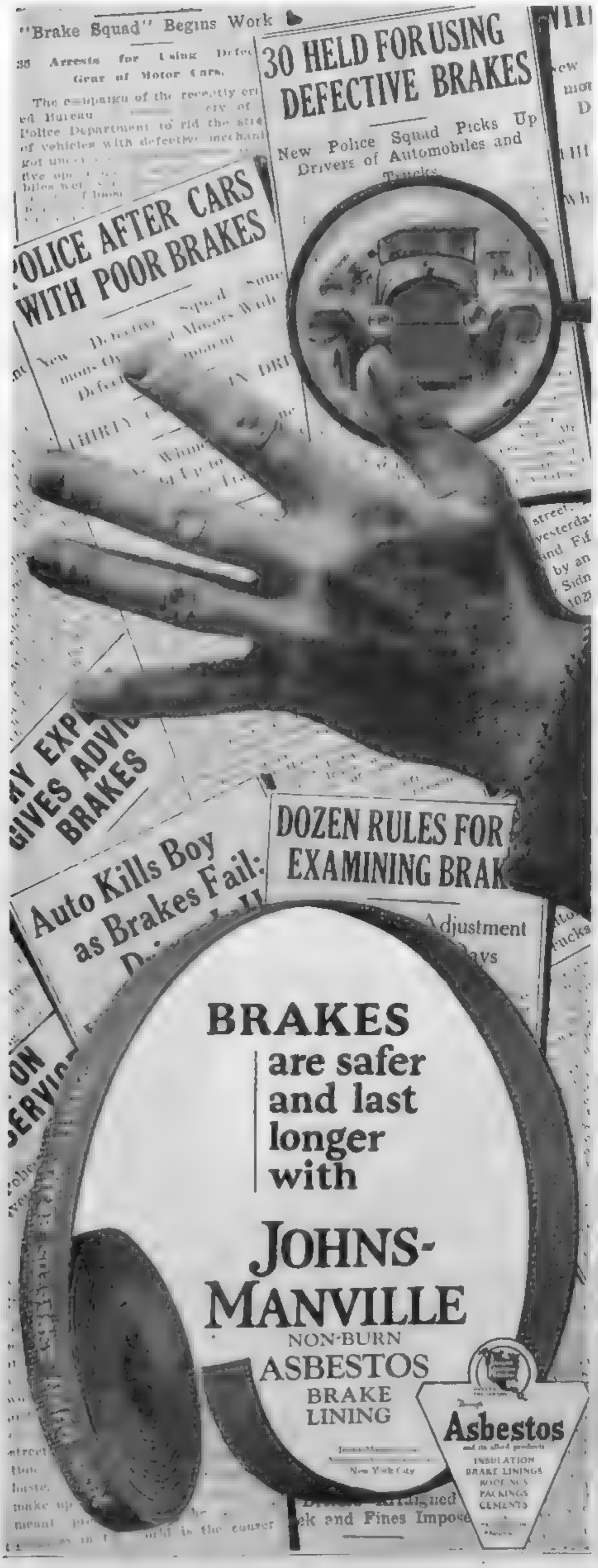
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shores of some creek or marsh, and when thus put to flight they seek a similar retreat instead of taking to a tree. This change of habit could have been occasioned only through an effort to seek greater concealment from the prying eyes of their black tormentors.

During my intermittent visits to the section, extending over the course of two years, I saw sixty-nine varieties of birds, and no doubt there were others. The residents and their young that remain at least seven months of the year, the spring and fall migrants, the gulls and terns that linger for months in the late summer and fall, the proportion of summer residents that also remain throughout the winter, the flocks of juncos, the hawks and owls that hunt on cold days and nights, and the crow mobs that darken the fields—all these swell the feathered population of the section to unsuspected proportions. I estimated that the average daily number of birds that fed on that section of land, including summer and winter, spring and fall, could not be less than 450 to 500 head. At the period of greatest insect activity it does, of course, attain a far higher figure than that.

As early as 1904 the Department of Agriculture summed up in the yearbook the ravages of insects in field and forest. Without enumerating the details in full, the grand total value of all farm crops and animal products in the United States attained the sum of $5,551,000,000. The loss occasioned by insects was $795,100,000, or more than 10 per cent of the whole. The annual value of our farm products has increased materially since that time. The percentage of loss through insect depredations has not decreased.

On every hand we see our friends and neighbors fighting incessantly against the spread of insect pests; burning caterpillars, spraying orchards, spraying groves, spraying potatoes and garden truck. The forest service has crews of men scouring our national forests for bug trees—ones killed by various insects—and cutting and burning them to destroy the larvæ and prevent the spread of the ruin. We put various poisons round the roots of our flowers and shrubs. Year after year the fight goes on. Insect damage now exceeds a billion dollars annually; hundreds of millions of dollars are expended annually in fighting the pests.

Spraying and Preying

Ten pairs of robins will destroy more insects during the summer than a man can destroy in a week of spraying; yet they still consider the robin a game bird in parts of the South. A large part of our foreign element is apt to consider everything that wears feathers as meat, a fit candidate for the pot. Robins, orioles, woodpeckers, flickers, blackbirds, meadowlarks—in fact, most varieties of songbirds are shot down in defiance of the law. Untold millions of birds have been slaughtered for their feathers for no other purpose than that of adorning our womenfolks with an added touch of finery. Many species of birds have become entirely extinct; and every year we spend more and more millions in bug poisons, insect powders, fly traps, spraying solutions; more time and money in applying them, yet the losses increase. We see an elm tree dying on our lawn, a maple tree next door, a dying oak or chestnut somewhere in the neighborhood. We pass an orchard, most of it dead, the rest dying. Perhaps we go back into the pine-clad ranges. A reddish tinge appears in streaks through the heavy green on the opposite sidehill, and we know that beetles are getting in their deadly work on fir, pine or spruce as the case may be; that if the scourge is not checked at once the timber of that locality will be a total loss within the next decade. So we curse the insect pests and shoot a few more birds.

We see miles upon miles of wheat ruined by the grasshopper hosts, fields of cotton taken over by the boll weevil, more wheat damaged by the chinch bug and the Hessian fly, fruit spotted and worm-eaten at the core, every growing crop attacked by the particular pests that live upon it. We regret these things—and kill the first oriole, woodpecker or robin that steals a few of the cherries from our trees, a strawberry from our garden. Then we once more take up the losing fight against the insect hordes.

Man has not yet bowed to the fact that Nature may be intelligently harnessed by conforming to her own laws, but not ignorantly abused by a defiance of them; that the balance throughout all Nature is too delicately adjusted to permit of any great amount of interference. Every bit of matter, no matter how insignificant it may appear on the surface, has its definite purpose in the scheme of things. Perhaps if all the insects were to disappear the vegetable kingdom—and through it, all other living things—would suffer disaster, since the carrying of pollen by insects constitutes an important agency in plant fertilization. No member of the vegetable kindom but is a prey to some varieties of insects; no insect but is preyed upon by some bird. The bird in turn is preyed upon by some other bird or beast of prey. These in turn die and fall prey to insects. Certain it is that if all the birds were to disappear the insects would claim the earth and devastate it.

Birds That Never Reduce

I have previously cited the facts that a robin will consume eleven ounces of insect food in a day; that more than 1000 insects have been found in the stomach of a Franklin's gull; more than 4000 ants in the stomach of a flicker. Various scientists have contributed like statistics regarding the feeding habits of other birds. The quail numbers the seeds of 129 species of weeds and 145 species of insects in his menu. He has been known to eat upwards of 100,000 seeds from eighteen species of weeds in one day; 84 grasshoppers at a single meal; 1350 flies at another; 568 mosquitoes in three hours, and so on. This sort of appetite is prevalent throughout the bird world.

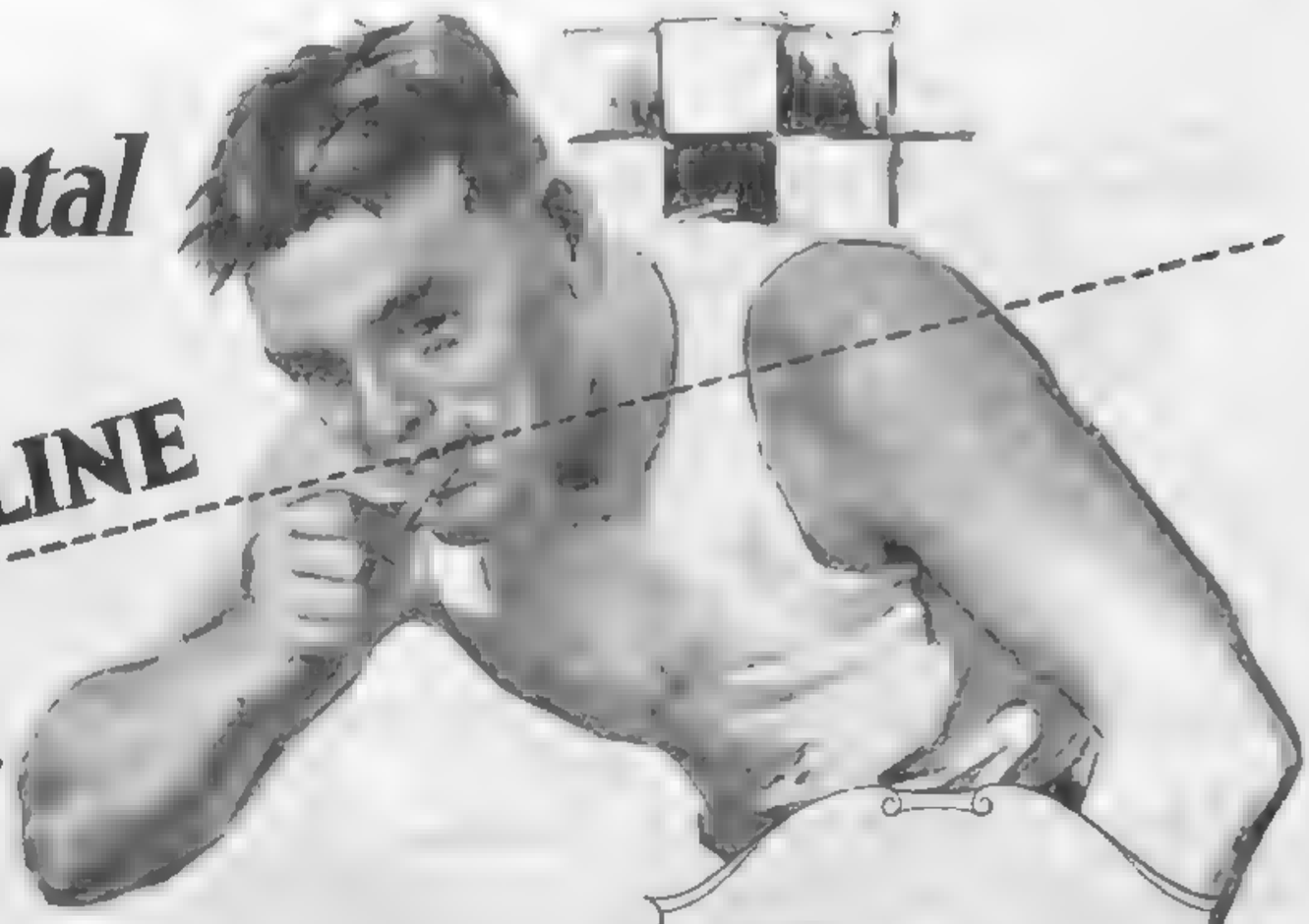
Imagine then, the vast quantity of insects destroyed in that one square mile of ground with an average of 400 to 500 birds feeding there daily throughout the year.

I watched the incessant activity of the feathered hosts and marveled. With the first streaks of dawn the robin caroled from the topmost bough of a cottonwood, the meadowlark from a fence post, then set off on the daily grind of foraging. The flickers and woodpeckers, when not engaged in prospecting for grubs in rotten wood, were busily scouting through the grass. The kingbirds seemed ever poised on some lookout point, ready to swoop down upon every incautious insect that winged past. The orioles divided their time between the alfalfa and the leafy fastnesses of the trees. Throughout the daylight hours there was no respite for the insect pests, and no spot on the section was neglected by the foraging host. Some hunted among the higher branches of the trees; some followed the plow. They rustled through the grass and growing crops, peered behind every slab of loosened bark, beneath every bit of decaying vegetation. Hawks floated over the fields in search of mice and gophers. Some birds, including the long-billed wading varieties, prospected below the surface of the earth, thrusting their bills into the moist ground; and the swallows were ever a-wing, scouring the air above for flies, gnats and such other insects as had ventured aloft.

Hour after hour the relentless hunt went on. When the sun sank in the west the daylight hunters fluted a few farewell bars and sought their roosts. Then the chimney swifts and nighthawks soared aloft, darting through the early dusk in erratic swoops and catching their prey on the wing. I tried to picture the tons and tons of insects destroyed by the birds of that section of ground in the course of a year; of the tremendous increase of bug life if all those tons of potential parents had been allowed to survive and reproduce their pestilential swarms. And I knew that the naturalists were right—that if the birds were to disappear the insect hordes would take over the earth.

Most Serious Dental Troubles Start at THE DANGER LINE

Where Acid Erosion does its deadly work!



IF you move your finger nail up and down on your teeth at the edge of the gums you will find a slight ridge or roughness there. That is THE DANGER LINE. It is where the hard, protective enamel stops —and the softer, bony structure of the tooth is exposed.

In a child's mouth the gums usually cover this line. But in nearly every adult's mouth the gums have receded until The Danger Line is exposed on every tooth.

A Little Triangular Pocket

The edge of your gums forms a little triangular pocket at The Danger Line. Food particles lodge here. They ferment, and acids are formed. These acids eat into the unprotected part of the teeth rapidly. This is called Acid-Erosion. Acid-Erosion leads to dental decay and diseases of the gums.

Decay Is Doubly Dangerous Here!

Decay at The Danger Line spreads rapidly. The gums become infected, causing disease. The poisons are carried through the roots of the teeth, forming abscesses. From abscesses and diseases of the gums the poisons are absorbed into the system, causing rheumatism, heart-disease—even brain troubles!

It is a fact, recognized by the highest dental authorities, that serious dental troubles, and many physical ailments, *start from Acid-Erosion at The Danger Line!*

You cannot have sound teeth or perfect health unless Acid-Erosion is stopped.

Milk of magnesia is the best product known to dental science to accomplish this effectively. Its use promptly and safely neutralizes all acids which may be in the mouth. And, in addition, it adheres to the rough surfaces of the teeth, and leaves a deposit in the crevices and under the gum margin, which prevents Acid-Erosion.

Now—in Your Dental Cream!

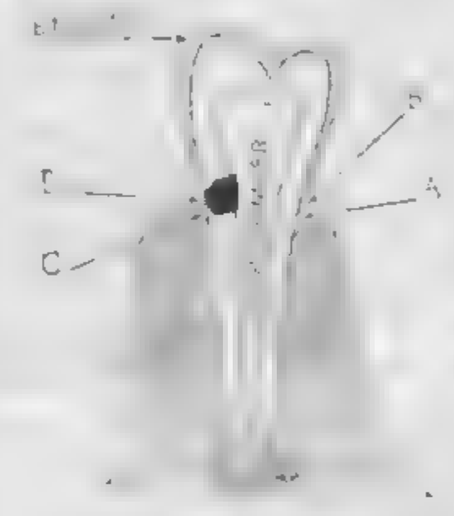
A delightful new dental cream has been produced by the Squibb Laboratories. It contains Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in concentrated form, pleasantly flavored. It brings you all of the advantages of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—*plus the pleasing flavor and the essential cleansing and polishing properties of a perfect tooth paste!*

Brings Out Beauty of Teeth

Brushing your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream positively protects them at The Danger Line—and elsewhere. It also brings out the natural beauty of your teeth. It removes stained dental mucin—giving the teeth that clear, bright polish so necessary to personal attractiveness.

No other tooth paste combines the same essential ingredients. You can enjoy their advantages only by asking your druggist for Squibb's Dental Cream—made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

Every tube carries with it the reputation of E. R. Squibb & Sons, chemists to the medical and dental professions for more than sixty years.



The Sinister Menace To Your Health!

This is an enlarged drawing of an ordinary tooth. Notice where the hard enamel stops at "A." That is The Danger Line.

The edges of the gums form a little triangular pocket at "B." Minute food particles lodge here. The gums become irritated and inflamed, and gradually recede, as shown at "C," exposing The Danger Line. The food particles which lodge in this pocket decompose and form acids which attack your teeth. This is called Acid-Erosion. It is the fore-runner of tooth decay.

When decay starts, as shown at "D," it spreads up and down from The Danger Line. The poisons are carried into the tooth. They form an abscess at the apex—"E." Many sinister dental and physical diseases result.

Use Squibb's Dental Cream to protect your teeth at The Danger Line. It helps remove food particles that lodge in the little triangular pocket. It neutralizes all acids there. The Milk of Magnesia adheres and fills up the crevices in the teeth and the triangular pocket, thus preventing Acid-Erosion.

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream to *prevent dental troubles from starting.* Visit your dentist for advice at least twice a year.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

The "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" *of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

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80 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

For Protection, Health and Fit

Wear Underwear that's Knit

THIS tennis player's costume is becoming—in the mode—admired—*chic!*

But is it *cool* in the warm weather? Is she *dry* and *comfortable*, and will her dainty Summer dress look fresh and tidy after finishing the set?

That all depends, of course, on whether she is clad correctly—with light weight KNITTED undergarments next the skin.

The light-weight KNITTED textures—sheer as a silk stocking—are *cool*, not alone because of lightness but because of ventilating air cells.

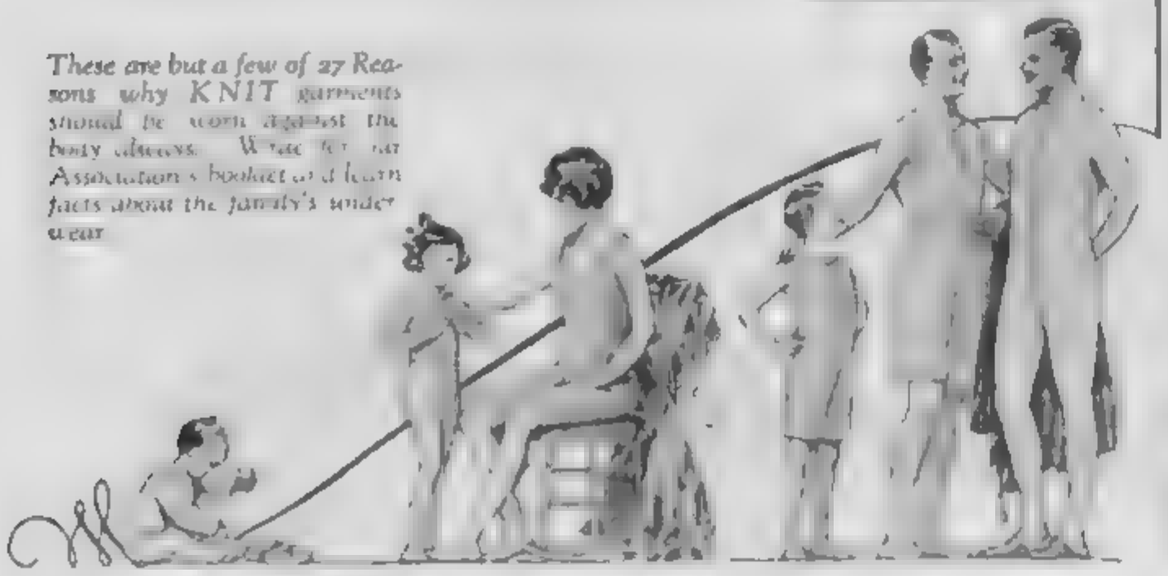
They absorb and dissipate the body moisture rapidly—keeping skin and underclothing dry and comfortable and preventing perspiration from soiling the outer garments.

They wash easily—important in the Summer—dry rapidly—need no ironing—and can be worn more frequently in consequence. They *stand* all washing and all wearing well. This durability adds common-sense *economy* to the advantages of greater comfort, health and sanitation.

Made loose or form-fitting in cotton, wool silk and mixtures in every style and every weight for every member of the family

ASSOCIATED KNIT UNDERWEAR MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA
209 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
An Association of Knit Underwear Manufacturers, representing 75 per cent of the output of Knit Underwear in the United States.

These are but a few of 27 Reasons why KNIT garments should be worn against the body always. Write for our Association's booklet and learn facts about the family's underwear



JOHN BLAKE ON TOUR

(Continued from Page 19

city of New York, taking everything he wanted by assault, even to a seat, in and out of season, on the workbench in Crabbe's lugubrious shop. Banish these things from mind, fix your eyes on an extremely compact shock-headed Miad of thirteen winters, and perceive the two feet of Crabbe's philosophy set solidly on the rocks of tolerance and respect for the independence of the single soul. Set aside, I say, the confounding attribute of human affection—if you can.

Be that as it may, in all his bemoanings the old man never for a moment quarreled with the motive that had led Miad to filch certain priceless pearls from too close proximity to the snout of Mr. Levis and restore them in exchange for a fair but insignificant reward to their rightful owner. Far from it. The motive, *per se*, filled him with an inordinate pride. All he kicked about was the sudden necessity for arduous and continual labor in barter for small pay. As a result of Mr. Crabbe's acrid remarks on this subject, redolent with the tradition of the curse on the Garden of Eden, Miad pitched whole-heartedly into work as soon as word had filtered through to the outposts of the shop's tainted patronage that Crabbe was under threat of the law through the pertinacious animosity of a certain Mr. Levis.

Mr. Crabbe's prediction as to the fate of any truant officer who might try to catch Miad failed of fulfillment only because the various monitors of school attendance assigned to the duty preferred to give up the quest rather than swallow themselves and exude through their own feet. The system employed was very simple. Miad was given a workbench in the light of the cellar window that overlooked the perpetuated remains of his father, John Blake. Whenever an officer appeared in the shop above, Mr. Crabbe would look around nervously and drop whatever tool he happened to be working with. At the signal Miad would withdraw into the masked tunnel which had an exit into Hague Street and await developments.

Two diversions served to alleviate the tedium of his life at this time, once the truant officers slackened in their sterile efforts to seize his person: The first was the frequent snooping visits of the porcine Mr. Levis; the other the rare presence of his little playmate and ally, Cornelia Van Suttart. Toward the former Miad was wont to employ a regrettable gesture composed of a thumb and four fingers applied to the nose. Toward Cornelia he evinced a preliminary glow of welcome, followed closely by truculent orders to help him with this and that. To see her obey, abet and aid him was to perceive the working sources of adoring abnegation.

Miad did not love Cornelia, nor did Cornelia love Miad, in any sloppy sense of the word. What they loved, without question and without knowing why, was to be together. There was something breath-taking in the short-skirted swirl of her arrivals. Crabbe's shop, its cellar and, above all, Miad himself seemed charged with a subtle magnetism for her. Whence she came they did not know, beyond the fact that it was out of a somber house in East Broadway, but they did know that she came with a rush of small wings, as of a bird alighting, and went away with lagging step and backward glance.

So expressive were all her ways that, without a single spoken word on the subject, Miad grew into a consciousness of the damp emptiness of Cornelia's stately home, of the hollowness to her of school since he was gone, and of her quiet radiating joy in being by his side surrounded by the grim mysteries of Cobbled Court. It was good to have her there, to order her about, to pause in his work, stare spellbound into the shadows and whisper hoarsely "Murders, Corny. Not many. Eighteen or twenty."

Her head would quirk like the head of a bird listening. Her hidden eyes would open wide, deep, profoundly lucent. The pallor of her cheeks would flush with the faint tint of a living petal; and then Miad, taking mean advantage of her abstraction, would steal his hand around behind her back, seize one of her glossy braids and pull it. Shuddering quiver of her body. Caught, gasping breath, and then a gulp, a low cry:

"Miad! Oh! Oh! Miad!"

"Gee! Corny, how you jumped!"

It should not be overlooked that John Blake, preserved, was present in person at all the rare meetings between Miad and Cornelia. The words "in person" mean just that; they are not used figuratively. Something of the essence of the erstwhile porter had not flown with death. It had remained, bound to the things of this earth by the outright love of the boy he had left behind. He was not only present, he was real—a complacent, serene and beloved companion.

On the occasion of Cornelia's visits, the daily dusting off of the waxlike mummy became a ceremony in which she was now allowed to share. The labor of love accomplished, the two children would stand side by side and gaze upon the peaceful, lifelike face with such an expression of simple affection in their faces as only the very young of heart can bestow upon their dearest treasure. On such a trance of childlike adoration, easy to read, a sudden shadow fell one day. Cornelia was the first to look up at the window and gasp with an instant premonition of evil. Miad's eyes followed hers and recognized at once the sinister silhouette of his enemy, the piglike Mr. Levis.

"That's nothing," he said as he returned hastily to his workbench. "Only Mr. Levis." But in spite of the reassuring words he felt a sinking of the heart. Instinctively he was sorry that Mr. Levis had caught him in the act of looking at his father. He shook out the duster he had lately used and, climbing on a trestle, draped the cloth over the window. "I guess I worked enough today," he muttered to Cornelia.

On the following morning, just as Miad was about to descend to the cellar, Mr. Levis appeared at the shop. There was a sort of armed neutrality between the jewel smuggler and Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Levis' thick skin balanced exactly the astuteness of old man Crabbe, and each knew the intimate history of the other so thoroughly that any move made by either necessarily would have to start from scratch. Without ever having had the fact explicitly stated, Miad was aware that Crabbe despised Mr. Levis as fervently as Mr. Levis detested Mr. Crabbe, and that this mutual disregard acted like a malignant magnet between them. Consequently he was more interested than surprised when a series of remarks and moves led the two men by gradations to the point of descending to the cellar.

Miad, ignored, stood aside to let them pass, his brain active in an attempt to link Levis' visit with the occurrence of the preceding afternoon. What was Pig Eyes after? Had the duster draped over the window aroused his ferreting curiosity? Did he wish to make sure that the body of John Blake was still in place? If so, why? This reverie passed in a second and ended with an illuminating flash totally disconnected with the matter in mind. His eyes had suddenly dilated to a stare of horror as they caught a mere glimpse of a small object in Crabbe's right hand.

For his own convenience in the art of taxidermy Mr. Crabbe had invented an instrument that was a cross between a bradawl and a skewer. It had a strong stocky handle and a long blade of rigid steel. At his workbench it looked as commonplace and innocent as a draftsman's lead pencil, but held like a weapon of offense, as he was holding it now, it appeared totally strange and sinister to Miad's fascinated stare. He knew Mr. Crabbe to be a creature of habit, and it was his invariable habit to lay down whatever tools he was working with when he left his bench.

The old man descended the last few steps with silent and uncanny alacrity. Only the hard lump that sprang into Miad's throat prevented him from letting out a yell of warning. Something had told him, as loudly as though it had been shouted, that the long-bladed bradawl, vibrating in Mr. Crabbe's grip, was about to connect with Mr. Levis' oily person. Unable to cry out, he slithered down the stairs and arrived just as Mr. Levis, after a swift survey of the cellar, turned to face Mr. Crabbe, who stood with his hands at his back and slightly bent, as if he were slouching.

Miad was not deceived by the stooping posture. He knew that in reality his aged partner was as taut as a bow string. Perceiving that by chance the long blade of the awl was thrust through one of the loops of the bow knot of the thong which, acting as a belt, held up Mr. Crabbe's

(Continued on Page 60)

MOST unusual and distinguished is this LANCASTER Living Room Group in which seating furniture of a modified Jacobean type has been happily combined with tables of Italian derivation. The construction is solid walnut in Florentine finish, high lighted in antique effect, with a heavy tapestry covering the settee, bench and upholstered chair. Although forming a delightful harmony when assembled in a single room, any of the pieces might be omitted still leaving a complete effect. Nine pieces nationally * priced at $429.50

Settee, with two sunburst pillows, upholstered chair and bench	*$248.00
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Occasional table	*$13.50
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Cane seat side chair	*$31.50
Cane seat armchair	*$42.00

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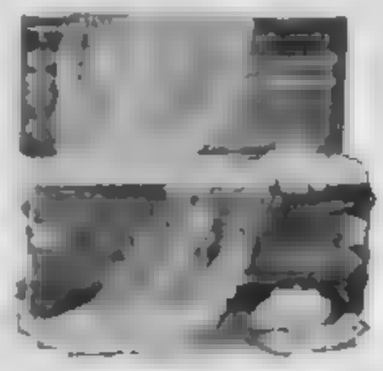

*Whether for linens and laces or woolens and furs, The CUMINGTRU Cedar Chest is an indispensable convenience to bride or matron. Of solid aromatic red moroccan cedar with rust-resisting copper trimmings, as shown in several sizes beginning at *$15.00.*

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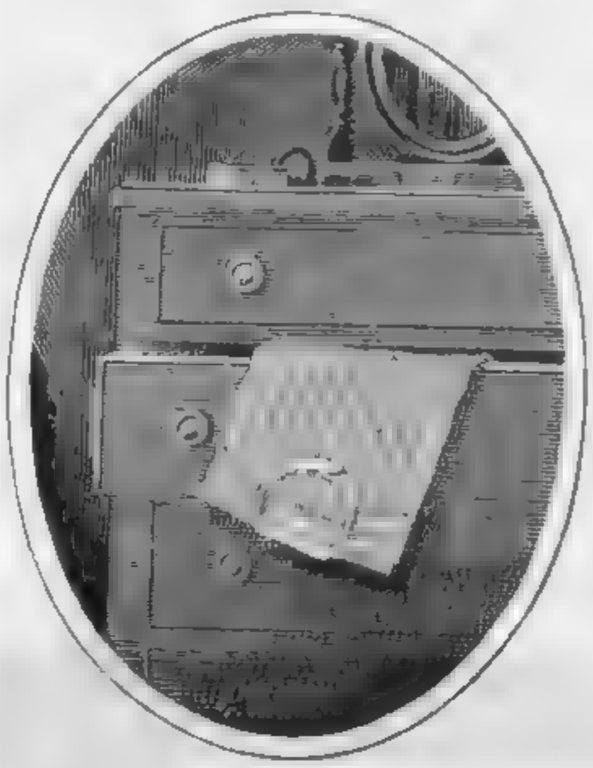

A neckband of comfort

Shirt satisfaction is based on something more than style and fit and fine materials. Wilson Bro's recognize this fact. That's why they look to the little things as well; to the neckband, for example. It is cut from a special webbing and pre-shrunk. That makes it firm without starching, and insures a comfortable fit even after the fiftieth tubbing

Wilson Bro's

Shirts tailored to fit by Wilson Bro's reflect an intimate knowledge of what discriminating men are wearing in Paris, London and New York, and are distinguished, as well, by a craftsmanship that has been the [illegible] things for almost sixty years. Wilson Bro's shirts have the Special (reversible) Cuff—with an even crease and a smooth fold.

Wilson Bro's, Chicago

(Continued from Page 58)

apron, he reached out, caught the end of the strip of leather and gave it a violent pull. The noose closed, imprisoning the skewerlike blade. Mr. Crabbe emitted a grunt of fury and tugged spasmodically. In vain. The thong was not only strong; it gripped like glue. Mr. Levis smiled. When he smiled his overfull lips drew back until they showed a gleam of sharp white teeth. He took from one of his pockets a sheaf of stamped postal cards, arranged them fanwise and held them out toward Mr. Crabbe.

"Take one, you old pinhead," he snarled. "Any one of the lot. It's like what I mail to myself every time I come here."

Mr. Crabbe seemed to shrivel and turn limp, becoming at once his usual self, the familiar old man with steel-rimmed glasses pushed high into his disheveled hair, whom Miad loved without ever saying so and, for the matter of that, without knowing it. Relinquishing the handle of the imprisoned awl, he reached out his right hand and took one of the cards. Upon perceiving that both the old man's hands were empty of any weapon, a look of surprise and doubt filled Mr. Levis' piglike eyes, but he made no comment. He pushed by Crabbe to the stairs, passed Miad, and departed. The two partners, man and boy, followed him presently with slow steps and pensive mien.

"Now, what was he after?" asked Miad of no one in particular.

"Why didn't you keep your hands offen me?" growled the old man testily.

"Read that card, and I guess we'll know why," replied Miad.

Mr. Crabbe pulled down his glasses and spelled out the following: "'Note postmark. This day I went to Crabbe's shop in Cobbled Court. It has two cellars.'"

"Don't that mean nothing to you, you old pigsticker?" asked Miad hotly, just beginning to realize the narrowness of the escape.

"Mean anything!" snapped Mr. Crabbe, unwilling to admit that Miad's timely interference had saved two men from sudden death, one by a swift thrust to the medulla oblongata and the other by hanging. "Mean anything? Of course it means something. It means that pig of a Levis has been telling himself in the open mails about our two cellars. That's what it means."

"It means something else, too," said Miad, frowning. "I don't know just what, but it means something else."

He was right. That very afternoon, while he was industriously at work in the cellar, there came to him from above the dull thud of a falling tool. So many weeks had passed since last he had heard the signal that for a moment he doubted his ears; nevertheless, he decided to obey it. He laid aside his work and slipped just within the masked entrance of the underground passage to Hague Street. Presently he heard Crabbe's voice coming down the open stairway, querulous, unwontedly loud.

"Sure, I got the certificate. Everything's regular, I tell you. Nothing you can't see. Nothing. Only awaiting burial." Before each phrase, a pause; in each pause the indistinct rumble of an unheard question. Thus: Rumble, and then, "Sure, I got the certificate." Rumble. "Everything's regular, I tell you." Rumble. "Nothing you can't see."

Again a lump rose into Miad's throat, a different kind of lump. Footsteps. They were coming down. First Mr. Crabbe came into the line of vision, and then an officious stranger. Not a truant officer, not a blue-coated cop, but patently officious, for all that.

"Is it this here, now?" asked the stranger with awe in his voice for the lifelike gleam that darted at him from beneath John Blake's half-fallen eyelids. He leaned over, raised a tag, grimy and discolored with age, and read the faded inscription, "Awaiting burial." Then he glanced at the certificate Mr. Crabbe had handed him and read the date, "Mch. 15, 1876." The stranger leaped back.

"Holy mackerel! Seven years! Of all the cheek! Seven mortal years awaiting burial! You know the law, Mr. Crabbe. I reckon you'll hear more of this, but in the meantime I give you two days to show up at the Board of Health with a proper certificate of interment. Failing that, we'll give him a pauper's funeral come Wednesday. That's all I got to say, Mr. Crabbe, but it seems to me you're due for a fat fine when I report the facts."

He departed. Crabbe stood pinching his underlip and staring lugubriously at his too perfect handiwork in the art of embalming. There had been a time when he considered John Blake as an asset, his own individual property; but that day had long passed. It was years since he had accepted unconsciously and without a mental reservation Miad's assumption of undisputed proprietorship. Miad crept forth from hiding, white of cheek and of lip.

"They can't do it, can they, Crabbe? They can't take my father?"

"It's that pig-eyed Levis," replied the old man with well-meant indirectness. "They got the law on us, son." He threw up his head and tipped it to one side in a grotesque effort to appear casual. "What you say," he continued, as one who gives utterance to a brain wave, "we give your dad a fine, third-class funeral? Everything regular, with an honest-to-God hearse, two carriages and a tombstone?"

"Bury John Blake!" cried Miad, aghast. "Crabbe, you must be crazy."

"Crazy, is it?" snapped the old man. "I suppose perhaps you're going to take a cab, call on your lawyer, and draw up an injunction against the Board of Health!"

"Is that what I got to do?" asked Miad gravely, and started on a run for the stairs.

"Miad!" called old Crabbe loudly. "Miad, I was joking of you!" But Miad was gone.

The only lawyer Miad had ever heard of was the father of Harold Grimble, the schoolmate whom he had thrashed years ago for trying to kiss Cornelia by force. Within an hour he had discovered and burst into the privacy of Mr. Grimble's office. Within the next thirty minutes Mr. Grimble passed through the emotions of consternation, anger, interest, amusement, more consternation, awe and respect. The youngster before him, blue-eyed, shock-headed, sturdy but small for his thirteen and a half years, desired the preposterous, knew exactly how he wanted it, and in the end got it. The last straw was the production of a bank pass book from his tattered pocket, accompanied by the announcement that he had three thousand dollars for the defense of John Blake.

Skip the tedious details. Assume the injunction against summary burial. Picture Miad Blake in a court of law at a hearing to show cause why the act of enjoinment should not be terminated. A hot day. Moist, murmuring voices, stating cold facts coldly. A fly bothering his honor, the judge. A small hum of interest aroused by evidence as to the extraordinary permanence of John Blake. The said hum entirely drowned out as far as the judge was concerned by the buzzing of the fly. The judge's summary, cut and dried, wrapped in all the verbal mummy cloths of the law, totally unintelligible to Miad and to all others present, but instantly divined by counsel through watching the left corner of the judge's clean-shaven mouth. A faint stir of conclusion. Mr. Grimble turns to Miad.

"Sorry, my boy."

Miad, clutching the back of the bench in front of him and wagging his round head from side to side as if striving to come up from the bottom of the judge's sea of words into the light. "Sorry? What do you mean?" People stretching; the district attorney representing the Board of Health gathering his papers preparatory to departure. Miad, almost whimperingly to his counsel, Mr. Grimble, "Say, what do you mean? You tell me quick what he said."

"He said you would have to bury your father. In plain English, he confirmed the action of the Board of Health."

Miad, leaping to his feet and addressing the astonished bench: "Say, you, where you been? Ain't you heard nothing? You can't take John Blake, because he's mine, see? Nobody can take something what belongs to somebody else and if you should come around and look at him and let him look at you just once you would see goldurned quick that you can't bury John Blake. It—it wouldn't be right. And anyway, he's mine, see? He's my father."

At first the judge's broad face reddened ominously, but as he perceived the exceedingly small size and genuine fervor of his assailant, a Jovian calm settled on the magisterial brow, even though no gleam of intelligence lighted up the magisterial eye. In an unctuously benevolent voice: "Young man, none should be lacking in respect for the quality of filial affection

(Continued on Page 62)

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For every architectural and household purpose

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The immaculate and enduring white enamel

(Continued from Page 60)

which gave rise to your outburst, even when expressed in terms that show little appreciation of the dignity of the court. Apparent clashes between sentiment and justice are inevitable to the immature mind. It is evident that by some treatment of the object of injunction the normal process of decay has been temporarily arrested. That fact, however, is irrelevant, if not distinctly dangerous in general application. The court has no intention and no inclination to add one more to a long list of questionable precedents. The point of law, strangely enough, is one to which you have given stress—namely, possession. It is an ancient and established principle of both spiritual and temporal procedure that, once the essence of the personality has flown, possession of the body automatically ceases, whether such possession be considered in its actual or testamentary capacity."

"Say," interrupted Miad at this point, "are you talking to me?"

"I am," stated the judge. In spite of himself a glint in his eye answered the twin glint in Miad's, which was plainly asking for a fight and no favor. "I am trying to convey to you that while you live, your body is your own to develop, mutilate or destroy within certain bounds; but with death, your tenancy and possession cease simultaneously. Even had your father willed his remains in due form ——"

"Aw, cut it out!" interrupted Miad again. "Talk to me straight. Do I keep John Blake or don't I?"

"No; you do not!" roared the judge, turning purple. "Clear the court!"

No one had to clear Miad from the premises. He dodged, he butted, he crawled and scampered.

By reason of his small size and great activity he was the first out from the building, and ten minutes later was in fervid consultation with Mike, friend and mucker-out of the Maclintock stables. The rawboned stable hand was all too ready for any act of allegiance to the shock-headed, blue-eyed terror who gave life to the lawless independence of Cobbled Court. He could not have put the feeling in words, but deep within him he knew that Miad was more than Miad. He was the incorporated spirit of revolt and indomitable grit, the kid who never turned his back on a fight. Nevertheless Mike was troubled.

"And after that, Miad?" he asked. "What about after that?"

"Never you mind after that," declared Miad stoutly, dismissing by an effort a flicker of doubt from his own eyes. "Let's get started."

The only horse in the stables was a fat pensioned dobbin; the only rig a dilapidated two-seated surrey with the top gone. Why struggle through the long underground passage that linked the cellar of Crabbe's shop with a house in Hague Street—that very house beneath which Miad as a baby of three had stood within his mother's encircling arms, seen her turn white—whiter than white—and heard her call "Run, darling, run!" with frenzied panic in her voice.

Miad, absorbed in trundling your father's body, wake up! Think, Miad. What happened on that day of long ago? Two men peering down from the street through a rough hole, and your mother staring up at them, aghast, petrified with something above and beyond terror. You, scampering at your mother's command. And then—behind you—mist of descending sand. Trickle of pebbles. Rumble and thunder of caving rocks. Miad, did you never hear of the great Van Suttart mystery? Skinflint Van Suttart; William, his son; and Mary, William's wife—all wiped from the face of the earth as a wind that is passed? Look up the date, Miad.

But Miad was too intent upon the task in hand to gather up the threads of a mystery that centered in his small person alone out of all the millions in the city, and of which he had never so much as heard. From the age of three he had been a reservoir of such knowledge as would have flooded the front pages of all the press; but he did not know it. He might easily never know it. Here, in the cellar, gathered closely together for the first time by the measure of actual space, were five people whom fate in life had cruelly lashed to one another with underground feeler and taproot: Miad, himself; William Van Suttart; William's father; William's wife, who was also Miad Blake's mother; and, last, yet greatest of them all, John Blake, sometime porter, starting out on a pilgrimage away from the grave.

Through immemorial habit we like to associate pomp and circumstance with the moving of the dead. Here was no pomp or circumstance, yet I venture to assert that never in the history of human devotion was the husk of one beloved in life and treasured in death handled more reverently or with deeper consecration than John Blake. A hard job for a stable hand, however brawny, aided only by an undersized boy of thirteen. But don't forget that the boy was Miad. Laborious—yes. But let's skip all that.

Here we are, back at paragraph one, back in Hague Street, back at the door that opened outward, back to Mike, smelling strongly of the stables, tugging, and Miad, pushing, even while the agent of the Board of Health, stationed at the entrance to the shop in Cobbled Court, stuffed his pipe preparatory to another long, untroubled smoke.

In due course the box was placed in the surrey, facing forward, foot down, sharply tilted against the back seat and loosely draped with the checkered, red-and-white tablecloth. Miad climbed to the driver's place, took up the lines and stared before him, down the short length of Hague toward the rumble and crash of Pearl Street and the wide world. For a moment his small shoulders seemed to slump. He turned his head for a last word with the stable hand.

"If I don't come back, Mike, tell old Maclintock you sold the horse and rig to a ragman for a hundred dollars and keep the other fifty for yourself like I told you. If he gets awful mad I guess you'll just have to give him the fifty, too, like you was doing it out of your own wages. Tell him the ragman was in an awful hurry."

"Sure, Miad," grunted the stable hand, filled for some inexplicable reason with a blind rage that watered at the eyes. "Sure, that's all right, Miad. Don't you be worrying about me. But where you going? That's what I want to know. Where you going to take your dad to, Miad?"

"I don't know," said Miad. Then his shoulders suddenly braced, he slapped the fat dobbin's back with the reins and called back over his shoulder "But I'm going!"

At the time all this happened—namely, in the month of May, 1883—the Bowery was a far more colorful street than it is today. Gone are the secondhand clothing barkers who used to seize violently upon hayseeds as their natural prey. Gone are the docile hayseeds and their carpetbags. Gone are the pistols, which shone to boyish eyes with an effulgence that dimmed the pawned jewels amid which they nested. Gone the tradition that if you were the first customer to enter a pawnshop on a Monday morning the weeping broker would part with anything you coveted at next to nothing in cash rather than see you depart without making a purchase. Gone, too, the vivid stain of a string of dime museums, most astounding of all the fads and fancies of a pseudo-Victorian epoch.

"Step in! Step in! A dime does it. See the only one-eyed giant. Feel the fifth leg of a live calf. Hear the wild man of Borneo roar and the dog-faced boy howl. All for ten cents or a dime. The only speaking skeleton and the fattest woman in the world, side by side. Study the wonders of Nature. Witness the ravages of disease, done to the life in wax. Pull the bearded woman's whiskers. All for a dime. Step in for a dime."

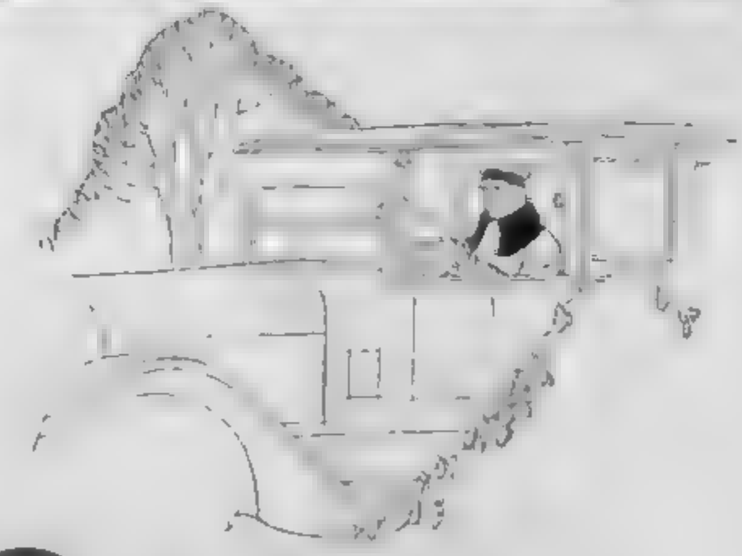
Even so and notwithstanding, the spectacle of a very small boy driving an ancient surrey, staring straight ahead, slapping spasmodically the broad back of a very fat horse and apparently totally unaware of the grotesque appearance of the box that loomed perilously against the inadequate back seat, was enough to make even the street which had winked knowingly during half a century at the pranks of P. T. Barnum and his great American Museum over on Broadway, take a long, long look and suddenly gasp furiously for air. Betrayal! Stab in the back! Oh, treachery of the elements! Look around, Miad! See what the vagrant breeze has done to the fluttering, checkered, red-and-white shroud!

Beholding the gaping, stricken, wide-eyed faces of the passers-by, Miad had no need to look around to see what they saw. These people were staring at John Blake himself, and John Blake undoubtedly was calmly staring back. Poor Miad! How his

(Continued on Page 65)

Yesterday

When Abraham led his followers across the Egyptian desert on camels given them by Pharaoh, they journeyed in the most royal style and comfort of that age. How passing centuries have changed standards! Modern ideas of traveling in luxury, in utmost ease and comfort, find greatest expression—



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For Every Family Budget—

a suitable washday service

A CURRENT WRITER upon subjects of interest to women says: "Housewives promise before long to excel even the business man in the efficiency of their budgeting—so much for food and clothing; so much for education; so much for recreation; so much for other items."

As one of those women who carefully plan for the disbursement of household funds, you will be especially interested in the new family services now offered by the laundry industry.

No matter how much, or how little, you allow for washday help, you will find among these services one that will fit most economically into your budget plans.

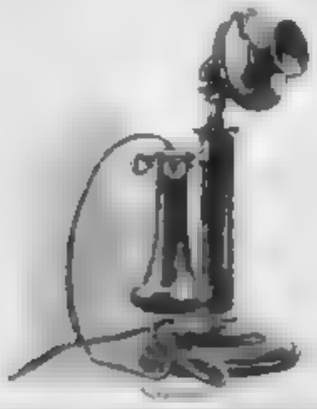
You can have all or any portion of your washday work taken off your hands. You can have the washing done, ready for drying and ironing at home; you can have it returned dry, with the flat work ironed; or you can have everything carefully washed and beautifully ironed—the daintiest service imaginable—complete in every detail. Moreover, you will be freed of all the wearisome work and enervating worry of washday at home, and the cost will be no more than that of your present method—*probably less.*

Some of these services which the laundry is now able to offer are new. The names of a few are Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-service, and Wet Wash (described below). Many laundries also give other services, equally suitable—all representing distinct improvements over washday methods of the past, and with prices so graduated as to afford you the widest possible choice.

Certainly, if you are interested in saving money, and in saving yourself, you should know more of these services.

Call any one of the modern laundry-owners in your city and have him tell you. Have him send for a trial bundle. You will discover just the help you've been seeking, at a price that will be well within your budget.

Try it with your next washing!



Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced family service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries however starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

(Continued from Page 62)

blood turned to ice in spite of the hot May sun! How he gulped at the biggest lump his throat had ever known! Alas! All was lost and he was beaten!

Unslapped, the fat horse came to a stop. A large round man was standing in the doorway of one of the many dime museums. He also stared, but with a difference. He darted with amazing deftness through the gathering crowd on the sidewalk and approached the gruesome yet pitiful cortège.

"Hello, Miad. What you got? Where you going?"

Miad came up slowly from the profundities of his despair. "Hello, Mr. Eckstrom," he murmured in a weak voice. Then suddenly, his eyes blazing with hope, "Say, Dutchy, I got one of the most wonderful works of Nature and old man Crabbe that you ever seen."

Three minutes later the crowd, laughing sheepishly at itself for being fooled, was rapidly dispersing while Mr. Eckstrom accepted the consignment of John Blake, deceased, neatly packed into a genuine mummy case, and called loudly to his barker for aid in removing the treasure to his museum. Miad had known better than to lie. He had gulped out the whole truth, won the showman as a stalwart ally against the law, and actually arranged to pay for lodging for his father. John Blake was to be placed inconspicuously and never to be barked among the attractions.

That matter attended to, Miad drove back disconsolately to Cobbled Court by a roundabout way, delivered horse and rig, received in return the money he had left with the stable hand, ignored the gnawing curiosity in Mike's questioning eyes, trampled viciously on the extended foot of the loafing agent of the Board of Health, and dodged past Crabbe's shop, up into the fastness of his own room. His father was gone. He, Miad, was alone!

"Gol-dast that rapscallion!" groaned the agent.

"Him!" grunted Mike without sympathy. "Why, he ain't no rapscallion. He's a wonder; that's what he is. You don't rightly know what a wonder that lad is. Perhaps you'll never find out; and then again, perhaps you will."

When the agent did begin to find out, which occurred at the moment when he lugged a straw mattress down to the cellar preparatory to making himself comfortable for the night, bedlam broke loose in Cobbled Court. Discovery of the abduction of John Blake and the arrest of Miad were practically simultaneous, since Miad had no chance to flee from his room, even had he wished. Mr. Crabbe was also taken into custody, but was as promptly released from the police station when he proved an alibi out of the mouth of the agent himself, who declared he had been in constant touch and conversation with the old man.

On the next morning Miad was haled before the selfsame judge with whom he had joined battle on the previous day. If he had looked as forlorn as his small size, broken-crowned hat and tattered clothes warranted, it is possible that the court would have laid aside its pomposity, gained a great deal of amusement and, in the end, made a friend for life. But Miad himself did not look forlorn. Far from it. There was such a gleam in his eye as transcends the barrier of age and affirms that, whether all men are created equal or not, their battling souls certainly are, and that from the day of birth.

With set lips the judge heard what should have been a diverting case. On the face of it, it appeared that the mummy of a full-grown man had been spirited from under the nose of the agent on guard by a boy thirteen and a half years old and four feet four inches tall. That was a palpable impossibility. It was highly probable, however, that with the aid of others the said boy had staged the vanishing act and could disclose the details. What could be simpler and easier than to put him on the stand and clear up at once the annoying mystery? Alas! In all the assembly of important grown-up people present there was not one with sense enough to call out "Low bridge, judge!" or "Stop, look and listen!" or "Beware of the dog!" or even "Cheese it, your honor!"

"Swear the prisoner."

"Prisoner?" asked Miad meekly. "What for? I ain't done nothing."

For a moment there was silence in the court room while the judge stared fixedly at Miad and Miad stared even more fixedly at the judge. Then: "Swear the prisoner!"

Miad took his place in the dock and duly kissed the Book.

"Boy," said the judge in his most ponderous and impressive manner, "you are accused of conniving at the abduction of the mortal remains of one John Blake, said to have been your father. I charge you, by the solemn oath which you have just taken, to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about this scandalous affair, undertaken in open contempt of the order of the court. Proceed."

"I don't know what you're talking about," declared Miad. "Nobody I ever seen talks like you do."

Titters. Rattle of the gavel. Order restored. The judge leans far forward toward the prisoner.

"Tell exactly how you stole the body of John Blake, who helped you, and what you did with it. You can understand that, can't you?"

"Two thousand years," murmured Miad. Then his wide-open eyes turned glassy and his lips set tightly in a straight line.

"What?" cried the judge. "What did you say? Repeat that."

The clerk, reading, "He said, 'Two thousand years,' your honor."

"Two thousand years? What do you mean? What does he mean by that? Speak up, boy! What do you mean? Come on, now! What do you mean?"

At the moment the judge first asked that question the hands of the big clock on the wall pointed to half past ten; when he asked it for the last time they had crawled around to half past twelve. It is impossible to depict in words what happened to the men present, particularly to the judge, in the two hours of elapsed time. In the face of Miad's cool immobility they turned hot, sweated, grew old, forgot that they were clerk, constable, magistrate or spectator, turned desperate; in short, allied themselves in a blood pact, subconsciously aware that the whole fabric of the complacent self-respect of the grown-up people of the world was in peril before the obduracy of a child. An irresistible tradition had met the immovable and was gasping for its life.

How picture the judge? How describe his ascent from routine dignity to Jovian wrath? How cram the crash of his thunder into one short paragraph—his sonorous maledictions, reverberations of the awfulness of the outraged law and threats of sentence for contempt of court? Wind. Nothing but wind. Hot air! But where words really and truly fail is in the sad task of depicting his trip, tumble and rumble down the steep stairs of Olympus, past the level of everyday propriety, and down, down into the cellar, nay, the very ash can of human deportment. Red-eyed. Blue-nosed with rage of the fishwife brand. Clothes and hair in disorder. Fist pounding. And, oh! the naughty word, asked of the world at large: "What in hell did he mean?"

At this point Miad broke his long silence for the first time, and that only in a manner of speaking. He addressed the crowd unofficially in the following aside: "Don't he look funny?"

A vast composite gasp. The immovable has yielded: not to the judge, but to the crowd! Silence has opened its mouth, spoken to the masses and crowned them above pompous authority. Swift whirl of the wheel of allegiance. Another gasp; and then ripple, rumble and roar of laughter. The crowd, all of it, is uproariously for Miad. Furious pounding of the gavel. "Order! Order! Clear the court! Constable—agent—take him away! Get the truth out of him, do you hear me? Get the truth if you have to wring his stubborn little neck. Take him away! Clear the court!"

Could any scene be funnier than the highly illegal trial of Miad Blake, culminating in his removal between a huge policeman on one side and the rapidly aging representative of the Board of Health of the city of New York on the other? Behold him! Four feet four, sturdy as they make them in that size, eyes staring calmly from a petrified face, marching along with his small grimy hands held within the paws of two large and exceedingly foolish-looking men.

Yes; one thing could be funnier. At five o'clock of that same day, Mike, the stable hand, entered the shop in Cobbled Court and addressed old man Crabbe in the following manner:

"Say, Crabbe, you had ought to take a walk around to Headquarters and buy your way in with a five-dollar bill. They got Miad sitting on the desk just like he used to sit on this here bench. I never seen him look so small, not even then. They's six cops, two sergeants and the captain, all with their coats off. Them as has quit sweating is oozing blood from the mouth and ears. They sure need sympathy and aid."

"What they trying to do with him?" asked Mr. Crabbe, laying down his tools and pushing his steel-rimmed glasses high on his forehead.

"They're trying to make him tell what he done with his dad."

"Trying to make Miad tell!"

Then the funnier thing happened. Mr. Crabbe's rawhide length began to twist from the feet up like a revolving corkscrew. His knees rapped against each other with a bony sound. His small stomach went in and out like a bellows in action. His narrow chest performed the same convulsion, but with a slightly different beat, thus suggesting syncopated time. His lips and eyes worked in and out, giving to his wrinkled face the horrible expression of a dying dogfish. A spluttering sound issued from his mouth.

"Say, what are you doing of?" demanded the stable hand, aghast

"I'm laughing," choked Mr. Crabbe. "Laughing of myself to death!"

Miad passed the night in solitary confinement, and on the following day, without reappearing in court, was testily sentenced to the mercies of the Cherry Society. Hand in hand with Terry Dugan, the patrolman of his district, he started out for the dreaded refuge of the orphaned young. At the risk of bringing a blush of shame to the composite face of the entire police force of New York, let it be recorded as a matter of history that Officer Terence Dugan wore a squashy cap with a visor; a wrinkled belted coat of blue, and a complete circle of eyebrows, sideburns and whiskers, out of which peered his hairless eyes, nose and mouth. On his hip he carried a blackjack and inside his breast a heart.

As he walked along, holding Miad firmly by the hand, he was plunged in a sad reverie. He was wondering what his beat would be like, once the flash of Miad's eyes, legs and wit were gone from the environs of Cobbled Court, and once Pearl, Frankfort, Vandewater and New Chambers streets should no longer be a quivering center of electrical disturbance echoing to the cry of "Hey! Terry! Come out from behind them bushes." And then, in tones of assumed terror, "Hi! fellers! Cheese it! Cheese it, the cop!"

Breaking into the reverie came Miad's voice, startlingly meek: "Say, Terry, what is this here Cherry Saciety?"

"Awful, Miad. Most as awful as a hospital."

Miad sighed. As they were entering the juncture of Pearl with the New Bowery a fine team of truck horses hitched to an empty dray came jangling up Vandewater at a full trot, making a terrible clatter. Miad screwed his head around as the rattle approached. Nearer and nearer it came. Suddenly his eyes lighted to a belligerent gleam. When the noise was at its loudest he yelled at the top of his voice, "Runaway, Terry!"

In one swift heroic movement Officer Terence Dugan let go his prisoner, hurled himself at the bridles of the astonished, well-mannered horses and forced them back on their haunches. The patter of Miad's feet as he scampered down Vandewater Street was completely drowned out by the torrent of vituperation that poured from the infuriated teamster's mouth, only to die with a gurgling gulp as Terry explained to him that if his team had not been running away then he, Terence Dugan, would be hard put to it to explain the escape of his prisoner, Miad Blake.

"Miad! You was arresting of Miad, Terry?" asked the truckman, grinning broadly with comprehension. "Well, climb aboard and I'll drive you around to the police station and tell 'em about you being a hero."

Needless to say, Miad asked no further start on the arm of the law than to reach the entrance to Macintock's warehouse in Vandewater Street. He passed through to Cobbled Court and went into definite retirement. No one was going to trap him in his room again. He slept in the stables, in the rubbish heaps of the alley or near the door in the Hague Street house, and by day worked in the cellars. For some time minions of the court and of the Board of Health troubled his haunts in half-hearted fashion, but finally Mike passed along word to him

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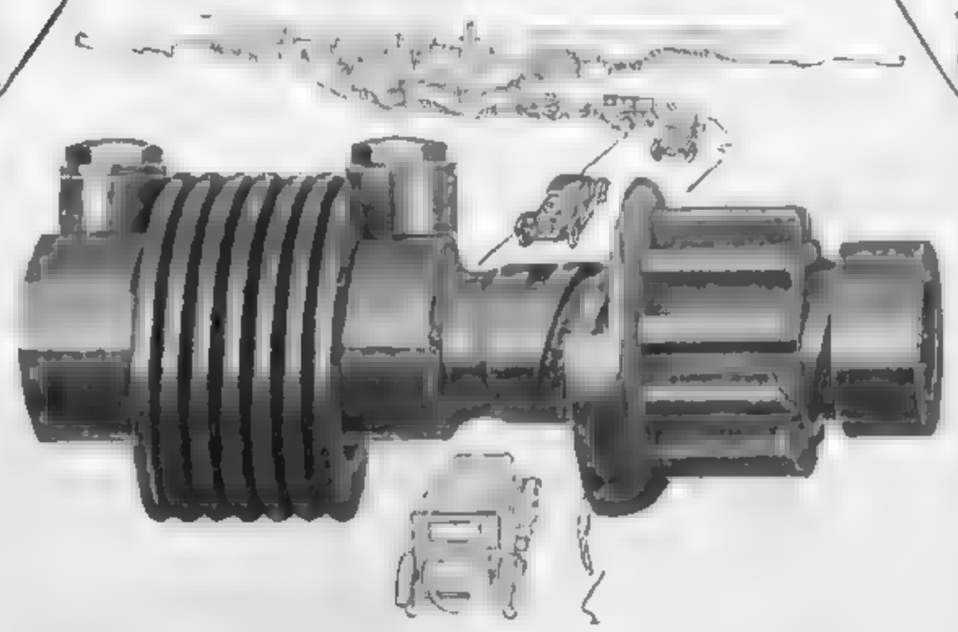

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that no officer dared take the risk of haling him before the judge again. *Ex cathedra*, the judge wanted Miad; unofficially, Miad was the last human being, born since Adam, whom he wished to see.

In the meantime Mr. Levis had not been idle. Through his own snooping propensities he had unearthed the information that something very like the mummy of John Blake had been observed with consternation and final mirth riding up the Bowery in the back seat of a ramshackle surrey and had found sanctuary in one of the string of dime museums.

The wireless of the present has nothing on the system of communication of the underworld of yesterday. By the time the raiders reached and searched Eckstrom's establishment not only had the mummy again vanished; its very memory had been blotted from the communal mind of Eckstrom, his helpers and the entire street. If you want a visual demonstration of the definition of the familiar phrase "conspiracy of silence," send your wife down to the regions that surround Cobbled Court, follow her, ask anyone which way she went.

Of these developments Miad remained totally unaware for a period of several days; in fact, two weeks elapsed before he dared take the risk of entering Eckstrom's popular place of business. He dodged unnoticed through the throng of gaping patrons. Hurriedly he sought out the proprietor.

"Hey! Dutchy, what you done with him?"

The showman looked at Miad's troubled face long and thoughtfully. "It was this way," he said finally. "A friend on the job tells me they was raiding all the dime dumps for your dad, see? So this is what I done, Miad: I shipped him on a whaler as Madeira wine for a two-year trip around the Horn and back. I guess that will fix 'em, eh, Miad? By the time he gets back nobody won't remember nothing. Ain't I done right, Miad?"

Miad's heart was too full for words. He gulped and made hastily for the street and the solitude that is to be found in hurrying crowds. For weeks he haunted the wharves at the foot of the Old Slip, where high-headed sailing ships in large numbers still dragged heavily on their hawsers, battered, dejected, waiting to go and come no more, as if already they knew themselves for the white-winged ghosts of tomorrow.

Once or twice Cornelia, troubled and silent, accompanied him. She was just approaching the threshold to adolescence. Her spindling legs were beginning to take shape, as was her slim body. Her big black eyes, pale cheeks, and the curl in her tresses were whispering of beauty to come, and her heart was awaking to a lifelong mission of comfort. In other words, she was about to bud.

"Miad, how can we watch for the ship if we don't know its name?"

"Gee, Corny, you make me sick. Why, this ship won't be back for two years."

Then, on another day, "Miad, you make that Mr. Eckstrom tell you the ship's name. Do you hear? Come on with me now. You make him tell you, like I said."

Mr. Eckstrom put them off; he had forgotten; he would have to look it up; he had mislaid the bill of lading. No; it wasn't lost. Oh, no; he was sure of it. It would turn up. Wait and see. It was sure to turn up. Thus at intervals for several months, during which Miad grew sadder and sadder, and Cornelia more and more troubled for him in her heart. At last came a day when with ponderous archness the fat Mr. Eckstrom—whom Miad had long since found to be dry to the touch—drew from his waistcoat pocket two blue slips of pasteboard.

"Here, take your girl to a show, Miad."

"She ain't my girl," muttered Miad. "She's just Cornelia, and you can keep your old tickets."

Dutchy's round face grew serious. He reached out, seized Miad by the scruff of the neck, thrust the tickets into his trousers pocket and pushed him out into the street. "That's right. Lie about it. Why, Miad, I would be proud to have a girl like that. You do what I say now. Take her to the show, and mind you see everything."

The two children walked away listlessly, but finally Cornelia asked to see the tickets. Deftly she piloted Miad toward the address printed on them and, when they came to the entrance to the famous waxworks, gave up the tickets and marched him in. Immediately their eyes were riveted on one startling wonder after another. They felt a glow of gratitude toward Mr. Eckstrom—perhaps he wasn't so heartless after all. Distinguished Personages. Notorious Criminals. The Crowned Heads of Europe. Murder groups. Oh! Oh! Murders, done to the life!

Cornelia smiled up ingratiatingly at a big policeman. He did not smile back; not a flicker. She touched him. Oh! He was made of wax. They wandered farther. She came upon another stolid policeman and with a surreptitious flick of her heel kicked him on the shin. He said, "Ouch! What are you doing of?" and glared at her.

"Oh, please," she murmured, aghast, seizing Miad's arm with both her hands. "I thought you were wax. Truly I did. Please forgive me."

"Sure, kid," grunted the officer out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't you worry your little noddle. I like it. Sometimes they kicks, but mostly they pinches." Deeper and deeper into the maze of wonders penetrated the two children until in a far, obscure corner they came to a petrified stop, their eyes glued before them on an object, long familiar, but now glorified, transcended, promoted to a place among the immortals, preserved to fame in wax. And yet, itself was not of wax. No! Miad's breast heaved. A lump came into his throat. He tried to swallow it as of old, but in vain. It rose. It came out through his wide belligerent eyes and gushed down his cheeks in the form of shameless tears.

Cornelia took out her handkerchief, just such a handkerchief as the one with which she had wiped the blood out of his ear years, years ago when he had fought Harold Grimble for trying to kiss her against her will. With it she dried his eyes and mopped his cheeks while, just as at that other time, he never moved from his fixed position.

"Oh, Miad, my dear, dear boy, don't cry! They'll see you. Please don't cry, Miad dear!"

"It's my father," gulped Miad out of the profundities of an overwhelming joy. "My own father, John Blake."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of five stories by Mr. Chamberlain. The next will appear in an early issue.

PHOTO. BY HARRY S. LAWTON

Kings Meadows in the Lassen Volcanic National Park

The Golden Cow

In a single year, America's twenty-five million cows give enough milk to practically equal the value of all the gold produced in the United States since 1885.

The wholesale value of dairy products for 1922 was $2,090,455,000. This fabulous total includes, among other products, 99,000,000,000 pounds of milk, 1,000,000,000 pounds of butter and 400,000,000 pounds of cheese

How thoroughly the public appreciates the exceptional food value of milk products is reflected in the enormous annual consumption. In one year, for example, 625,000,000 gallons of milk are used in producing 242,288,000 gallons of ice cream —more than two gallons each for every individual in the land.

So urgent is the need for prompt, *dependable* transportation in this gigantic industry, that dairymen, milk companies and ice cream manufacturers are necessarily careful in their selection of equipment. As a result, the tendency is more and more toward Graham Brothers Trucks, in which *dependability*, next to low up-keep cost, is without doubt the most notable attribute.

One of a fleet of Graham Brothers Trucks in the service of the Mutual Creamery Co., Los Angeles, equipped with Graham Brothers standard panel body

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit *Evansville*

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Is the Arch Devil Torturing You?

You are suffering needlessly

Tired feet, weak arches, callouses, run-over heels, all are unnecessary. They wouldn't exist if every one of the 26 bones in your foot was in its proper position. Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders effect the most remarkable transformation in aching feet, merely by gently supporting these bones in normal position. Relief is immediate and permanent.

Leaning heels cause fallen arches

Does that surprise you? Prove it by forming an arch with your fingers and your wrist flat on a table. Press on this arch as hard as you please and it will hold. Then twist your wrist a little, your support is gone and even a little pressure hurts. Now you see why a support under the arch alone is not effective. The heel also needs a support under it.

Wizard correction is complete

With soft cushions under both arch and leaning side of heel the foot is gently supported in its normal position. The cause of the trouble being removed, the pain disappears instantly. It is wonderful how this simple yet scientific principle almost immediately ends troubles which have for years resisted other methods.

Wizards cushion your feet

Don't confuse Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders with ordinary arch supports, for they contain no metal, and are designed to give a cushion support to any part of the foot needing it. Wizard Arch Builders are made of smooth, flexible leather, so completely adjustable that you can form a cushion which will conform exactly to the normal shape of your foot. This cushion can be built up gradually, if desired. Your foot will rest upon it naturally and will function with freedom and grace. It is impossible to describe the comfort one immediately feels when properly fitted with Wizard Arch Builders.

Special shoes good but unnecessary

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders will correct foot troubles in any shoe that fits properly. They do not show when worn and will not affect the trim appearance of the smartest shoe. The sensible shoes, often called corrective, are a good foundation for Wizard Arch Builders, but they cannot take the place of them. For callouses and leaning heels Wizards are necessary. For weak and fallen arches Wizard Arch Builders form a support that can be adjusted to conform to the individual arch. As arches, even in feet of the same size, vary greatly in height, length and shape, it is essential, if you want complete relief, to have the support under your foot exactly fit your own arch. No fixed or rigid arch, either separate or a part of the shoe, can possibly take the place of Wizard Arch Builders in this respect.

Where to get relief

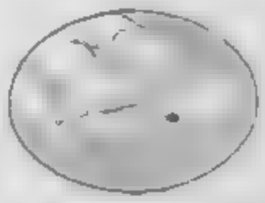
Go to a shoe dealer where there is an expert who has studied the Wizard System. If you don't know of such a dealer, write us. We will send you our book, "Orthopraxy of the Feet," and a chart on which to make a diagram of your foot. This chart will locate your trouble and will enable us to direct you to immediate relief.

An interesting experiment

Prove that your weight doesn't break down your arches unless there is trouble elsewhere. Leaning heels are usually the cause of fallen arches.

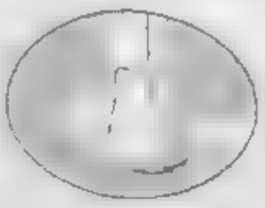
Relief for weak arches

Note how inserts in pockets permit building up arch any shape, height and position needed. No metal is used. The arch rests on a soft, flexible cushion.



For relieving callouses

Note the soft rubber inserts supporting the bone just back of the sore spot. This takes off the pressure and gives complete relief.



Correcting run-over heels

Note how the insert under the heel straightens ankle. This prevents twisting the foot structure, avoids serious trouble, and causes heels to wear evenly.

WIZARD LIGHTFOOT CO., 1635 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please send me your treatise on foot troubles and chart for purpose of locating my trouble.

Your Name _____

Address _____

_____

Dealer's Name _____

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

being made the subject of a novel by the Rev. Mr. Feeble? On this alone I feel I may rest my case.

NOW IT CAN'T BE SOLD

By CLEOPATRA

I HAVE long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumors that have been published concerning me. To begin with, I was not like other girls. Our home life was far from happy, as my father, Ptolemy, insisted upon playing the flute.

Jealous of my looks, the old Egyptian cats criticized me most unjustly, and especially for my relation with Cæsar. I want to say right here that Cæsar was a perfectly lovely man—just homesick, 'way off there in Egypt, for Calpurnia and I only tried to make it nice for him at the palace; while he, in return, ran my wars, balanced my check book, and did any little odds and ends of killings that were necessary. I think he liked me because, like so many beautiful women, I was a good listener. Perhaps we were indiscreet sometimes, but after all, as Harry Lauder used to sing, poor Cæsar was only a Roman in the gloamin', and doing as the Romans do. As for Antony—he was such an easy mark!

Now, as to my suicide. It was nothing of the kind. It was almost impossible in hot weather to keep asps out of the palace, and, as Egypt has always been more or less dry, we hadn't a thing on hand for snake bite.

One word more. I have been severely criticized for my bad taste in selling the moving-picture rights to my private life. Well—winter was approaching, my old beads and bracelets were practically worn out, and, frankly, I needed the money. No one will ever know what I suffered when I first saw the films released! In extenuation I can only say, what I am sure everyone already knows, that my own rôle was always taken by a dummy.

MIRRORS OF MATRIMONY

By HENRY VIII

I HAVE long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumors that have been published concerning me.

I am frank to admit that I was always, as you might say, a marrying man. Wives I found very much like colds—if you catch one you catch the next all the easier—and thus it was with me. One wife led to another really without my noticing it until people began to talk. I don't know how I did it; I guess it was just a knack. One thing, perhaps, which contributed to my success was that I attended to all my marriages personally—made a regular business of it, and always did my own hiring and firing. An amusing little incident, which may interest my readers, occurred at my last marriage. Cardinal Wolsey or Archbishop Cranmer—I can't remember which one performed the ceremony, for, although my memory is excellent as to the essentials of matrimony, I find it hazy as to details—said laughingly, as he punched my license for the sixth time, "Well, wouldn't it be cheaper in the long run to get a regular commuter's ticket?" I can't remember whether I had him burned or beheaded, but I know we all laughed heartily.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

Ghost Ships

ON STILL blue nights of darkness and high stars,
Soft comes a sound as gentle as June rain:
The song of roving winds through bending spars,
The laugh of risen ships bound out again.
With creamy tops'ls whispering to clean skies,
And sweet hulls treading old blue water down—
Hulls that have lain where winding seaweed lies
Deep down, deep down, by many an ancient town.

Ah, they return, those foundered gypsy ships.
Hearing the drum of screws they cannot rest;
Old ports call out and quiet quays and slips,
There are fair isles to sight, new seas to crest,
And when a night comes stiller than the dawn
They rise again—and sail forever on.

Gordon Seagrove.

The Song of the Shorter Calendar

OUR hero was the common sort, when all is said and done;
He worked his head off daily and was out to get the *MON.*

The reason for his diligence was commonplace, 'tis true—
He tried to swell his salary so it would suffice for *TUE.*

And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head,
And falling on his knees, he cried, "Oh, maiden, will thou *WED?"*

He may have thought this sudden, but it seemed not so to her,
She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, "Yeth, *THUR."*

But when they went to keeping house he feared that he should die;
For, oh, that modern maiden could neither bake nor *FRI.*

She could not run a bungalow, or even run a flat,
So on many sad occasions in a restaurant they *SAT.*

But he forgave her everything—as man has always done,
When she presented him one day a bouncing baby *SUN.*

—*I. R. F.*

My Fate

TWO Subway trips a day for me;
And each time, crowding through the door
I hope a miracle to see
That never has occurred before.

I hope that I may get a seat
Between two of the human race
Who will be beautiful and sweet,
And young, perhaps, and fair of face.

And do I get two lovely girls,
With carmine cheeks and vermeil lips,
With bright bobbed hair in saucy curls,
To cheer me on my weary trips?

Nay, nay, not so! To my lot falls
A buxom woman, on her knee
A baby wrapped in knitted shawls,
And always headed up toward me!

Or else a fat man, full of spleen,
With elbows that encroach on mine,
Who spreads his legs to take between
A restless lad of eight or nine.

Perhaps a man with turkey throat
Who chews his gum with unctuous zest;
Or one who leaves his table d'hôte
With memories on his beard and vest.

Perhaps a laborer with his pick,
Or workman with his dinner pail:
But never have I turned the trick
Nor on the head have hit the nail!

But though this boon's to me denied,
One question floorsme—this is it:
Lots of nice people have to ride;
Where in the dickensdothey sit?

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Nocturne

THE three-toed tree toad
Sings his sweet ode
To the moon;
The funny bunny
And his honey
Trip in tune;
The gentle cricket
From his thicket
Lifts his croon;
A lovelorn owlet
Of his fowlet
Begs a boon;
Across the water
To her daughter
Calls the loon;
A happy froglet
From the boglet
Chants his rune;
The chipmunk dozes
Where the roses'
Leaves are strewn;
The yellow houn' dog
And the brown dog
Bay the 'coon;
And through the nighttime
Till the bright time
Comes too soon,
The three-toed tree toad
Sings a sweet ode
To the moon.

—*A. Guiterman.*

Chorus—"We'll Bury These as Deep as Tutenkhamun's Tomb"

IRVIN S. COBB

in his story "The Clothes That Made Young America Free", writes

". . . But on Sundays, we became indeed young Christian martyrs. There were knee-breeches which seemingly had been cut out with a knife and fork. . . And the blouse, you must remember it—its crowning atrocity was an enormous stiff collar that covered the shoulders, that stood out on every side, fore, aft, port and starboard. . ."

The complete story, written especially for Jack Tar Togs, free at your dealer's or for a 2c stamp to The Strouse-Baer Co., Dept S, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Jack Tar Togs

"FOR MANLY BOYS"

have changed church-going from an argument and an ordeal to a pleasure and an opportunity to "show off". In the place of the little Christian martyr of yesterday, stands the modern Jack Tar Togs boy of today—in clothes that make him "every inch a man".

For boys two to ten, in four times ten styles of tested washable fabrics, that live up to our "Rub'em, tub 'em, scrub'em" test.

See them at your nearest dealer

The difference in cost is only a trifle

NEARLY everybody knows how much better is plate glass than common sheet glass. Yet few realize that the difference in cost for most purposes is only a trifle.

In the windows of your motor car or home, the cost is only a little more for plate glass, but the improvement in appearance is worth far more than the slight difference in cost.

Practically all motor cars are now glazed by the manufacturers with plate glass. Note the absolute clarity of plate glass and the quality touch it gives to a car. Look through it from the inside. Note the clear view of road and landscape. Plate glass is the optically perfect glass for motor cars. It is free from the annoying waves and swirls that make objects dance before the eyes when viewed through sheet glass. Everything is seen clearly and undistorted.

Plate glass is the right glass for practically every kind of glazing. If you are building a home, ask your architect or contractor for comparative figures. Plate glass will add to its selling or renting value. When your car goes to the repair shop see that broken panes are replaced with plate glass.

Use Plate Glass for:

Desk Tops
Table Tops
Counter Tops
Small Shelves
Motor Boat Windows
Hotel and Office-Building Windows

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS
of AMERICA

Genuine
PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

Nothing Else is Like it

TECHNICS DIFFER

(Continued from Page 34)

"I do," he said. "You can wear it. Most people would be blotted out by it. But you burn your own candle, don't you?"

"No," said Julie, who hardly knew what he meant; "I think I have to be lighted."

"Well, I don't agree with you. You're delicate, but you are also vivid. A bright red gown would not be able to extinguish you; you would be superb in white—in ivory white. And you would be cool in summer and hot in winter. I simply can't imagine you complaining about the cold or gasping with the heat. You don't, do you?" He sat down beside her. "This is one of the hottest nights we've had."

"Are we going to eat?" asked Julie.

She was hungry, and she felt very much at home with Skidmore, as if she had known him long and well for several years.

"Yes," he said; "but not here. I can't eat in a big hotel. The waiters make me nervous. Come along," and she came along.

He led her down the Avenue, across several perilous crossings, up and down several side streets, with the air of one going haphazardly to a pleasant end. Taxies, thought Julie, never enter his head. But she walked beside him lightly and unobservant of anything but his talk and the loveliness of the approaching night.

"That's the color of your gown," he said, pointing to the violet-gray sky line.

It was. Then he went on to tell her about a friend of his who had married a rich girl and come to a bad end. The girl had insisted upon living in one of the big hotels because the ballrooms were so handy on a wet night. To escape a bridge party, her bedeviled husband had finally jumped down an airshaft only to fail in his desired end by landing in a huge pile of soiled linen. It was a laundry chute. He fled to Paris, where he was leading on where Gaugin had left off. His wife had married again.

He bathed Julie in his own fluent narrative. The things he noticed seemed important, the things he thought significant. All the old constrictions of her nine-to-five life shimmered away as she walked beside this young man, who liked her gown and was aware of her as a charming woman.

He led her, after twenty minutes' walk, into the garden of a French restaurant that ran back of a house in one of the upper West Forties. There are hundreds of these restaurants in that part of the city. This was distinctive, because there were few people in the garden, and the tables were set beneath the sky. The one waiter ran his legs off to serve Skidmore. The food was good, and Julie ate it idly and contentedly. Usually she dined with young people who rushed through their courses to go on to something else. Skidmore sacrificed his meal to talk. He would forget his soup for one idea, his salad for another.

"Eat your food," Julie kept saying like a sisterly friend; and all the time, overhead, the stars appeared. The blue span became a dark velvet carpet, and the soft summer wind rustled the forlorn branches of two solitary lindens. It was long past ten o'clock when they got to their coffee.

All this time Skidmore was talking. Had it been any other man, Julie would have pronounced him a self-centered egotist. But Skidmore had the gift of talk, and Julie was willing to let him talk because he set free something in herself. He came—like everyone in New York—from the Middle West. He had gone to Yale; he had studied in Paris; he had a Cousin Sophie who lived in Brookline; he had wandered about with her in Europe; and he had seen a great many of the places—little towns and cities in France and Italy—that held for Julie the lost memories of her mother and her childhood. His talk awakened remembrances, filled her with nostalgia. She wanted to be there again, in those sunny towns, on lovely hillsides, treby beautiful because in her life now they were so easily forgotten.

"You have been about a lot, haven't you?" she said to him.

"I've always been foot-loose and alone. Now I'm tied down—and I want to be more than I am. I'd be perfectly happy if I could stay in that fire house and work all the day. It's what I do, usually, as it is—except for the week-ends."

The waiter set down before Julie a plate of *spumoni*. Skidmore greeted it like a small boy.

"Great stuff, any kind of ice cream."

Julie wondered why he couldn't work over the week-ends. But she couldn't get a word in. He was telling her how the Italians made *spumoni*.

"Look here," he said as he ate the last spoonful, "you're not saying a word. Why don't you explain yourself?"

"Do I need to?"

"Need to? I should say you did! I never saw a woman whose situation shrieked so for an explanation. That's why you interest me. You're a pitiable example."

"What do you mean?"

She instinctively knew what he meant. She was waiting to explain herself. She was quite ready to open the door to trouble.

"Mean? Why, my dear girl—why, when I walked into your office the other day, and saw you, the head of that department—Miss Martin, I laughed. Any discerning person would have laughed with me."

Julie stared at him.

"Why should you laugh at me for being what I've made myself? I'm nothing abnormal."

"That's exactly it. You're such a sign of the time. You might be the exceptional, the exotic, the irregular; but you're not. All the ladies rush out to take jobs and show how smart they are, so you must go and do likewise. You put on the armor of the superior woman. You give a man frostbite and the cold chills, all because you earn a few thousand dollars and do something stupid and useless. What's that, anyway? A man doesn't think anything of that."

"But I have to earn my own living."

"But why do it such a stupid way?"

"It isn't stupid."

"Yes, it is."

"But I couldn't be a prima donna."

"No, but you could marry."

"I don't go about asking a man to support me."

"The more fool you. A man loves to support a beautiful woman, a woman who can give him the illusion of grandeur. Some day a rich man, looking at you, will say, 'I must have that in my solid-gold house'; and when he does you take him. Understand?"

"But we aren't like that these days."

"Yes, you are; but you've got all these other women thinking you shouldn't be, and you hide it. You're really like that; at least you were made for the rich man and the town house and the country estate and the grand manner. You were made for an artist like me to paint."

"Well, I can't marry just so that you could paint me."

"You should make the sacrifice."

"You're silly."

"No, I am not."

"Would you like to be married for that?"

"I wouldn't like ——" Skidmore didn't finish his sentence. A perplexed look crossed his face. "Honestly," he said, leaning forward, "tell me, do you think there's any satisfaction in doing what you do?"

So for two hours Julie talked about herself, and explained herself, and had a wonderful time. She made a good case for her career. But it was pleasant also to be a woman, to say daring things, to listen to the inconsequential confidences of a man. Skidmore, being ample and astute, decided that he had found exactly the subject for a portrait he had in mind, to be entitled Lady Waiting for Something to Happen.

"I've got to go," said Julie.

"It's only twelve o'clock."

"But I've got to go to work in the morning."

"Oh, how that hurts! Never say it again!"

He took her home in a taxi. Leaving her at her door, he said nothing about seeing her again. But the old Eve in Julie told her that he would, and more than often.

He did. He came down to the office the next day and she went to tea with him. He disappeared over the week-end into the vague country where all good New Yorkers go on Sunday.

Monday he summoned her to dinner again. She went again, to the little restaurant, where the industrious waiter greeted her as an old friend. It was the beginning of a series.

(Continued on Page 73)

The Value of Art Teaching in Public Schools

By JAMES PARTON HANEY, *Late Director of Art in the High Schools of New York City*

THE art training of the public schools should be a practical training touching closely the needs of the community; it should aim to cultivate taste and apply that taste to the homes, the dress and the business of those it trains.

A mistaken idea is to hold that art is the business only of the artist. As a matter of fact, principles of art touch every individual and are used more or less consciously by all. The housewife must decorate her home. She may use the principles of decoration well or ill, but use them she must, in the adornment of her house, in her dress, and even in the flowers which she plants in her garden or hangs in her window boxes.

The business man cannot escape from the use of art's principles for a single day. If he would "dress" a shop window, get up a circular, design a letterhead, or arrange a newspaper advertisement, he must consciously or unconsciously use the rules which art has devised in design, color and arrangement.

Art is not for "the few". It is for "the many", for the many have to use it. It is not held that the training of the public schools will produce artists, but it is held that it will raise the standards of taste throughout the community. We cannot have people with high standards without an effect on trade. People who know better things, demand better things. Thus the art teaching of the public schools has a practical relation to the business interests of every community.

Besides this, there is a civic value in art teaching. One cannot raise standards of taste without raising standards of appreciation. The man or woman who strives to make his house better takes pride in having his town made better. Every civic "booster" knows that there is nothing which stimulates the interest and pride of citizens more than a consciousness of the growing beauty of the town in which they live.

Thus the spiritual value of art training goes with its practical value. Many of those who cannot see the spiritual worth can see the practical worth. One of the surest evidences of the broadening realization of this lies in the fact that every progressive community throughout the Union is using art training in its public schools as a means of advancing community interests. The reason is plain. One cannot change, materially, the taste of a people already grown up. To affect these standards permanently, one must begin with the children in the public schools. Art teaching is not a fad, it is an economic question with an economic reward to every community that realizes this and forwards the art work of its schools.

Reprinted from Everyday Art

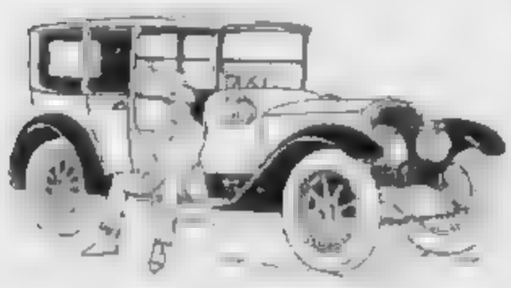
THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY, *Established 1835, Sandusky, Ohio, and New York*

A SERVICE FULL of ROMANCE

Bigger profits from lower rates—YELLOW CAB has converted a distrusted and tottering business into an industry commanding public respect and confidence.

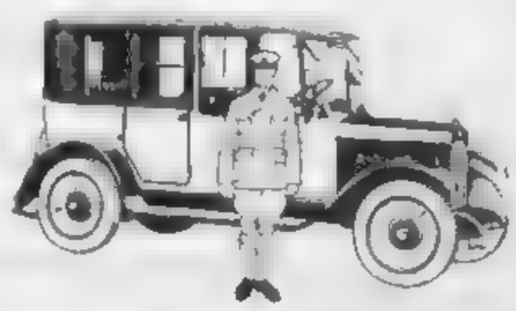
Seven years ago when the "Hack" and "Auto Livery" businesses were fast skidding from disrepute into oblivion, YELLOW CAB *(painted any color)* came into existence as the desperate expedient of a group of men who were pioneering the way towards the Modern System of Cab Operation.

From a modest start in the rear of a little Chicago garage has grown the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co., the world's largest manufacturers of taxicabs. Its energies and vast resources are devoted, not only to the building of a specially designed and *proved* cab unit, *but also in advocating and advancing the principles of responsible cab operation.*



The Modern Cab is the most economical and convenient form of personal transportation. The Modern Cab—YELLOW CAB *(painted any color)*—operating under our system of organized responsibility, has earned public respect and confidence through—

LOW RATES—commanding volume business and public acceptance of the economy of cab riding—bringing still lower rates.



DRIVERS—skilled in cab handling—salesmen of transportation—morally clean—resourceful—faithful—protecting you and your children's lives with their own.

ORGANIZED RESPONSIBILITY—progressive citizens own the Modern Cab companies—respected among leading business men of their communities—financially successful—sincere and conscientious.

YELLOW CAB *(painted any color)*—the Super Vehicle of Modern Cab Service, with over a billion miles of performance and experience incorporated in its design and construction.

Operators of the Modern Yellow Cab System have been drafted from every walk of life. More than 500 have accepted our methods and counsel *and not one has ever failed.* They are enjoying prosperity by affording a worthwhile public service *available to everyone through low rates of fare.*

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The greatest need of this young giant of industry is man power. The cab men of tomorrow will qualify because of their ability as leaders and business builders. *They may now be in any other business.*

Men and women big enough to visualize the opportunity for profitable public service—*a service full of human interest and romance*—are needed to meet the demand. Experience is not needed. Knowledge derived from more than a billion miles of operation is at your command. Cost accounting—executive control—dispatching—all phases of the Modern Cab business, are available to users of YELLOW CAB *(painted any color) free.*

Our experience makes it possible for us to show any one of unquestioned character and standing, how to operate the Modern Cab—YELLOW CAB *(painted any color)*—at a profit. We have assisted others to attain success with the certainty born of actual knowledge—not theory. Correspondence is invited.

YELLOW CAB MANUFACTURING CO.

5801 West Dickens Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Y E L L O W C A B — A B U I L D E R O F P R O F I T

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(Continued from Page 70)

Also, he came to the office at odd times, on frequent days, to discuss his drawings. Walker liked his work and so did Iverson, who was nothing if not fair-minded.

"His housewives are appealing," he said. "Keep him busy before someone else nabs him."

He observed, with an interest he concealed, the peculiar protectiveness Julie showed in the work of this artist. There was something intense and yet consciously indifferent in her attitude towards his work. It was as if she said, "Oh, yes, he can draw, but that is not the thing that matters." Also, she was looking very pretty and always a little sleepy in the mornings. Iverson watched her for a week and was quite sure that she had been late every morning. He bit his lip and hid his feelings. She worked hard, too, with the feverish elation of one who is anxious to get the thing over and done with, to pass on to the delightful excitements waiting for her.

Iverson made it his business to see a great deal of her during the day. All through July he took it upon himself to work like a madman. The heat let itself down upon the city in hot sheets; the stenographers wilted over their machines; Julie herself paled visibly in the early afternoon and took to going without luncheon; but Iverson waxed as if all the energies of ten men were bursting within him.

It seemed to Julie that he was always after her, asking this question, demanding her opinion, submitting this report, calling her into his office. He acquired a new account and made her do half the work. She could not resent him, because he took her into partnership. She lived by day under his spell, as she lived at night under the spell of Skidmore's talk and presence, and the magic of the summer night.

The only time she had to herself was late at night when she slept, and when she was coming and going from work, coming and going to Iverson and to Skidmore. There was no more cool loneliness in her life in which to speculate over the emptiness of her ambition.

She was, as Hildegarde soon put it, sinking in up to her neck. Hildegarde had to discover this submersion for herself, because Julie was too nervous about Hildegarde's comments to announce her interest in a young man. It was hard to explain the affair to Hilly. She knew nothing about Mr. Skidmore but his ideas, and there was so far nothing between them but Italian food and talk. Hildegarde's idea of a romantic attachment was not that.

She misjudged Hilly, however. Two weeks after the first dinner Julie was preparing one evening to go forth to meet Mr. Skidmore, whom by this time she was calling Fred. She was getting herself ready languorously and calmly, as women do when they know that the evening is to be delightful. She was brushing her black hair smoothly away from her forehead when she heard Hildegarde's key in the latch, and then her noisy greeting:

"Julie!"

"Ye-ah."

"Oh, there you are. Home at last." She banged on the door and flung it open. "Thank God, you're dressing. Come on, we're all going up to Claremont. I need you tonight."

Julie turned her head.

"You don't get me, darling. I'm going out."

Hildegarde groaned.

"Oh, you must! That darned little Hawkins girl is coming with Teddy, and she leaves me cold. I'll die if there isn't someone my own age there."

"But I can't; I've got an engagement."

"Listen, Julie, every time I've asked you lately you've thrown me over."

"But I couldn't help it. I've had engagements."

"What is it, anyway? Is your college raising money?"

"No, it isn't."

Julie's voice was a bit chilly. She was silent. So was Hilly, and her silence was an unnatural phenomenon. That young woman was staring at Julie. She was looking at the shining black hair pulled back away from her white temples, at the gray dinner gown, which she had thought Julie would probably save until next winter. There was about her entire costume a note of conscious care. She was not merely putting her clothes on; she was dressing herself to make a picture. Hildegarde knew what pretty pictures are for.

The silence was broken. The people in the flat below heard that dreadful Miss Dervish yell again in her coarse fashion.

"Julie!" she shrieked. "You've got a beau!"

Julie merely went on tucking in the tiny ends of her back hair. She looked at her left eyebrow in the mirror before she answered.

"Well," she said, "need you tell the papers about it?"

Turning to Hilly, she tried to look frigid, but only succeeded in blushing. Hildegarde stared at her. She was too stunned to speak. Julie's lip quivered.

"Don't you think at twenty-eight one might go out to dinner with a man?"

But Hildegarde was up, dancing around the room. She was hugging Julie and jumping up and down and shouting "Julie has a lover!"

Julie denied this, but it didn't matter. Finally they sat down and Hilly began to ask questions:

"What's he like? Who are his people? Has he money? Is he handsome? Why don't you bring him around? Is he fascinating? Where does he live? Does he like you?"

To all these questions Julie had one answer. She said dazedly, "I don't know."

"How many times have you been out with him?"

Julie counted. She knew them all by heart

"Seven," she said, honestly.

"How long have you known him?"

"Nine days. He goes away week-ends."

"Where to?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No, I never had time to ask."

Hildegarde was aghast and thrilled.

"Little Julie falling flat!" she murmured rhapsodically "Oh, my dear, love and roses!"

"Don't be disgusting," said Julie, rubbing powder on her nose.

"Are you keen about him?"

"No," doubtfully.

"But you will be. I can see it coming."

"No," said Julie seriously. "This is only a beautiful friendship."

Hildegarde, like all good women, promised to tell no one.

It was a month before Julie's inexperienced heart recognized the fact that she was falling in love with Fred Skidmore. For a young woman whose energies until six weeks ago had been absorbed in a career, Julie's plight was astounding. She was overwhelmed by this new preoccupation with the interests and reactions of a man. She had to tell herself about it, because Mr. Skidmore did nothing to help her. Five nights a week he managed to be with her; in fact, he ordered her, entreated her, begged her to be with him. If she did not come for dinner, he picked her up at nine and took her to a roof garden, or introduced her to the dark enchantments of Central Park. He delighted in going through the zoo in the dark, waking up the strange birds and the shadowy animals; he sat with her on a bench overlooking a little pond, around which the trees and the tiny hill and the white-light-studded buildings on Fifty-ninth Street surrounded them like a foreground of fairyland.

Their favorite place was a hard stone seat on the wall around the big reservoir. At their backs the shining water; before them, tree tops and the Park; but beyond the trees parted, revealing a distant panorama of tall buildings. Overhead the dark trees rustled their leaves in the night wind, the sky held familiar stars, the city was a distant, forgotten turmoil. In such a setting Julie and Mr. Skidmore sat and talked and talked and talked.

In such a setting, he, strange man, never once made love to her. He looked at her, he teased her, he told her she was lovely, that she was silly, that she was not living her life properly—all the usual preludes to a romantic declaration—but he let it go at that. He seemed utterly happy and content to work hard all day, if he could but spend his evenings with her. He did not change, nor grow more or less insistent about seeing her. He had found something that he liked to enjoy and he liked things better when he saw her.

What he did in the country, or where he went there, Julie never asked. She only began to wonder when she perceived that her own week-ends, spent with friends down on Long Island, or up in Westchester with her married sister, no longer gave her any pleasure. They were restless interludes

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between Friday and Monday nights. It was one Monday morning at ten o'clock, when her heart leaped up at the sound of Skidmore's voice, that she knew what had happened to her.

Once more, at the wrong moment, Iverson came in. He did not see her face, which was like a startled child's. He was too taken up with the thing he had come to talk about. He was almost angry.

"Look here, Miss Martin"—Julie's ears marveled at the formality—"this won't do at all."

"What won't do at all?"

"This. This isn't up to you—not by a long shot. This doesn't go to Walker in this shape. He'd come after you like a hot cake."

Hot, angry words choked in Julie's throat. Not content with bothering her for the last month, so that she seemed to be writing every word and dictating every letter under his eye, he was now criticizing her work. She reached out for the report, untidily piled together. Iverson had wrecked it. His pencil marks were all over it.

"I wish you wouldn't mark things up without consulting me," she said.

She was angry and yet indifferent. It was the first time anyone had dared to question her work, but she was less humiliated than annoyed.

"You've got to do that over and do it today. Mr. Walker wants it this afternoon. These people have a lot of money to spend, but they won't spend it as you tell them to. Nobody in his senses would. You've entirely forgotten the fact that their product is made for middle-class families. Women who do their own work won't ever see that stuff if you place the space as you've planned it there."

"But I've worked on it."

"You did work on it, you mean. Your general plan was excellent, and that's what they accepted. But that stuff is rotten, and you ought to know it. What's come over you, Julie? Your mind isn't where it ought to be nowadays. You're rushing around the city at all hours of the night, and trying to hold down a seven-thousand-dollar job at the same time."

Julie was too angry to answer him. Her eyes met his defiantly, but their message was weakened by the telltale flush that crept over her face.

"Nothing's the matter with me," she protested; "nothing at all. You're suddenly so critical. It's amazing."

"It's a good thing for you I am."

He watched her as she turned over the pages, frowning and obviously confused. He hated the thought of hurting her. But it was beyond belief—Julie, letting her work go, at a time when her work mattered.

"You can fix that—in a couple of hours." He stopped scolding her. "It's merely a matter of detail. Walker wants it for the Western agent tomorrow morning. Then you go home and get some sleep. You know you need it."

With that delicate thrust, he left her. She sat for a long time at her desk, staring at the pages before her without seeing anything. She was annoyed, and more humiliated than she would admit. It was only when two tears fell down on the pages, and she recognized them as her own, that she fell to work.

"Darn idiot!" she thought. "I am a darn idiot," she said aloud, for she did not know whether she was crying because Iverson annoyed her or because Skidmore pleased her.

She rang for Celia and set to work. At three that afternoon she asked Iverson to come in. A neat pile of sheets lay on her desk. She handed them to him and he sat down to read. At 3:20 he piled them together and laid them down again on her desk.

"That should hold them," he said. "I don't think you could better it."

At four Walker was saying the same thing. Her eyes met Iverson's over their employer's back, and this time hers mocked his triumphantly.

At five Julie departed, her conscience clear. At seven she was to meet Skidmore and her heart was light. Iverson, to whom she tossed a smile through the glass partition, cursed himself for a jealous fool. He never thought he should feel so badly when Miss Martin fell in love.

Skidmore did not meet her that evening at the little restaurant—she met him. She came trailing clouds of glory in a new gown and filled with a sense of superb excitement. The new clothes were becoming, but the excitement was even more so. She held her head high as she walked, and the two dabs of color on her white cheeks matched the poppies turned sleepily under the brim of her hat.

"Well," said Skidmore, who was reading a comic strip, "you do look like a princess."

Julie blushed. She liked having him say that. It suited her mood. Her eyes rested daringly upon him. It was strange that he didn't notice the subtle change in her, the quickening, the radiance that she gave out. He had something on his mind that annoyed him very much; and although his eyes rested affectionately on Julie, and took in every aspect of her charm, her presence was to him but a pleasant opiate. It did not disturb the inner preoccupation.

It was ten o'clock before Julie found this out. All evening she had resisted the suggestion of anticlimax. Since ten o'clock that morning she had been thinking, "I am falling in love with a man."

Most young women say this as calmly as they say "It is raining again," or "I do believe we are in for a thunderstorm."

But she was a Puritan, and an inexperienced one. Love came late, and she greeted it as one greets the great phenomena of Nature. Her bridges were falling and her landmarks gone. What had happened to her was cataclysmic, but would no doubt be wonderful. She accepted her destruction. Sitting at the table, she looked at Skidmore as he talked, and reveled in the feeling that his presence was dear to her.

How much Skidmore knew, he did not reveal. He talked of the portrait he had done of Julie—almost entirely from memory.

"It's one of the best things I've done," he said. "Wait until you see it!"

They went to the theater, which was strange for them. The play bored Skidmore, and they left early, walking slowly over to Fifth Avenue, where they turned north and home.

"Mind walking?" said Skidmore, who had not been talking since they left the theater.

"No," murmured Julie, who was perfectly content not to talk. She was happy and waiting.

The mood of elation that had been Skidmore's when talking of the portrait had left him. As he walked, Julie looked at him, saw him frowning and absorbed. She had seen him that way before—lost in thoughts and preoccupations with which she was unfamiliar.

"It's his art," she had always said. Tonight she felt instinctively that it was something else.

"What's the matter?" she asked, laying her fingers softly on his arm.

He didn't answer for quite a while. Finally he burst out: "Damn it all, my plans are in a stew! I may have to go to Europe Saturday, and I don't want to go."

"Europe!" gasped Julie.

Skidmore in Europe, and she here in New York! What was she going to do without him? She couldn't imagine ——

He stopped and took her wrist between his fingers. His pressure almost hurt.

"I can't explain to you now. I'm so mad I might cry or swear. I'll tell you more tomorrow. Come along now."

He walked her home silently. She paddled along obediently beside him, dumb with unhappiness. She was perplexed and a little hurt. All evening his thoughts had been making him unhappy, and his thoughts had nothing to do with her. She was hotly jealous of her unknown rival.

She slept, dreaming of countless engagements to dine with Skidmore. She was never able to keep them, because hurrying late to meet him, she always remembered that Iverson was waiting in front of Saint Patrick's Cathedral with some letters for her to correct. She raced all night, floundering and helpless, between the two tiresome men.

All that week there was pandemonium in the well-regulated office of the Henry J. Walker Company. The usual air of serene smoothness vanished. Stenographers were overworked and irritable. The office manager had come down with measles and discipline disappeared with her. Most of the stenographers spent their time in the rest room arranging their bobbed hair and their complexions. A few daring spirits produced knitting needles in the office. Celia Callahan was outraged.

"Things is fierce around here this week," she said to Julie. "They're all Bolsheviki."

The general disturbance had another center in Julie. At noon on Thursday she was already exhausted. For two hours she and Iverson and Mr. Walker and two gentlemen from Chicago who wanted to spend a million dollars advertising silver polish had argued and quarreled. She had kept her temper, and finally prevailed upon them all to accept her plan with modifications. Iverson, although he had taken the words out of her mouth, and done most of the talking, had been a great help. He had saved her, too, from calamity.

In the middle of the conference, while Iverson was talking, her thoughts had wandered to Skidmore, who had called her early that morning. It was his first message since the Monday night when they had gone to the theater. For two days she had been tormented by his silence. This morning he had been hurried and almost cross, but he wanted to see her that evening. He must care something about her; otherwise, why this insistent habit of seeing her? Could he go off to Europe ——

"What about the Albion contract?" Mr. Walker was asking her.

He expected her to answer. With no idea of what he had been saying, she looked dumbly into his eyes. The room was still, awaiting judgment.

Iverson answered for her. One clew and she saved herself. The breach was filled. She thought Mr. Walker looked at her curiously. When the conference was over he congratulated her. There were certain important changes and additions to be made that were to be in his hands Saturday morning.

"You'll take care of it, Miss Martin?"

He looked at her rather intently, as if he had, for one little second, a doubt about her. Julie was almost angry.

"Did I ever fail you?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "never as yet. You're a good pair." His eyes included Iverson.

That young man, contrary to his habit, asked her to lunch. She went, and ate excellently and expensively at the Vanderbilt. They giggled and gossiped as if they had never sparred or scolded, or as if he had not served her that very morning.

"You saved my life this morning." She was too honest not to thank him.

He reddened.

"I could see your mind was off. Walker had asked you twice. I was scared."

Julie was humiliated. She flushed.

"I was thinking of something else—for a minute; and it seemed ages, when I felt him looking at me. I hardly know what it was."

He looked at her skeptically.

"Don't lie to me. You know I wasn't born yesterday."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to know what you were thinking about, but you must not think you can lie to me. I know all about you and your thoughts."

Julie was startled, but she decided to ignore him.

"Oh, nonsense!" she said. "Shouldn't we be going along?"

"Whenever a woman feels the approach of truth, she thinks she must hurry along."

Julie giggled and the tension eased. They walked back to the office as if they were accustomed and enduring friends.

On her desk there was a brief message from Skidmore. It had arrived in her absence. He would be unable to meet her that evening; would telephone tomorrow. The hurt in her heart was like a physical pain.

Celia Callahan was there, waiting for dictation, and she got it. Miss Martin never dictated so precisely, nor so coolly. If her mind was on something else, no one but herself knew it.

Then, having sent the girl away, she picked up the telegram and read it steadily for five minutes. Where had he gone? She realized now how little she knew of him, when she could not conjecture his possible destinations. That, in a way, was his charm. Taking him in as he unfolded himself was one delight: the *milieu* that lay

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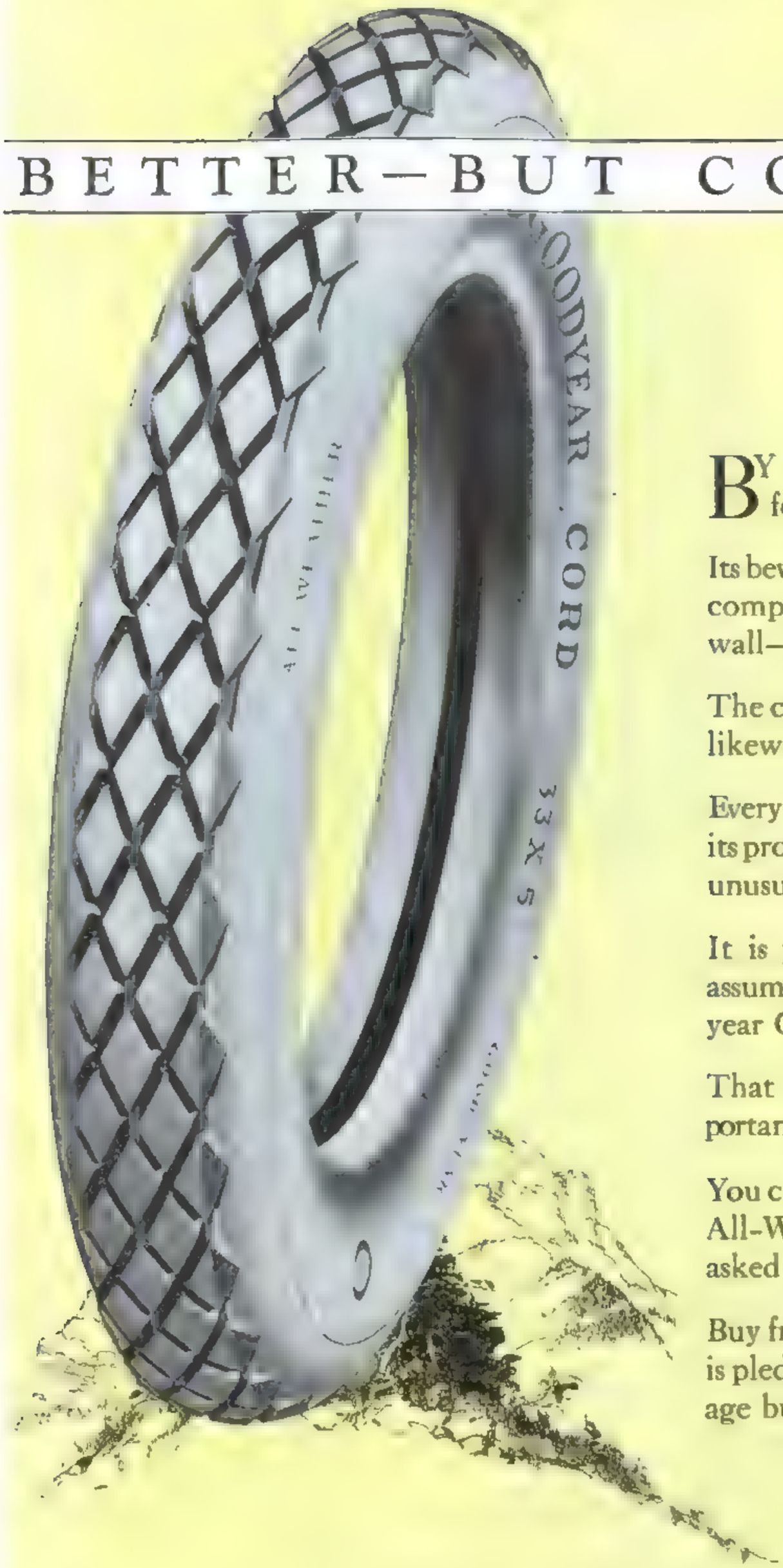
BETTER—BUT COSTS NO MORE



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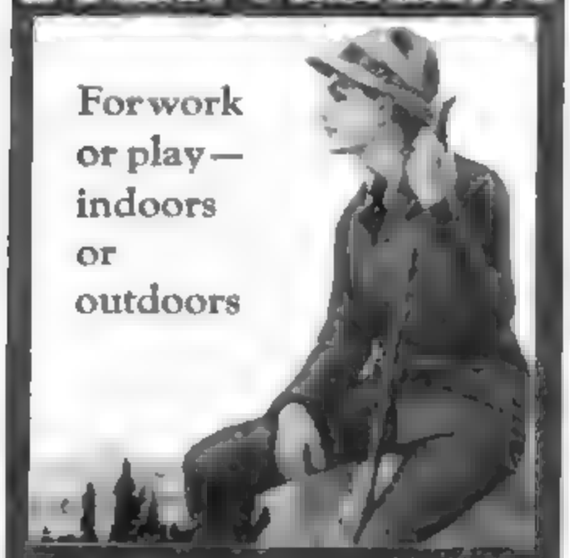

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 74)

behind him, his friends who would be diverse, his contacts that would be amusing, were still waiting for her.

Now that he had put her off, when she wanted badly to see him, she began to wonder about that *milieu*. She wondered so much—all afternoon—that she didn't get far with the document so confidently handed her by Mr. Walker.

"I have all tomorrow," she said; "besides, it's easy; I know what's got to be done."

Iverson came in once and found her staring out the window. She was standing as Skidmore had first seen her, with her unforgetable profile to the light.

"Look here," he said, "you're not swooning off on this day of all days, are you?"

Julie rallied. She was on her guard. She laughed—the old gurgling laugh she used to laugh in the days before she was preoccupied

"I'm sorry," she said. "When I want a timekeeper ——"

He left her, forgiving her a little because she sat down at her desk and started to work. He did not see her toss it all restlessly aside at 4:30 and go home. Neither did he see her tossing all night in her bed, where she went late, after a hectic evening. Hildegarde had had a party in the flat, and Julie had to spend the evening in the pantry squeezing oranges. She slept late. It was half past nine when she got to the office, and she worked hard and conscientiously all morning—as hard as one can work whose inner ear is listening for the telephone.

One o'clock and no message. She had a horrible fear that he might be gone forever; he might be dead; it might be days before she saw him. Hating herself suddenly, she decided to stop thinking about him. The thing to do was to forget him. Why not go to lunch? Even as she put on her hat, with a new confidence in her detachment, she began to defend him from the charge of thoughtlessness. Something horrible must have happened.

Putting on her hat, she went out to the elevator. She was watching the index finger on the clock surge up when one of the stenographers came running through the door. Her heart beat with joy.

"Telephone, Miss Martin—telephone for you."

She walked back on glass feet. The receiver was lead in her hand. It was he. He spoke with visible excitement. She listened and expostulated and finally gave in. As she hung up the receiver and started out she wondered what would happen now.

He was sailing for Europe in the morning and he wanted her to come to the studio—right away. He was packing there, and he had to see her.

"All right," she said; "right away."

"Good for you!" he had answered, and then the receiver clicked. She wondered how one got to Harmon Boulevard.

It was then almost two. It took her more than two hours. The subways and the elevated trains and the surface cars in which she sat one after the other became so many iron cages. Policemen existed only to confuse her; motormen but to lead her astray. Finally, at the end of eternity, she stood before a large, square, barnlike building—the deserted fire house. At one side was a plain wooden door, through which she could see a stairway ascending. She became suddenly a little scared. In such places ladies were lured and had their jewels stolen. She walked across the street and looked up. An Italian woman leaning out of a window in the next house watched her curiously.

"A fine witness for the state," thought Julie.

There were three windows across the second floor. Skidmore, true to form, stuck his head out of one of them.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Are you thinking of renting a chalet?" He leaned out cheerily and waved a greeting to the Italian woman. "Madame Martino, meet Madame Confetti."

The Italian woman beamed and waved both hands. Evidently Skidmore was a great pet.

"She loves a little romance," he said to Julie. "Come on up, my loyal darling. Bring up a few bananas."

At the fruit stand next door she bought six. When she reached the top of the stairs Skidmore was waiting for her. He took the bananas and her hat with one hand, and with the other encircled her shoulder. He did not notice how she trembled at the contact. He was merely pleased to see her.

They went through a door into a great bare room—Skidmore's studio. He was packing, and everything that made up his life work was going into boxes. Oils, canvases, paints, paper—all these things this careless young man was packing with careful precision.

"Sit down there and be comfortable. It's good to see you here." So far no word about his disappearance. "I've got two surprises for you. First, you get Number One. . . . Gosh, I've got a lot to do!"

Julie sank into the chair and stretched her weary limbs.

"Is this your studio? Where do you sleep?"

He was hauling something out of an ice box. With his back towards her, he pointed his head backwards, over towards the wall.

"There—like a bug in a rug."

Julie's sense of fitness was outraged. There was an old army cot with a dirty gray blanket on it. The fastidiousness and the cleanliness of Skidmore himself were incongruous.

"But, Fred," she said, "this is no place for you to live in."

"What? Why not? I love it. I wish I could always live here. I like this better than"—there was a pause—"the life I get over the week-ends."

This time Julie indulged in a long pause. He was too engrossed with the ice box to notice it. Turning, he came towards her. He carried in his hand a plate of ice cream decorated with bananas and red cherries. It was a man's idea of a good time, of perfect tribute.

She took it, staring at him.

"What do you get—over the week-end?" The words came out bravely.

He was going back for his own plate, and he got it and sat down before he answered. On the edge of a packing box he tasted his horrible delight.

"Oh, the usual thing. Golf and tennis, and silly fools who play bridge rottenly for money. My wife has the usual American idea of a good time."

Julie clung to the bananas. Never had that vulgar fruit been such a pillar to her. A man and a girl eating vanilla ice cream draped with bananas could not have a broken heart between them. But she could not speak, and her hand trembled.

"Julie, you don't know how I appreciate this attic and you—and these dinners after those week-ends," he went on. "I never could explain to Dolly what this Bronx hole and dining with you do for me, and if she had any sense she'd go to Europe without me. The Lord knows it will add to her glory if I do some decent work. That pack will take up art just as quickly as they take up polo or a new kind of booze."

Still Julie didn't speak.

"This is good, isn't it?" He scraped his plate lusciously. "Now, I've got another surprise for you over behind that curtain, and then you will know why I had you come up here. . . . Say," he said, coming over, "why don't you eat your ice cream?"

The blue blood in Julie rose to her rescue, but it could not save her completely. It could not hide the shaking hand, the white face, the staring eyes. It could not keep back two telltale tears. He was nonplused and startled, but still cool. He grabbed both her wrists as she struggled to her trembling knees.

"Julie, what's the matter?"

"Let go, let go!" she cried, and walking over to a trunk she set down the quivering plate.

Skidmore looked at her, with the consternation of the man who sees tears and knows not what they mean.

"What's the matter, Julie?"

"Why didn't you tell me you had a wife?"

"Why didn't I? I never thought of it. Why should I? I thought I had. But what's Dolly got to do with it? Gosh, Dolly wanted me to bring you for a week-end, but I wouldn't let you in for that silly push."

Julie sat down again and summoned all the angels to assist her. Skidmore evidently had never considered that she might grow to think more of him than he of her—an audience in the evening.

"My God, Julie, I'm sorry."

He said it over and over again, not knowing exactly what he was sorry about. He explained, but she did not listen. She sat silently, forcing her tears back into her heart, and there they hurt. After a while he was quiet, and merely patted her arm.

"Won't you eat your ice cream?"

To his amazement she ate it. She was thinking of the last three days, and her thoughts, and how different they had been from his.

Skidmore got up. He walked over to a screen, and as he turned he said to her, "Surprise Number Two."

It was her portrait. It was herself as she would like to be, as she had often imagined she might look had she been born a princess. She sat there, slim, dark and alluring, waiting expectantly, as she had sat waiting so many times for Skidmore.

"That's the way you always seemed to me," he said. "It's pretty good, isn't it? Want to know the title?"

He told her.

"Lady Waiting for Something to Happen," said Julie after him. "That's what you thought a long time ago, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Skidmore; "but you've changed again. If I were doing you now you'd be different. But this"—and he pointed to the picture—"is the way I like you."

"I'll never," sighed Julie, "be like that again."

"No," said Skidmore quizzically; "one never is. Turn your head," he said. He did something deft and quick to her left ear. "That's what I wanted of you today. Now it's perfect. When it's been exhibited you can have it."

"As a souvenir of my youth," said Julie. He had dealt his last blow.

Skidmore had walked over and was looking at her very closely.

"Julie," he said tenderly. She lifted her eyes to him fearlessly. There was a tremendous honking outside.

"That's Dolly," said Skidmore with uneasy certainty. "She's come to get my things."

"I'm going," said Julie.

She didn't want to see Dolly. She wasn't afraid, but the whole scene had become vulgar to her. Dolly would admire her portrait, thank her for what she had done for Fred.

Skidmore went to the window and yelled down.

"Wait a bit! I'm coming down, dear," he said.

Julie had never seen him so calm. He came back to her and helped her with her hat. He laid his finger caressingly behind her ear.

"Come on," he said.

There was a back stair that led down into a yard from which one might cut through an Italian garden and away into the next street. There would be no meeting with Dolly; neither could she see the departure. At the top of the stairs they stopped.

"I can't ever thank you," he said.

"No, you can't," she said.

"I've got the picture, and I'll never forget you for it. I'll hate to give it up to you."

"Don't send it," she said.

"Yes, I will; it will be worth a lot some day."

"Good-by," said Julie coldly.

He stooped quickly and kissed her trembling lips. He owed it to her. He was a poor figure of a man although a good artist; but he was her first love, and she kissed him back.

Crying softly, she went through the Italian garden and down into the hot street. She had had a great hurt. That episode, with its chief actor and its moonlit nights and care-free talk, was over. Ahead of her stretched a sun-baked street, and, beyond, the gaunt elevated structure. She started towards it—to ride back to reality.

In the studio Skidmore went to the other stairs and whistled to Dolly to come up. She came, quickly and energetically. She was thin and blond and boyish and smartly clad.

"Where is she? Did she come?"

"Uh-huh."

"Has she gone?"

"Uh-huh." Skidmore was looking at the portrait. He loved it because he had made it.

"Oh, dear, I wanted to meet her."

He explained that she had had to rush back to the office. She was such a busy little thing.

The tears had dried on Julie's cheeks when she sat dumbly down in the car of the elevated train, which is no place for weeping. White-faced, unseeing, she rode along, unconscious of the people around her, of the changing scene outside her, where the houses and scattered buildings were giving away to close-packed apartments. A young

(Continued on Page 78)

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Hamilton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 76)

woman who has seen her house of cards blown down has little interest in the scenery.

What she was looking at was her heart. Two months ago she had not known what it was to have a heart, and here she was left with this torn and bruised and bleeding thing. A flame of anger shot through her. Why should she be left alone to sweep up the ruins?

Like so many of her sisters, she was amazed that her idea of a man could be so different from reality. Never would she forget the calm tones with which he told Dolly—what an idiotic name!—to stay downstairs. Instinct told her what Dolly was like. Dolly was a whiz on the tennis court and a knock-out in a swimming suit. Dolly would never be left high and dry, to go back to New York with the shabby shadow of her disillusion.

Back to New York! New York, with its untenanted evenings, its lost excitements! She could hear Hilly's sage and sophisticated warnings, her inward amusement unsuccessfully concealed from poor old Julie. If she could only pretend that Skidmore had died, had been killed by a motor truck ——

The fat woman who sat across from Julie had been watching her interestedly for some time. She wondered if the poor girl had had trouble or was only bothered by the heat. The white face, the staring absorption were strange things in a New York car. Suddenly she thought Julie was going to faint. That young lady came out of her trance, and anxiously, impatiently, came alive again.

"Where are we?" she said to the lady.

"This is One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Street, dearie," said that willing consoler. "Don't you feel well? Ain't the heat awful!"

Julie didn't answer. Terror, remorse and angry shame shot through her. The Silverex account, and the report that Mr. Walker wanted on his desk the next morning! If she had to work all night, she must get to the office and finish it. She was no longer a crushed flower, but an impatient, terrified woman, responsible for a piece of work on which her job hung. All her old habits rushed back to her, as punished children run to greet a forgiving mother. Where Skidmore had reigned, silver polish sat enthroned.

It was long after seven when she reached the building. The elevator ran only to the fourteenth floor, and she climbed the last six wearily. In the main office two cleaning women wished her a good evening, with the debonair optimism of those who clean up the trash of other people's affairs. Julie, passing them, wished she could throw them her broken heart.

"Not so easily as all that," she thought ruefully.

Down the long corridor she walked. Her fingers ached to get to her typewriter. Celia could copy it all off in the morning. She would phone her to come down early. Or if she was through soon enough she could get a public stenographer at one of the hotels.

The offices were dark—except her own, strangely enough. She opened the door and saw Iverson, his coat off, his hair rumpled, sitting at her desk. He was working on her report. He looked up and saw her.

"Great Scott, I'm glad you came!" he said. "I am up a tree!"

Julie was too startled to speak. Shame at being caught by him and a strange sense of trust in his presence there struggled within her. She took her hat off and brushed her hair back from her hot brow.

"I came back to finish it," she said. "I—had to go out this afternoon."

He was looking at her, and now he was smiling not unkindly.

"But you came back, didn't you?" he said "Come on, let's get to work" He made way for her at the desk and drew up a chair beside her "I never would have started this, but Walker was around looking for you, and no one knew where you were, and I was afraid something had happened to you. I told him you had finished it and gone out to meet somebody, and would be back. Then when I came back here at 6 :30 and saw you hadn't showed up I was scared. I started in to revise it, because I thought he'd never know which one of us did it But gosh, woman, I couldn't make anything of it! I don't know this account as you do."

He was evidently, unquestioningly relieved to see her, and she was warm, all through her body and soul, with a sense of security. Here was this devil of hers acting the guardian angel.

"You're a good friend to me," she said.

The afternoon's effort and its defeat and this sudden reassurance were too much for her. Her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

"Come, Julie," he said roughly, "let's get to work."

They got to work. At twelve they were finished. Julie was amazed at the careless and the negligent work she had permitted herself to do the day before. She blamed herself, and Skidmore. He had done all this—he and love and folly. Already her heart was becoming a romantic old ruin to her. One does not cling to ruins.

"Come on," said Iverson. "Let's go and eat."

The thought of food filled her with ecstasy. Food—which she had not had since breakfast. She tottered down the twentieth flight after her new-found ally, who did not try to help her, because he saw she would not like to be helped too much. They stood on the street, in the familiar darkness. A gusty wind blew about them, and overhead a drunken moon rolled about hilariously between little pursuing clouds. Desolate or gay, the night was always delightful.

Iverson hailed a taxi and packed her into it. She heard him name a roof garden, and they rode around the corner and up the Avenue. It was quite the same Avenue, with its long dipping horizon, its marching misty lights; but Julie did not see it very clearly. Her only sensation was one of relief. Her work was done for the morning.

An hour later, when she had eaten half a chicken and a plate of pistachio ice cream, and had had two cups of black coffee, she felt Iverson's eyes on her, looking straight at her. They were black eyes, keen and searching and sardonic, and yet assuring. As she looked back, she wondered that she had never noticed them before. He was taking her in, she knew, wondering about her.

"Well?" she hazarded. How much did his knowledge of her approximate his guesses?

"You feel better now, don't you?" he said. "You look as if you had just come back from a rest cure."

"Food and work," said Julie. "You see what they can do for a woman. That's all I need in my life, I think."

"You do now, tonight. But you didn't this afternoon, and you won't—well, I won't say when," said Iverson. He smiled sagely.

"What do you mean?" said Julie.

She dared to look at him, putting the afternoon behind her back, so that he wouldn't see it. But she knew that he read her mind, and that he would keep on reading it. She began to be a little afraid of him, because he knew all about her and took her for granted, without ever saying a word.

"It's funny," she said, thinking aloud, "that I should be here with you tonight."

He wouldn't know why it was funny, but it was. Only a week before she had sat here with Skidmore, who had talked so amusingly. The same city had laid itself out before her eyes, the same geraniums had ranged their prim rows beside their table.

"That's just it," said Iverson. "It seems funny, but it isn't. There's nothing really funny about events or living. You get things thrust at you; and some you choose, and some you lose, and some you throw away. Or it's like furnishing a room. You try one thing and throw it away, and then you try another. Finally you find what you want—and keep it. At least I do." For a moment his eyes possessed her. Julie looked over the railing, down at the silent city, where the lights were beginning to go out. Probably somewhere in Westchester or Connecticut, she didn't really know where, Fred was discussing her with Dolly. Or perhaps he wasn't. Here she was, blatantly, almost gayly, with Iverson. She was still too much the novice at the great art of love to take it quite so lightly.

"I hate shopping around." Her lip trembled a little as she spoke.

Iverson looked at her as fondly as he dared. He noticed that her eyelashes, as her eyes closed, lay long on her cheeks, and he had a wild desire to measure them with his fingers, as one might a baby's. The engulfing tenderness he had for her at once urged him on and checked him. But he was a wise man, and bided his time.

"Come along, my dear," he said. "You're tired."

Once more he had read her mind. Obediently she let him take her home.

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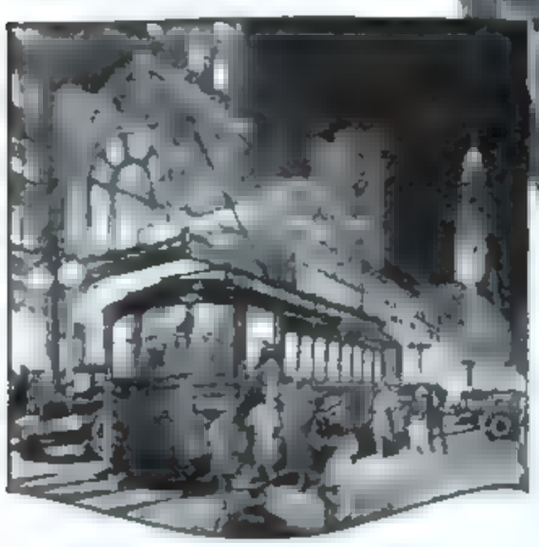

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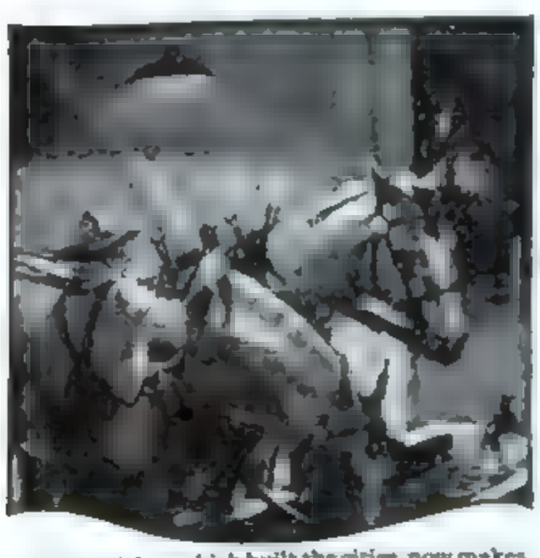

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From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it. My permanent address is Executive offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

—E. M. Statler.

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Another Hotel Statler will shortly be under construction in *Boston,* at Columbus Avenue, Providence and Arlington Streets. It will have 1100 rooms, 1100 baths, and will be in every way worthy of the Statler name and reputation.

In *Detroit,* too, there will be a new Statler-operated hotel for which the ground has been purchased and plans are being drawn. It will be at the corner of Woodward Avenue and High Street, a little way north of Grand Circus Park, where the present Hotel Statler stands.

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This increase in the number and importance of Statler Hotels in American cities is brought about solely by the good values, the comfort and convenience and satisfaction, which the Statlers provide for their patrons. These values, this satisfaction, go beyond the satisfactory buildings and their equipment, the furnishing and facilities of the rooms and restaurants and lounges; these hotels also guarantee the *service* they render you—*definitely guarantee* your satisfaction in the formal promise reproduced above.

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The rate per day (for one and for two people) of every Statler room is posted permanently in that room, printed in plain figures.

SANDOVAL

(Continued from Page 23

"Got to; obligation, like I said; matter of honor, really. He's funny. Got this kinkajou. . . . Guess what he had for a pet when he was on parole after we got hold of New Orleans?"

I could only think of a superlative kinkajou. Christian flattened his hands on the hearth after dropping to sit there, and talked, against my eagerness, without stirring. We were suddenly intimate, comfortably brothers, and he talked with his eyes lighted deeply by the gas, in a rich ambling that slowly made a tale.

■

ON MAY 1, 1862, two nervous regiments oozed from a fat transport and marched between shifting crowds over dull mud into New Orleans. Christian watched this noiseless passage while he ate an orange on the white broad rail of the Oneida's gun deck. He envied the Yankee and Wisconsin infantrymen. They knew how to cook in the frantic city; old sailors said so, who had eaten Creole foods there before this war. The Oneida had taken fifty men of the sunk Varuna's crew; meals were slim in the jostle. The big lad swung his feet and a negro in a skiff on the ocher water called up "Salt horse! Salt horse!" nastily, as if he had not been freed five days ago from the chance of being sold into more slavery. Christian threw the sucked orange at him and hit him.

Other lads climbed down from rigging that rose against the tamed sky which no longer dropped shells. The mob hadn't fired on the troops. General Butler would show New Orleans how to behave. Why shouldn't everybody go ashore and eat? Why—this was immediate—shouldn't Christian go straight to the commander and tell him so? And it was notorious that he, Christian, had an oilskin bag slung to his neck that still held, after much apprentice poker, seven gold pieces. Obvious that Christian, as became a hero, should take ten of his most devoted admirers on shore and feed them.

They said, "Aw, cut along, ol' feller! Go on, do!"

A warm importance swelled in Christian, aged sixteen years and five months. He had reported with nine other enlisted men to Flag Officer Farragut on the Hartford yesterday, and had been publicly called a credit to the Navy. No one in the flat city would see that he had shoved off this fire raft from the Oneida's side without much knowing how he did it. His wrist, wrenched by clinging to a rope while he kicked at the moist logs of the flaring oblong, was all right now. He said "Well," and the thing was getting probable, when bugles sounded all along the curve of the anchored fleet and an ensign on the gunboat's bridge brutally read an order to the lined crew: No one would go ashore at all!

Immature mutiny threatened while night began again. Christian's circle slapped mosquitoes on bared breasts and watched New Orleans twinkle below larger stars. A fourteen-year-old from Philadelphia knotted his capital, fifty-four cents, into a handkerchief and vowed to swim to the levee, where tethered steamboats were lighted and women sang, clearly, Dixie and C'est Pour Nous. Charred cotton ran in the wind and Christian thought of gravy dribbling off silver spoons. Here were these seven gold wealths that Mr. Almy had given him when Christian went to say good-by at the bank in January. Well, damn! He pulled on his shirt and went craftily to the quarters of Ensign Jack Fetter, whose mother lived near us in Bank Street.

"Christy, I'd like to get ashore myself," said the ensign; "but damned if I know how! Here, though! You needn't tell any of those other whelps this, but the old man's cursin' the grub. We may send off a boat to buy fresh vegetables in the morning. I'll see you on it."

Christian did not sleep, and breakfast was skimpy. But toward noon he dropped between the oarsmen of the Oneida's biggest surviving boat at Ensign Fetter's heels. A cutlass battered his left knee and he sat primly stiff, wondering how many fights he might have after this open favoritism.

Patrols of the Wisconsin regiment passed among the groups that endlessly curled in from the blue line's passage and then swung out to stare after it. Gray uniforms faced with red blinked in the turmoil of a narrow street, but the cuffs had been stripped of devices and no swords dangled among crinolines. The city sulked, mad, half frightened and very hungry, as the stalls showed when Ensign Fetter's troops gaped at bandannas in the region of markets. Christian chewed a queer glazed fruit and the young officer loaded his baskets with odd things—decent beets, some yams. The eight men of the Oneida gazed at scuttling women, and a hag in green corsets spoke French from a high veranda waving a tricolor. She ended with, "Dinaire, two dollar."

Ensign Fetter had a generous heart. The men piled their basksts in a corner of a shaded room, and the hag, in a dressing robe, bullied two moist quadroon women over her shoulder while she set out red bottles on a table. She was Parisian, and the war meant only poor trade to her. It would be a bad meal—soup, pompano, stewed lamb, an omelet with rum. Cigars? No, she had none. Up the street were tobacconists.

"Here," said the ensign, "cut up and bring us some, Christy."

Christian gulped down a tumbler's depth of some vehement wine and went under the veranda into the scalding light, suddenly hotter. A girl swept back her crinoline so that it danced and showed yellow stockings. He flushed from her scowl, tramping off. Two youths in short gray jackets passed with their chins in air. Then it was plain to Christian that he had conquered New Orleans in person. He was no longer hungry. He strolled and turned a corner into a nice street where growths rambled on upper galleries and the light was tolerable through trees. The sheathed cutlass trifled with his leg too heavily. He drew it and marched up this street into a blurred bevy of pantaloons that did not give way. He disliked that and stopped to think as a crowd pressed in on his arms. Suddenly he knew that wine had dazed him. An exact remembrance of Uncle Pat came into Christian's mind. No one listened. Some hand dragged forward the front of his blue blouse and someone spat on his neck. He said "Hi, hi, hi" in the death of logic, and then the matter became a frothy gallop of acts. He was wonderfully hurt and grieved. . . . It must have been high noon; he became soberly wakeful to the notes of a clock striking ten.

The place of his waking was a bedchamber that opened into a garden or a courtyard, and candles sat in plump silver holders on a marble console. There were other candles in the garden; and a statue, very tall, of the Virgin was sheer blue between two frail trees before an endless wall. Mist about Christian was a netting when he kicked at it, and a man in tawny linen got up from a chair of gold brocade to tell him, "Do not be afraid."

Pierre Coty, Christian thought, must have been sixty. He had a round yellow face and his hands were handsome in many gestures. Everything was well. The servants were cleaning and mending Christian's clothes. All this was regrettable. The city possessed a band of ruffians, not gentlemen, who took occasion to brawl. Naturally there was great excitement. The mayor and Mr. Soulé were arguing with General Butler. Citizens thronged the street before the St. Charles Hotel. Well, this was war! No doubt everything would be arranged by morning. Fortunately, Mr. Coty's nephew had made an interference. A gentleman could always control the low class. Christian sat rubbing his bruises, and wanted a drink of water, wildly shy and naked as a horse, facing Mr. Coty's frilled shirt. Then young Sandoval came in from the garden and his spurs stopped the musical dignity of the old man's talk.

Sandoval was then twenty-two, fragile and uniformed. He stood talking to his uncle, and Christian heard in the fluttering French the one word "brute" repeated many times. The officer's red collar was open and his dark chin sank between the wings. He had the look of a tall Napoleon, a hand thrust into his jacket; but he carried a wriggling white kitten under one arm and often lifted its pink nose and kissed it. This convinced Christian he was an ass.

More men in linen or in uniforms were gathered in the garden, and English words came now and then.

Someone said in violence, "This ought to wake Bonaparte up!" And another man

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spoke of "proper representation to the Tuileries." It came to Christian that there was nothing villainous in these voices. He sat and heard indignation well from the courtyard. The South spoke and a blankness settled on my brother. An army had seized the city of these people and they grieved. How would anyone feel about that?

Young Sandoval turned and said, "You must advise us, sir." Christian had never been called "sir" before. "We do not know what to do. It is troubling. I was, perhaps, incorrect to bring you here. It would have been wiser to take you to the quartier of your general. Those silly people, though, were ugly; they would have ended by killing you. Fortunately, I had a carriage. A gentleman can always control a mob."

Christian doubted that, while he was awed by the tapping run of Sandoval's speech. He croaked out some thanks and sat fingering the oilskin bag that still hung to his neck. Sandoval's speeches had a certain civil bite, and the young fellow stood looking at my brother through the white net with a serene disapproval that sent Christian's eyes down to his bruised and plastered knees. He had never much cared whether people approved of him or not before. Now he was a caged specimen of the Union strength to these Southerners, and some of the men had strolled from the garden to look at him.

One of the voices declared, "They're recruiting their navy from the Germans."

"I ain't," said Christian. "Pa's half Danish and we live at Number 5 Bank Street."

A voice deeper in the group said, "Oh, that's in New York."

But this was by way of condemnation. New York had no importance to these men, and when he recited that father was the superb Mr. Robert Almy's secretary no one admired the fact. He heard, though, the French word "*banquier*," which meant banker. In some hope of impressing anybody, the boy stated that Mr. Almy was one of the richest men in New York or the world.

But no one cared, to his notice.

"It would be better for him to have some coffee before you take him back to the levee," said old Coty. "His officers will be anxious."

Someone advised that Christian be turned over to General Butler at the Union headquarters. The group politely argued, and Sandoval's white kitten climbed the shaking mosquito bar which came down from the roof of his bedstead. Two black servants brought Christian's mended clothes, and he was terribly shocked to find his undergarments scented with orange flower, his shoes polished. He dressed while these men—seven in all—wondered what Union authority had best take him in charge.

A fair man was called Heidseick, and this may have been Charles Heidseick, the champagne king, who was then in New Orleans and outraged by the invasion. Christian's mind balanced on the queerness of his place, hearing these suave men grow indignant as they drank coffee from thin cups and ate little vanilla cakes. Had such a ruffian as this General Butler the right to give officers, gentlemen, paroles? Had the mayor been discreet to talk to the Northern general at all?

A dark bearded man said, "We should have burned the town, sir!" and Sandoval's kitten hissed.

Sandoval led my brother through the courtyard past some statues, and Christian remembered the flowery space as monstrous. A thin lady whose crinoline had ten red ruffles on its whiteness was sewing under a lamp, and Sandoval paused to commit his kitten to her care, calling her *tante*. Inimical shadows roamed a balcony and looked down at Christian. There was a great cage shaped as an Indian mosque behind Madame Coty's chair, and love birds seemed too small on a gilded perch. A huge mulatto draped Sandoval's gray uniform with a black cloak. My brother felt that a luxurious routine had been foully upset by his presence, and limped after Sandoval under iron gates into a street. He waded in more thanks.

"Oh," said the officer, "that is nothing!"

He destroyed Christian with the speech and did not talk as they were driven on silk cushions through many streets. Once the carriage passed some Yankee soldiers circular about a girl under a lamp, and Sandoval made a noise between his lips. It was a proud sound of disapproval. He abolished the girl and the soldiers in a breath.

"Your name is?"

"Christian G. Gaar," said Christian.

When the carriage stopped on the levee a Wisconsin sergeant bawled, "Who are you?"

The young man reared as a cloaked, romantic figure and abolished the sergeant with another noise of his tongue on his teeth.

"I am Mr. Coty de Sandoval. This boy was set upon by some drunkards. He will tell you that he was courteously treated at my uncle's house. And you may tell his officers that he was not to blame," said Sandoval, sitting down.

His carriage passed along the levee's dullness and was absorbed in the night gradually, while Christian explained himself to the lounging guards, who exclaimed in sharp, loud voices.

My brother undid his waistcoat, getting up from the hearth, and yawned, "They sounded awful funny after all that French. Kind of coarse, too. . . . Well, here's this Sandoval, now! He's a gentleman. He'll tell you so."

VI

CHRISTIAN did not wake while I bathed and dressed. It now seemed perfectly righteous to borrow one of his shirts and a pair of socks from the dresser in chipped walnut, which was the only other adornment of the room where he lay rolled in sleep and sheets. He changed, asleep, and was simple; the Christian of 5 Bank Street who took me swimming from the docks of the North River and fought Irish boys valiantly in sundry back yards.

I felt privileged to wake him up and say, "Hi, Christian, pretty near eleven!"

He passed his fingers through the muddled amber hair and was brisk at once.

"Go yell to Neddy for a lot of grub, son. . . . Hey, seventeen, ain't you? What'll I give you, Blacky?"

"Oh, nothin'!"

"Go on!" he said. "I've still got fifty-nine thousand in the bank. Name your——"

"We Have the Horridest Families! Mamma's So Horrid! She Just Smothers Me! Your Mother's Nicer, Even If——"

"You'll take me to this prize fight?"

He grinned.

"Man wants but little here below. . . . Hey, there's a gang coming to lunch at twelve. Go down and get yourself some coffee, Blacktop, and tell Neddy to get some chairs."

The sailor used up three novel oaths when I found him in a kitchen that was wild with babies. He dashed off, and his wife, a very fat, pretty girl, gave me and her youngest daughter breakfast composedly, saying, "Neddy always gits fractious before a v'y'ge. He's goin' to San Francisco this time. There's the sweetin'." Several babies climbed my legs while I took the sugar bowl from a shelf. The nameless matron cuffed them and told one, "Pansy Worth, you go set in your ma's room."

Mrs. Worth's child crawled under the stove instead. I carried up Christian's tray and heard a violin declare the first phrase of a largo from the third floor. The notes descended without stress or flourish through the white halls under a noise of rain, placid as the music. Mother would be mourning the damp lawns at home. In this world I could not worry, could not be fretted by her voice and the flash of vulgar bracelets. It was like school again, a male paradise, and Neddy padded the gray planks of the living room, getting rid of my cot and cursing.

"Save it for your trip to San Francisco. Any passengers going?"

"None! Captain Hoe's lookin' for some. These railways is spoilin' the trade," said Neddy, hurling sheets about. "Or if passengers come they'd be—wimmen with a parcel of—babies! How many's to yer—lunch party?"

"Can't remember. I told 'em at the restaurant, though. Get in some more chairs and shut your mouth. I'm thinking," Christian said, and lighted a cigar.

The sailor now swore only in the hallway, and a German waiter with two lesser Germans came with covered dishes and silver buckets engraved "Hotel St. Nicholas." Christian raised and let fall a long foot under his sheets, and his face was a mask. Sandoval boiled inside his head.

He told me, "Uncle Pat ought to know most of the blacklegs in the city, son," and then, "This ain't a job for a detective. The feller's right." The waiters went to mumble German on the stairs and Christian grunted, "I'd give an ear to know just how many Confederate agents there were in New York while the war was goin' on. The Cotys must have known what they were doin' though."

"Does he think this man got caught with the money—or whatever it was?"

"He don't know. It was to go on an English steamer from New York. This Edward Ross signed a receipt for the thing in St. Louis on August 29, 1864. Six years and sixteen days ago. . . . What good will it do Sandoval to find out that somebody stole this money? I'm sure it's money. He can't get it back. His uncle wouldn't take the oath of allegiance. Somebody's going to get their nose bloody if he finds out. Poison mad! . . . Edward J. Ross. Bet there's sixteen hundred of 'em. . . . Hey, Blacktop! Cut along and look at the directory! Tell Neddy to catch you a cab. Umbrella's behind the door."

There was a cab under the maple before the house, and the cabman thought directories stayed with druggists. We moved in wetness on Grand Street, and I seriously thought about Sandoval. The thing seemed dangerous. I had wholly taken Christian's view. It was dented into me by his voice, and there could be no other resolution of the brown man's wish. Yet it seemed futile. The war was over five years ago, and here was Sandoval scrabbling up dead facts about a bribe that hadn't reached some woman in Paris. The war was over. Captain Lassiter lounged on cushions in our house and one-time rebel officers went to dine everywhere in society. . . . Society was fleeing Grand Street rightfully. I forgot Sandoval, watching linen flap from an upper window. Two girls walked with red shawls cuddling their heads, and a smaller girl was barefoot, hopping in the gutter. A house had tall letters, "Seamen's Hotel and Bar," beside a drug store's pestle, and two hairy youths were buying pink soap from a pimpled clerk who shoved me the directory with an elbow and talked on about some ship aground near Long Branch.

I copied out three Edward J. Rosses from a grimy column and thought that Edward J. Ross of East Twenty-second Street was

(Continued on Page 87)

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To the Man

a Dodge

Your Dodge engine is of the four-cylinder, vertical, L-head type, bore 3⅞", stroke 4½". It is equipped with a splash circulating system of lubrication employing a vane pump located above the oil level.

Oil distribution is effected by dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods. These dip into the oil in the splash troughs and project it to all friction surfaces within the engine. Small holes above the dippers are provided to convey the oil into the crank pin bearings.

On all Dodge engines, prior to 1923, cast iron pistons were used. Because of the present day fuels, comparatively small carbon deposits in these engines quickly result in "pinging" or knocking.

It is of utmost importance, therefore, that a clean-burning oil be used in these engines, under all operating conditions in order to eliminate the tendency toward excessive carbon accumulations. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets these requirements as this oil is of sufficient body to assure thorough engine lubrication and is of such character as to burn with a minimum of carbon deposits.

The 1923 Dodge engine uses a special type of constant clearance, aluminum alloy piston. The chief factor for consideration from a lubrication standpoint is, that they result in much lower piston head temperatures, thus minimizing carbon formations and in turn, the knocking or "pinging" tendency of an engine.

For this reason, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" of a richer lubricating character than Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, can be used in these engines to advantage during summer. This change in piston design counteracts the conditions which in the previous models made the engine sensitive to carbon formation.

During summer Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in the 1923 models; in all earlier models, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used.

During winter, because of the elevated exposed location of the oil pump, it is necessary to use an oil of the proper fluidity, to provide positive pump priming. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used during winter in all models.

a Willys-Knight

Your Willys-Knight engine, due to its *sleeve valve construction*, operates at high piston temperatures. Heat in internal combustion engines must be transferred from the piston through the cylinder wall to the cooling water in the water jackets.

Unlike the poppet valve engine which has its piston rings in direct contact with the oil film on the cylinder walls, the Knight type engine must transfer its piston heat through *two sleeves* and *three* oil films before it reaches the cylinder walls to be absorbed by the water in the cooling system.

Retarded heat flow means higher piston, piston ring and sleeve temperatures. Heavier oils are required to meet this heat condition. Gargoyle Mobiloil "B," which is heavy in body and possesses unusual heat resisting qualities, adequately meets this condition in summer temperatures.

Oils of lighter body or inferior quality will not withstand these high piston and sleeve temperatures. "Dry spots" are liable to occur and lead to scoring of pistons, sleeves and cylinder walls.

Winter Lubrication: Cold weather materially reduces the operating temperatures and emphasizes the need for ease in starting and thorough oil distribution under low temperatures.

The large frictional areas in a Knight engine, together with the location of the oil pump above the oil level (except 1923 models) are factors of importance in determining the correct oil for winter.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" possesses greater fluidity under low temperatures, and will be distributed by the lubricating system in winter weather.

Its use permits easier sleeve action and affords adequate lubrication of the sleeves and pistons.

For Willys-Knight lubrication, therefore, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in winter.

a Ford

In design, construction, operation, and lubrication, the Ford is unique. The engine oil must adequately and efficiently lubricate, both transmission and multiple disc clutch. In Ford engine lubrication the following points must be considered:

(1)—The Ford connecting rod bearings have no oil holes or oil grooves, nor are the lower ends of the connecting rods equipped with oil dippers or splashers. Hence the need for oil which atomizes readily and distributes freely throughout the entire bearing area.

(2)—The Ford pistons over-run the valve seat level. Any excess of oil carried up by the pistons readily finds its way onto the valves and seats. Hence the need of a clean-burning and non-carbon forming lubricant. Otherwise gumming of the valves results.

(3)—The Ford Planetary transmission operates in a bath of engine oil. The close-fitting sleeves and bushings demand a free-flowing oil of correct body to insure thorough distribution to these parts.

(4)—The Ford multiple disc clutch operates continually in a bath of engine oil. A free-flowing oil of the correct body and character is necessary to assure positive, quick engagement with no slipping and an instantaneous release of the clutch without dragging.

(5)—Chattering of Ford transmission bands comes from incorrectly adjusted bands or worn out linings, and is aggravated by unburned fuel mixed with the lubricating oil. In such cases the diluted oil should be replaced with fresh oil and the bands correctly adjusted or the linings renewed. To attempt to remedy such mechanical conditions by the use of oils containing foreign material which may separate or decompose under heat, is obviously wrong and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material. It is of the correct body, character and fluidity and especially manufactured to scientifically meet the exacting requirements of Ford cars both summer and winter.

Don't say: "*Give me a quart of oil*" Ask for

who owns——

a Buick

Your Buick engine, because of its large reserve horse-power and efficient cooling system, operates at comparatively low temperatures.

With Buick valve-in-head construction the cooling area of the combustion chambers is relatively small. This, together with compression pressure of 75 lbs. makes this engine sensitive to any appreciable carbon deposits, particularly in view of the present day fuels. Where excessive carbon deposits exist, "pinging" or knocking results. To minimize carbon deposits under these conditions, your engine requires a well refined, clean-burning oil which will be thoroughly distributed by the lubricating system.

For all Buick models (except 1923) use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic both summer and winter.

The 1923 Buick engine differs from previous models, in so far as lubrication is concerned. The splash troughs are covered, leaving a slot through which the splash dipper passes to project the lubricant. This baffled splash trough design appreciably reduces the quantity of oil distributed so that the lubricating oil will not splash to the cylinders in excess quantities or reach the combustion chambers too freely.

The two center crank-shaft bearings are supplied with oil under pressure.

These changes in the 1923 Buick construction permit the use in summer of an oil heavier in body and richer in character than heretofore without the possibility of objectionable carbon accumulations

Hence, for the 1923 Buick, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter will insure correct lubrication.

a Studebaker

(Big Six—Special Six—Light Six Models)

Studebaker engines are of the six-cylinder, four-stroke cycle, vertical type. The cylinder head is detachable and the valve arrangement is of the L-head type.

Studebaker pistons are equipped with a special oil-return groove and oil-drain holes which allow excess quantities of oil on the cylinder walls to drain back into the crank-case reservoir.

The Studebaker lubricating system is of the splash circulating type, employing a gear type oil pump located on the outside of the crank-case and considerably above the oil level.

The lubrication of the cylinder walls, the pistons, piston rings, and piston pin bearings depends upon an oil mist. This mist is created by splashers fitted on the lower side of the connecting rod bearings dipping into oil in troughs located under each cylinder bore.

A suitable lubricant for these engines must be of such body and character as to meet the operating temperature and distribution requirements.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" will provide adequate engine lubrication and thorough distribution during summer; its use is therefore recommended.

Because of the well-finished cylinder bores, close-fitting pistons and the adequate drainage of these pistons, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" will not form objectionable carbon deposits and a thorough and efficient sealing of the piston rings will be assured.

Under winter operation, it is imperative that the oil used be of the proper fluidity to provide a positive priming of the elevated oil pump. Otherwise, failure of the pump to deliver oil to the engine will result.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is of the proper body to assure positive priming of the Studebaker pump under winter operation. Because of its character and fluidity, it will atomize readily and thoroughly, thus providing proper distribution to all engine parts, even when freezing temperatures are experienced.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic respectively are best suited to the summer and winter lubrication requirements of these engines. Their use will insure maximum engine performance with a minimum of wear and depreciation.

a Chevrolet 490

Your Chevrolet 490 engine is of valve-in-head construction and designed for high compression pressures of approximately 87 pounds.

The lubricating system is of the splash circulating type. The gear type oil pump is in an exposed position directly in back of the radiator, and is considerably above the level of the oil in the reservoir. There are long lengths of exposed oil piping on both the suction and discharge sides of the pump.

All engine parts except the center crank-shaft bearing are lubricated by an oil mist caused by the dipping of the connecting rod splashers in the oil troughs provided under each cylinder. Oil is forced under pressure to the center crank-shaft bearing.

Carbon deposits in this engine, because of the high compression pressures and combustion chamber construction, are particularly objectionable. Correct lubrication is essential to the maintenance of high efficiency. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic will leave a minimum of carbon deposits, and is of the correct body and character to provide adequate engine lubrication under all operating conditions.

The use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic both summer and winter will assure correct engine lubrication and lead to the satisfactory performance you have a right to expect of your Chevrolet.

TO OWNERS OF ALL CARS

It is far more beneficial to the engine if you add a small quantity of oil every day rather than larger quantities at less frequent intervals. Careful car operators, taxicab companies, and owners of motor truck fleets make it a practice to see that the oil is at the proper level every morning before the car goes out. With a five gallon can or fifteen or thirty gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand, you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crank-case should be entirely drained of oil at least every one thousand miles in summer and every five hundred miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crank-case with kerosene.) Then refill with correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If your car has not been mentioned here, see our complete Chart of automobile recommendations. Garages and dealers have this Chart on their walls. It appears also in our booklet, "CORRECT LUBRICATION," which we will gladly send you on request. Address our nearest branch.

Warning! **Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name Mobiloil (not Mobile) and for the red gargoyle.**

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

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(Continued from Page 82)

more likely to be Sandoval's victim than a clergyman or a poulterer. The clerk accepted ten cents for the use of his volume and I was driven back toward the river, which showed real masts as I came to the white steps. Grand Street ended in docks, brown above water, and the slope of Brooklyn was not blurred by thinning rain. A pink ferry crept along and a tug chased it, passed it. I lingered on the sidewalk to see all this marine behavior, in great happiness, and another cab came to stop by the maple tree.

My father looked at me without surprise, and opened his umbrella before saying, "Ah, Thorold!"

"I stayed with Christian all night, sir. We were at the show."

"I see. And was it nice?"

He had not the least accent, but he was always foreign in my ears, always thinking of his grammar in this tongue.

I answered "Well, all right, sir," and hoped that he wouldn't kiss me between two umbrellas and before Neddy, who was scrubbing the white steps in a passion. But father kissed me. His lips landed on my cheek with emphasis silently.

"You look very nice in that suit, Thorold. You wore it last night? That was right. And our Christian is at home?"

"Ain't up yet, sir."

Gaar lightly pinched my ear with his yellow-cased fingers, and said, "Dear, 'ain't' is not very nice grammar for a boy who is seventeen today. We are grown up, now. . . . But if Christian is still in bed, he is at home. So let us go up the stairs."

He shut his umbrella, nodded the sailor from the doorstep and his straight black back mounted before me through this whiteness. He erased the German waiters and strolled along the hall, humming a French air exactly. Then he saluted Christian across the bed's foot with a flourish of one glove, and I admired his decent gayety. He might rage, but he was never glum. When my conscience ordered me to admire the slim man it was this easy brightness that I chose.

"Hello, pa," said Christian. "What's the news?"

"Your mother has a toothache. Not bad though. Too much candy perhaps. You drive me mad, dear! Ask Thorold if this is not—he would say 'ain't'—a dog's kennel! Do buy some nice carpets, Christian!"

"Go to thunder, pa! You have to be elegant and commodious. I don't. Sit down and have a drink."

Father sat on the bed with a comic gesture and told me, "See how I am treated! . . . Well, you will be married next month, so it does not matter. A dog's kennel, though!" He stripped the soft gloves from his lean pink hands and abruptly said, "Now! I must scold you!"

"If it's about comin' back to the bank, pa, save your wind. I won't!"

"No, no, no! But you are being silly. Shall I scold you before Thorold?"

"Blacky ain't any morals, pa."

This so touched me that I coughed and sat down safely away from father on the other side of Christian's feet. Of course, Gaar didn't like these rooms and the bare clean floors. He wove his thumbs in the fine chain that sauntered on the white dots of his waistcoat. His gray head turned a little and he took the silver buckets into a blue eye, took the whole room and Christian's open nightgown. He could eat facts with one swirl of the brown lashes.

"You should get dressed before your guests come, dear."

"A nightshirt's good enough for 'em. They're all rowdy, except Jenny Worth, and she's so respectable she'll die of it."

"But is it—I am a fussy old man—is it not too eccentric to receive calls in a nightgown? '*Farouche*' is the French word, I think. And who is Miss Worth?"

"Mrs. Worth, pa. She's a lady reporter on the ——"

"Just so! And when you already know that Mrs. Almy regards you as eccentric, dear, you take this Mrs. Worth in a box to the play. I see in the Herald that she wore black *peau de soie* and carried white roses. . . . You silly fool," said father, without stirring, "a drunken sailor would have more sense than do such a thing—to do such a thing!"

He had blazed without preamble into the rank, slurring voice of his rages.

Christian looked at him for three breaths, and then said, "I'll die of it! I ain't marryin' Mrs. Almy, pa."

"Her daughter! Her one child!"

"Blacky and I sit in a box at Daly's with Mrs. Worth. She's got a four-year-old baby and a husband. I bet she's thirty. Comin' out to the house tonight to report our circus. . . . Have I got to be in love with a woman to take her to a show? Mrs. Almy and May wouldn't come. Go soak your head, pa."

Gaar passed his thumb along his chain and said, "Ah, that is much better! Very well, then; tonight you will introduce Mrs. Worth to Mrs. Almy and we will be more comfortable. But you are a silly fellow, Christian."

"I'm just awful, pa."

Father laughed and touched Christian's sheeted foot with his palm. He was gay again, and gayly yawned, "Be home well before dinner to get our Thorold dressed."

"I'll cut his finger nails myself, pa. I'm goin' to get him drunk before the war dance of the wooden Injuns starts tonight so's he won't suffer so much."

"Our Christian is immoral."

Christian argued, "It ain't immoral to get drunk, pa. It's just stoopid. There's no such thing as morals anyhow. There's things that are honorable to do and things that are unhonor ——"

"Dishonorable, Christian—dis!"

"Have it your own way. . . . Say, pa, is there any such thing as a good private detective in this town? A friend of mine was askin'."

Gaar swung his umbrella and shrugged, serene again. He shook his head.

"For any inquiry that is really delicate, no."

"Well, for a pretty coarse inquiry?"

"Would not the police force serve? I could give your friend a letter to the mayor."

"Don't think that'd do. Thank you, though, pa. But, say, do you remember of any Englishman named Ross who was a shipping agent or something like that back in the war? E. J. Ross?"

"Of course—Edward J. Ross. But I think he was a Scotchman, my dear fellow, not English. He died in—I think, 1866. A nice man."

"Oh, blow! Leave any family around?"

"I think that he was a bachelor. Shall I find out?"

"It ain't important. If you could find out, though, pa, I'd be obliged. You've got a good memory."

"Oh, what you call a good memory is nothing except the habit to observe people, Christian. These people such as Ross one meets in restaurants and omnibuses or barrooms. It is no trouble to remember. . . . A tall man, nicely dressed, who always tried to give one a cigar—that is Ross. It is no trouble to remember people. . . . He died in 1866, I am pretty sure. But I shall find out if you like. . . . And please to be at home at five. We want our Thorold to look his best tonight."

He kissed his Thorold and went away to the offices plated with mahogany in Chambers Street or to lunch with other bankers somewhere.

Christian watched my face for a minute, and then said, "Oh, Blacky, hold your hosses! Go slow! It ain't worth gettin' mad about!"

"It is too!"

"Ain't neither! Pa looks at my bein' engaged to May as a good thing for us with the wooden Injuns. He's vulgar, outside his business. This show tonight," Christian pondered, "is pretty funny. . . . You're an awful handsome feller, Blacktop. I don't doubt the wooden Injuns'll take to you. You can be a swell if you want to."

"I don't! I want to be—well, kind of like you."

Christian blushed and rubbed his nose with the back of a hand. Then he said that man wanted little here below and threw a tough pillow at me. He went on: "Well, this sounds like crape on the door for Sandoval's business. Pa's got this memory like glue. We'll see though. Ross may have left a family or some friends. . . . Here comes my gang of burglars; we'll see. You've got too much sense to say anything to Jenny Worth about pa havin' been here and all that."

I had, in five minutes, no desire to say anything to any of a dozen new people eating lobster mayonnaise and drinking chilled Rhine wine around Christian's bed or on chairs of the living room.

Mrs. Worth, in a mussed blue dress, talked of her baby: "I took her up to the merry-go-round at Fifty-ninth Street and she just stood and stood, and I put her on one of the horses, and then she just cried dreadfully until I took her off. And then she stood and looked at it going around again."

A thin little woman in white thought that life was much like the conduct of Mrs. Worth's baby. People wanted to do exciting, tragical things until they did them, and then they cried to be taken off. It was always so. One was always being hurt.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Worth. "I don't think there's really anything tragical forever in life, Frankie. Something awful happens, and then you just pick up the pieces and go on to the next thing. It's like that."

People were silent, thinking about life, and the waiters brought in caramel ices.

Christian yawned, "That's stoopid. Because there ain't anything tragical. I mean for a sane person. When a baby busts its leg it's too bad, because a baby can't understand what's happened. A sane person knows what's happening, don't he?"

"No, he doesn't," a tall fellow boomed. "Life is a succession of unrelated accidents that make up a universal accident."

"But a sane person knows that, Harper."

"They don't show many signs of it, Chris. We're islands surrounded by a sea that we call Death. The politics of our island are mighty important, and tragic to most of us. We can't enjoy breaking our legs."

"Well, we ought to." People jeered. Christian flushed a little and cried, "Shut up! I mean that we ought to be—be awful interested in it, whatever happens. We ought to be curious about it. There ain't enough curiosity in this country."

"Did you ever read Dickens' American Notes? We're supposed to be the most inquisitive people alive," a sandy youth said, with a point of caramel on his nose.

"Oh, booh! To want to know how much a man makes a year and where an actress gets her diamonds! That ain't curiosity."

"What is?"

My brother hesitated. Then he plunged on: "It's a kind of happiness in—in findin' out things; examinin' everything ——"

"Science," said Mr. Harper. "You've a scientific mind, Chris. But did you ever break your leg, old man? But you're right. We're a superficial nation."

The adjective scared me. But Mrs. Worth thought that we were a young nation and would get over our superficiality. She seemed so hopeful that I rallied and ate two ices, while the rowdies talked about Man and Wife, which most of them had seen from the gallery, and then of the rumor of General Lee's illness.

"I do think," said the thin little woman, "that everybody's too sentimental about Lee. It's just because he's handsome."

Hotly and at once three people denied this.

Christian put in, "You're stoopid, Frankie. Lee's minded his own business since the war. He ain't let off steam in the papers or called the other secesh generals a pack of fools. He's honorable. Captain Lassiter—a feller I know—says the old gentleman don't ever gush about anything much. Didn't when the war was goin', and less since. There ain't nothin' cheap about Lee. He don't pity himself. It's the cheapest kind of cheapness there is. It's stoopid. . . . What you want, Neddy?"

The sailor had bounced in noisily, shod in honor of Christian's weekly luncheon to this group.

He said, "Yer uncle wants to see you."

"Drunk?"

"Christian," said Mrs. Worth, "don't be cynical!"

"When I ask a practical question you say I'm cynical."

"Well, then, satirical!"

The thin woman said, "I wish someone would tell me just what being satirical is. Everyone talks about it so much."

"It's tellin' smart people what they know already," said Christian. "It flatters 'em like anything. . . . Blacktop, you go see how Pat is today. If he ain't dished ask him up for a drink."

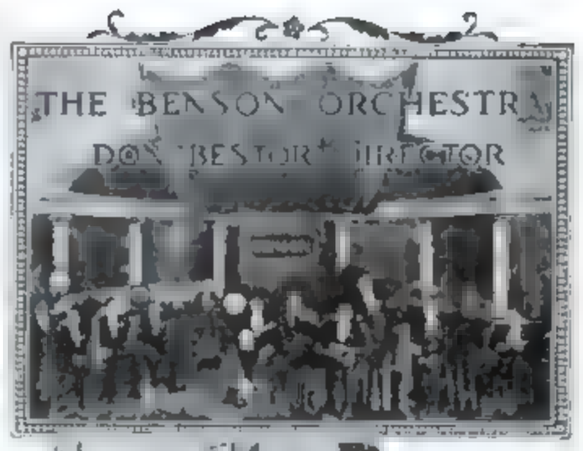
Uncle Patterson was swinging his cane in the lower hall and looking sourly at some of the babies spilled about a toy engine.

He cried "This is a fine business, ain't it?" in the flat voice of sobriety, but he wouldn't come upstairs. He steered me to the damp steps and slammed the door, making us private in Grand Street, under the porch.

"After all I've done for your pa!"

"What's happened now?"

"Don't you be satirical at me, Thorold Gaar! . . . To be written to that I ain't

(Continued on Page 89)

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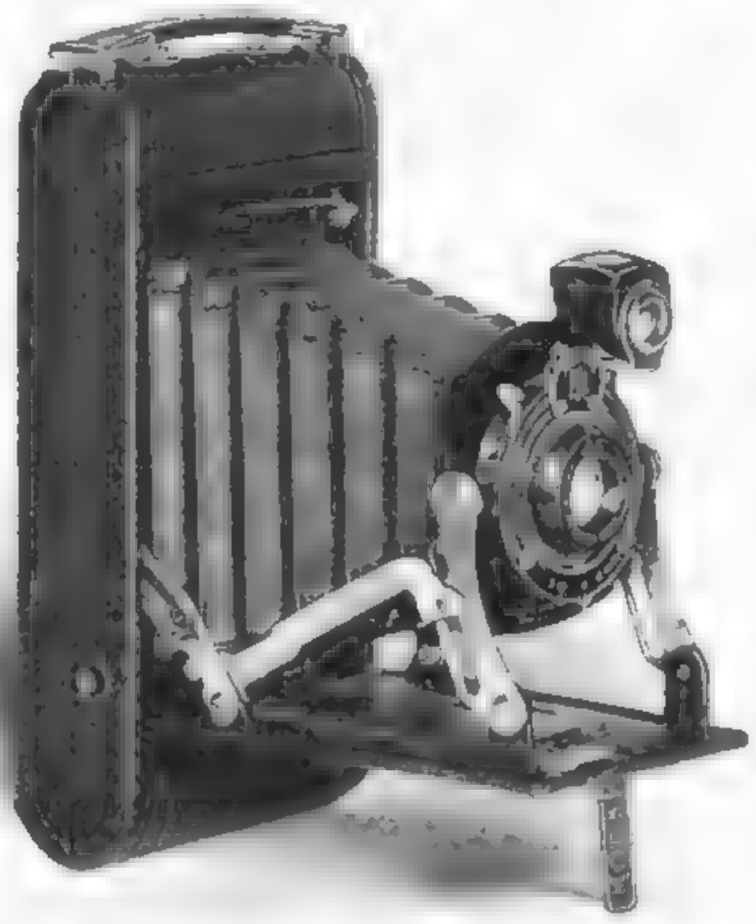

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(Continued from Page 87)

to come near any of you! After me runnin' errands for your pa for years! If I borrowed some money off him to invest in a social club does that give him any right to ——" His eyes swelled and shed tears on the pink of both cheeks. He cried, "And your birthday party, too!"

"But you ought to have known that father wouldn't like—well——"

"All right," said Cray; "all right! I'm a gambler and I ain't in s'ciety. What's your pa? Old Robert Almy's secretary, until he busted off to St. Louis and all them places West back in the war and bought in cotton cheap so's Almy could sell it high to Liverpool! Ain't that gamblin', even if Almy did make him a partner? Snakin' round St. Louis and Cinc'nnati and buyin' it in at five dollars to sell at fifty to the English! . . . Well, all right! But you can tell Charlie Gaar to go—oh, what's the good of talkin'? But it's a pity that because Christy's marryin' this ——"

I said, "Look here!"

"Oh, all right! But I call it plain ord'nary vanity! To be ashamed of his relations, because—vanity's what's the trouble with Charlie Gaar! . . . And landed in this country with all he had in the world done up in a handkerchief, and his daddy a hostler in this Denmark. . . . Well, it's a pity!"

Uncle Patterson gulped and walked to his cab. The cab curved off under hot sunlight and its square top flashed down the street's idleness, past some trees, through a string of noisy children. I did not care, and was frightened that I could not care. There must be something in me very strange. Bodies were thrust at me marked father, uncle, and I coldly saw them scowl against the profuse stir of a crowd. They went strutting and my eyes watched. They were only bodies. A little boy came up the drying stones and waved among the walkers a dirty flag pinned to a wooden sword. He cried "See! See!" and marched under his banner happily, although no one looked at all.

VII

AT MIDNIGHT they began to set off fireworks on the obscure lower lawn. People came down the slope among trees and through bushes that were lighted bouquets, where lanterns did not quiver in the unmoving air. Voices swarmed after the piling sparks that crushed night above the river, and the guests crooned at this prettiness.

Space smoothed the fabric of voices to a pleasurable note and a triumphal comfort came upon me, crouched beside the silver gauze of May's skirt. The house sent down soft paths across thin dew, and the clouds domed our felicity. Music galloped, and soon there would be supper; the grass calmed my hot feet.

"Blacky looks almost happy," May said as a break of sparks reddened us and the river was a rosy plate that held a surprised ship. "Are you, darling?"

"I think it's pretty nice."

Captain Lassiter drawled, with his kindest chuckle, "Modest about his birthday. . . . A green one!" Jade specks peppered the clouds. The long man said, "It must distress anybody that's trying to sleep on that ship out there."

"Oh, I went all over a schooner that's goin' to San Francisco this afternoon! It's right at the end of Grand Street! Sails next Sunday!"

May urged me, "Do make the captain take that horrible Sandalwood man along and drop him some place full of alligators! I never danced with a man who had so many relations in the French aristocracy. Christian has the dreadfulest friends! I don't mind newspaper reporters and artists. But this man's so vulgar!" A rocket dyed her silver skirts dim purple and her hair was black as mother's crown of curls. She cried, "He told me his whole pedigree!"

Lassiter shifted and raised a white glove to his face. We were between two lanterns, and his nice laugh did not show his little teeth.

He said, "But he's scarcely an acquaintance of Mr. Christian's, May. Never saw a young lady so hard on her prospective as you. It's outrageous."

"You didn't have to dance with that poodle!"

"Saw him dance with ladies in Richmond in '64, at Christmas. He was much the fashion," said the Virginian. "You're an unnatural female, May. De Sandoval is a very handsome boy. . . . Vulgar?"

"Don't tell me he isn't, just because he's a secessionist, Henry!"

"Lord of glory!" Lassiter chuckled. "I do assure you that there's aplenty of vulgarians in the South, May. Dozens of 'em. Where did your brother meet DeSandoval, youngster?"

"In New Orleans, sir, in '62. He'd just landed from France."

May wished that the Prussians had found him before he could sail, and sank on the turf. She seemed to drift, so seated, in the effusion of rockets and in a smell of powder now come down to us. She sneezed. "But that Mrs. Worth's sweet. She should go to a hairdresser. I suppose reporters can't afford them. Mamma's so ridiculous about Christian taking her to the play last night! As if she were an adventuress!"

"May," said Lassiter, "don't make any more libelous remarks about your mother. It's rebellious and undaughterly. You've spoken evil of everybody tonight—except Mister Blacky."

"And he can't dance. But mamma is ridiculous, Henry!"

Uneasily I moved my knees on the turf. Some sharp agitation lifted the silver butterflies of her shoulders. A rocket penciled the night with an arc that nowhere melted, and the furious gold dived in the river, nobly ended. She said, "I haven't seen Mr. Cray, Thor."

"Father didn't invite him. Father don't like his opening this—this gambling house."

She said "Oh, how pretty!" to the explosion of a jasper little bomb, and Lassiter coughed "Stunning! We had fine rockets at Princeton for commencement in 1860."

But I was frozen by my act; I had told the truth again and they fled from it delicately, kindly. The blue stone of Christian's ring twitched on May's hand. Would she ask Uncle Pat to the wedding next month? I sat in awkwardness, and Lassiter talked of rockets, civil and military; of rockets fired in the burning of Richmond. I had banged a fact on their manners and the nice man plastered it over with words.

"De Sandoval wanted Richmond razed so that the Yankees couldn't soil it with their boots, and by heaven, he nearly had his wish! He could eat more fire than any captain of artillery—in Richmond. His uncle, Mr. Coty, was a most courteous old gentleman. Truly sorry to hear that he's died since the war."

"Was the whole family in Richmond, sir?"

"Just old Mr. Pierre Coty and De Sandoval. . . . Mr. Pierre Coty didn't call himself De Sandoval. There was some amusement over this young fellow calling himself after the name of a plantation. It was thought ostentatious. But his dancing was much admired."

Ostentatious? It was a good long, mincing word, and I nailed it to Sandoval. The rosebud of his coat was cream tonight, and his bow was an execution that must damage muscles, if he had any under the white silk waistcoat's eight pearl buttons.

May said "Christian has such queer friends" again, but I didn't pay attention.

Captain Lassiter did not like Sandoval, although they had been of one side in the war. Why should anyone like Sandoval though?

Christian came in big strides out of the lower gulf and asked, "Seen Sandoval anywhere?"

May wailed, "You didn't expect me to carry him around, did you? I threw him away!"

"Got to be civil to the feller, May. I asked him here." He dropped on both knees and stooped his head toward her head in a green effusion that painted her eyes violet. But she leaned away and he was silent, kneeling. She might have kissed him! I had never seen their kiss. He rose and said, troubled by something, "You're havin' supper with me, May?"

"Of course I am! Do get mamma to go home. I want to drink champagne, and if she's here I can't have any. And don't let that horror from New Orleans come any place near me. I might kill him."

"Said he'd heard of the beautiful Miss Almy, even in New Orleans."

"It's so easy to think of things like that to say. . . . Take Henry and introduce him to Mrs. Worth. She's nice. I think it's horrid of her husband to let her be a reporter. . . . Or is she a widow?"

"Lord knows where Worth is. Ran off a couple of years back with someone. She's got to make a living. . . . Hi!"

A rocket boomed and stars swung in an apron that changed to a flag. People clapped vaguely, and down on the railroad tracks some patriotic boys whistled where red and blue dots were reflected on the hard rails. The flag fell to whirling rags and the river finished it.

The grooms prosily bawled "All over!" from the depths.

Gowns roved among the lanterns, and May said, "Shouldn't care to have a husband lost. . . . Such a big country. I suppose California's full of lost husbands. . . . Help me up, Blacky. . . . Henry, go dance with Mrs. Worth—and kill Mr. Sandoval if you see him anywhere."

I helped her up as Christian moved with Lassiter, and our rising seemed to slay a lantern in the lilacs. It flared and died. The leaves were no longer separate green glows, but a huddled gloom. May darkened and I watched some women pass a pulsing round of pink hung to a fir. Their robes flowed slowly as a bubble on black water, vanished and were rose again below a light that clung to a white goddess. My head blazed with a dream of women always moving, always tinkling jewels, always smiling on some darkness that held an amorous lantern to display them for a kiss.

"Blacky!"

"What?"

She said, "I can't marry Christian. We have the horridest families! Mamma's so horrid! She just smothers me! Your mother's nicer, even if ——"

"Your mother don't like Christian!"

"It's not that! I knew you'd say that! But it isn't that, Thor. . . . I'm afraid of him. He's so—so calm!"

"Oh, that's all right. He's awful nice after you get acquainted with him. I know he's funny—a kind of a statue."

"He's not a statue. He kisses me! . . . I like him and he's—he's very interesting and honest, but I can't marry him. I want to be married. I want to get away from mamma. But it's not honorable to marry Christian just for that. . . . Oh," she cried, "you're not a girl, Thor!"

People came near us and voices swooped at us: "Gone to Bedford Springs? But that's so vulgar! People from Pitts—ball is no place for a young girl—painted red. . . . They joined the Methodists and ——"

Skirts brushed the lilac and I could think a little.

"He ain't in love with Mrs. Worth!"

"I know he's not! And I thought I loved him, but I don't, Thor! I don't believe any of the things mamma says about him. She doesn't even like Henry. But I can't marry Christian, when he frightens me."

Still I wanted to watch the women below the light in a rosy cluster, and the flight of her dry voice had no meaning; it was some joke; she was Christian's; he loved her.

I said, "You're joking, May. Now ain't you?"

After a time she said, "Oh, of course I am! . . . You'll be so funny at the wedding in white gloves. Don't drop the ring, darling!" and laughed, having ended her joke.

Then she was mounting silver on a path of dazzle from the gaudy house, and her blue fan waved to someone. Now that she floated from me I was scared, and watched her pass with a heaving sense of doubt. But she'd been joking, teasing me. I strolled about the house.

But women must be frightened. There were many reasons and, lastly, husbands could run off and leave them with mussed babies to be fed. I must go look at Mrs. Worth in her new character of an abandoned wife. But she was comfortable with Lassiter on a wicker couch in the front veranda, smiting hairpins into the brown folds behind her head. They spoke of babies, and he heard how Pansy had run for a pack of cards when someone asked for a poker. He heard this and laughed at it! Mrs. Almy must be hard to please if she didn't like him. She was a black cat that crawled under bushes and hissed at men.

"I've reported you so many times at balls, Mr. Lassiter, since last March. . . . I remember you at Mrs. Stevenson's, Mrs. Almy introducing you to the ladies."

"I came up from Baltimore in January, ma'am. . . . Tell me now, isn't it a new thing to have balls reported? I mean private entertainment." At once he went on, "Though it's a most convenient custom, and gives us the pleasure of bein' presented to most interesting ladies."

"It is new—I mean, before the war ladies simply sent lists of their guests to the paper. The war's changed society, I guess. I truly think that people are much more

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free and easy than they were. The girls drink champagne just like anything. Some people are awful shocked. Christian says that anybody who gets shocked is stupid. He says a grown-up person shouldn't be shocked at all! He's got the most extraordinary ideas. . . . Here's Saint Sebastian." She beamed at me.

Lassiter looked me over and objected, "Saint?"

"Well, Christian says he's like a picture of Saint Sebastian he's got. It's complimentary to Mr. Thor, but the picture's just horrid. I don't think they should have let the old masters paint people being martyred. I don't think art should be so awful real, and that picture makes Pansy cry just terribly. . . . And do you find society much different from Richmond, Mr. Lassiter?"

"I've really not been much in Richmond since the war, ma'am. My mother lives with my sister in Baltimore, and I practiced the law there. . . . Why Richmond's what you might call a convalescent patient, ma'am. The town was much upset in 1865, and—impoverished. However, it's still a charmin' place. . . . Might I be allowed to leave you with Mr. Gaar? I see that Mrs. Almy's going. Should escort her; please excuse me."

He walked down the stones of the porch and joined Mrs. Almy's black tail curling in high lights at the door. The cat purred in her flutter of noises, "Mrs. Cutting's driving me home, Henry. Don't trouble. . . . Good night, Thorold. I'm sure you're having a good time. Good night."

Her tail dragged down the steps and silkily was coiled up in the carriage beside Mrs. Cutting's biscuit cloak. They were trundled on the driveway between the statues, all lighted great fingers that had torn through the turf. If the hand could close and squash her!

My mother flamed from the house with twenty stars in her hair and lace immeasurably dancing on her salmon silk. Society had spoiled her gloves and the carnelians slid on her bare arms.

She told Mrs. Worth, "Now, I'm having some supper served early for the reporters on the back porch so's the carryall can get you to the one o'clock train at Dobbs Ferry. But, of course, there's a special train that Mr. Gaar arranged for, at three, if you'd care to stay on and be perfectly welcome. . . . Thor, show Mrs. Worth where the back porch is, dearie."

Mrs. Worth wrote, after I found a chair behind palms on the back porch, that a special train carried my father's guests back to New York at three, and I shamelessly read this over her shoulder.

She said, "That's what I call humane! People just have to come to a ball as big as this, and want to stay to the end, and if there wasn't a train!"

"Why do they have to come?"

"Now, of course, I know that society's just nonsense; but you mustn't let Christian make you cynical. This is a beautiful ball! I'd like to stay to the special train, but Pansy always wakes up about two for a drink of water. Calls it a dlink. . . . I'm writing a story for The Gentlewoman about Pansy and calling it How Baby Grew. . . . You must make Christian bring you to lunch at the St. Nick. We all have a table in the big dining room every noon, and some of the men say such funny things. . . . I love creamed chicken! Now, do run and have a good time."

I walked through society in the hall's width and looked for a little at my father's air of a lazy king on the last tread of the stairs, talking to a thin man who denounced olives. They were malign, engendering cancer, and useless as food. There was no health in olives. He flushed and fumed.

That was dull. The Carnation Waltz pealed in the parlors and gowns went jamming through the door. I turned to the library, hunting talk. Someone must be saying something solid in the house about life or women or cynicism. A wag had hung his silk hat on the top of mother's harp, carried here to shield the Young Apollo's legs from a punch bowl hung with clematis. It was malefic punch, and damp glasses flickered about its rim. This was a cloakroom for men, and Christian might be cynical in a corner. I stood inside the velvet of the curtains and some men glanced at me. Lassiter shook his cup a trifle and smiled. Sandoval nodded, and a ring of smoke sank, inclosing his black legs. Then he spoke to Lassiter again, and I felt that the tapping voice had stilled this crowd of thirty smooth black coats. The dandies and some lads of the neighborhood were looking at him; his violent ease was fluid; he made a dance of talk; his shoulders and the white waist swayed. He was talking about France.

"Equipment? I saw the regiments starting north! My dear captain, the equipment! We were in rags in 1865; but, come, our men had real guns! Not *papier-mâché!* Inevitable that they could not meet the Prussians on fair terms. Equipment!" He shot it toward the chandelier on a gloved palm. The French Army was damned. Then he discarded France to ask, "Those very nice people in Richmond at whose house I had—I think—the pleasure of first meeting you? The Hazzards?"

"Johnny Hazzard's gone to California to make a living. Rest of 'em still at home. Johnny's doing very well, I believe."

Sandoval said "California! Exile!" and raised his shoulders. "Well, there are others in California—sons of the plundered regions. After all, why should one brood among the ruins?"

Lassiter moved a foot on the acanthus under him and looked down at it. I think that men fell silent in deeper corners, away from the chandelier and Mr. Sandoval's grace in its full light. A heat spread from him, or a chill.

Lassiter said, "Why, just so, sir. Why shouldn't youngsters go where they can make a living when the fortune of war's deprived 'em of resources at home?"

"Exactly; one must live."

Actor! He was playing to an audience under the lights. He gave a resolved little sigh and turned to look at the marble clock, then picked a hat from the line of silk cylinders on a vacated shelf, murmuring toward me, "The train goes at one from this Dobbs Ferry?"

"Yes, sir. . . How's César?"

"Oh, he has found a sympathetic cat and they play games in the corridor of the hotel. . . . Such a pretty fête. So courteous of madame to receive me. But I am curious. A stranger has curiosities about the Northern celebrities. Before I go I should like to be shown Mr. Tweed. Even Paris has heard of the boss. Yes, I should like to see ——"

"Mr. Coty," said Lassiter, his voice lifting, "Boss Tweed is not received."

Sandoval cried, "Oh, pardon! Perhaps I am offensive? I truly know nothing of New York. Mr. Tweed is not received? I am so sorry!" He denied the least sorrow with every breath. "Good night."

A dandy with pale whiskers looked for a little at the quivering velvet of the curtain, and asked, "Who's Don Rataplan, Lassiter?"

"His name's Coty. He's from New Orleans," said the Virginian, shaking red punch in his cup, staring at it. Then he drawled, "His uncle, Mr. Pierre Coty, was a most courteous gentleman. Had often the pleasure of seeing him in Richmond in the autumn of 1864. This puppy calls himself De Sandoval from the name of his father's property. He's not much admired in New Orleans. My acquaintances there consider him an insolent fellow. He's very wealthy."

"Thought he was an actor," said the dandy.

Lassiter smiled into the cup.

"His manners might well give you that impression. Mr. Christian Gaar happened to mention before him that there was a dance here this evening. De Sandoval chose to take that as an invitation to attend. He's an extraordinary fellow. In fact he had the impertinence to tell his superior officers how to defend Richmond against General Grant in '65. . . . There's the march from Norma. . . . Hope you're all as hungry as you should be, gentlemen."

He still leaned on the table by the punch bowl when the velvet fell after the hungry crowd. He had destroyed Sandoval entirely in seven sentences, I saw; but he said, "That was outrageous!"

"Well, he's outrageous!"

The rosy man crossed his ankles and drank punch. Then he told me, "Look here, youngster! This fellow's father married a low dancin' girl when he was drunk in Paris. The Cotys were 'shamed to death with her. She ran off with a steamboat captain when her husband was dyin'. Mr. Pierre Coty had this peacock of a puppy sent to Paris to learn some manners. What's most puzzling to me is that he was a truly excellent artillery officer. But his manners are outrageous! I never beheld such conceit! He's unfit for society!"

"D'you like society, captain?"

He chuckled, "Why, I'm not a studious person like your brother. Society does well enough for me. Like to see people. I would never aspire to lead the fashion, because I'm too lazy. Lassiter means some such thing in Latin. . . . This De Sandoval! He ——"

My mother flamed in, crying, "Now, captain! I'd counted on you to keep Mr. Sandoval here, and he's gone before supper! He's elegant company!"

"Why, ma'am," said Lassiter, "I naturally hastened his goin' in hopes that I might be permitted to have the honor of taking supper with you."

"When there's so many young ladies in the house, captain?"

"But I'd so much sooner be the envy of all the gentlemen," said Lassiter without the faintest smile, and drew her bracelets across the black of his sleeve.

They moved into society as I pulled aside the curtain, and for a while in the glare of the dining room I admired Captain Lassiter's ease against the towering carved foliage of a sideboard and the shuffle of silks in rotation beneath green globes. The wooden Indians buzzed and clicked spoons. Champagne prattled in a hundred glasses and the triumphal sense was born again from bubbles.

Things were rather nice, and I heard that a Miss Ayres had been seen to smoke a cigarette at Newport quite publicly on a bet made with Barclay Rivers; and, in subdued French, that women of the most visible character had adorned the Saratoga season; and that Mr. Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy was too funny, although sad in one place where a child was drowned; and that the brook in Fifty-ninth Street had finally been conquered by some engineer and wouldn't break out again. This tepid wash of facts circled pleasantly over plates of molded ices, and my father trimly floated in its warmth, speaking to women. I quite admired him. I admired everything except the Death of Commodus, which was admired by others though.

"It's just impossible," a pretty woman assured father, "for a man born in America to have taste!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Gaar. "That isn't so! We import many of the best pictures painted in Paris."

A thin man said, "We import 'em; we import everything. We make nothing."

He drank black coffee and was sad, looking at the Death of Commodus, and the orchestra loosed a French waltz. Female society put its hands to its curls. Male society drew limp gloves from its waistcoats. I found a splash of ice on my left ankle and squirmed through the scent to get upstairs.

Christian was changing his necktie and called from his room, "What d'you think of it, Blacktop?"

"I don't know. . . . I think Sandoval's a hog, though!"

"He's pretty wonderful. Pa tells me this Edward Ross did die in '66, and hadn't any family. Dunno how we'll get ahead with Sandoval's job. If he'd open up his mouth and tell me a little more about this present they were sendin' to Paris. . . . Hey, run and tell somebody to have the coupé at half past two. I'll take May home then. She's got a headache. Lassiter'll stay till the last gun fires. Mrs. Almy's driver can take him home. . . . Blacky, have you heard anybody say anything tonight you couldn't have thought of yourself?" He asked it anxiously, frowning.

"No, I ain't, Christian."

"You won't either. When I was on the blockade, and the only new remark anybody'd pass on the Oneida was some worse word for the biscuits or a yarn about a woman, I used to get so sick of it that I pretty near died. Trouble is that everybody's stoopid!" He slumped into a chair, and his raw longing for a new world spilled from the red, ugly mouth: "I've been readin' this Englishman that thinks he knows all about brains. What's he got to say—his name's Maudsley—but that people don't think much really, and act on their prejudices, or what somebody told 'em when they were five years old. People don't think, and what's more, they know they don't think! You say to a feller, 'Why, how did you think of that?' and he's pleased as a cabbage. 'Cause he knows he don't think, and it flatters him to think he's fooled you. . . . Here's this crazy Sandoval. . . . What good'll it do the feller to find out who stole this bribe he or his old uncle tried to send to Paris? The war's over; the Confed'racy busted up, all he can do is slap somebody's face. . . . Blacky, it ain't honorable to be such an asshead monkey! The feller's as big a fool as this donkey in Congress that still wants Gen'ral Lee hung! But it's poison in him that the money didn't get there. Bet he swelled round and told his friends that he was goin' to smash the guts out of the North with a fleet or somethin' from Louis Napoleon. . . . It's just vanity! He's got three rooms at Rupert's for him and that kinkajou to live in. He's crazy! . . . Go to bed, sonny. Pa and ma have forgotten you're alive. No, go tell 'em to get the coupé. . . . It's awful to be a human bein'. We ain't any smarter than the old Greeks was, and not half so good lookin'. . . . Go and find a driver that ain't drunk."

I stood beside the cool stables and tried to smoke a cigar, with my usual ill success. It profoundly came upon me that these attempts were a sort of vanity too. The whole world was thus diseased, and the groom, spraying cologne on his dim coat to scent the road through air to Tarrytown, was a fool. Sandoval was a fool. Sandoval, sitting in some shaded veranda, petting his kinkajou and pitying himself because this scheme to get French help had failed. My mind played on him while I watched the last lancers and carriages took away society to its special train at Dobbs Ferry. I sat on the desk in the library and heard servants snarling as lights were turned out in the parlors and the men of the orchestra loaded themselves into an omnibus. Our elegance fell empty and father's glistening shoes creaked up to me.

"Our Christian has not come from taking May home?"

"No, sir."

"Goodness!" said mother, touching the harp. "May does dance hard! . . . Mrs. Almy left awful early. She thought there was too much smilax in the parlors. I don't think there was."

Father's rage rose and paled him.

"Bah! If she did think so! Why should we pretend in the family that she has taste? She was a Ten Broeck, and Robert Almy married her, and that is splendid. She is a vain, stupid woman; stubborn too. She likes nothing but herself. She does nothing for us but draw her share from the bank and say how good Almy was to me. Am I in that? Am I nothing in that who increased the business by two and found cotton to be send—sent to the English? She is envious that we do well. . . . She did for us nothing, nothing, nothing! And not to this Lassiter can she be polite, who is a gentleman and her own husband's cousin. A vain, silly, empty, fool, and her *Tenez, Auguste,*" he called to the butler; "*va pouffer les lampes dans les buissons. Merci!*—receptions where old ladies talk of piety and drink Madeira that would not cost five dollars a case! Look down underneath in Mrs. Almy and you will see nothing but a vacance! Ostentation!"

"Goodness!" said mother. "Well, it was a nice party anyhow. . . . Guess I'll go down with Mrs. Braithwaite to Bedford Springs, Friday, Charlie. She says it's awful vulgar there, but kind of funny, and real cool. Both her girls are goin', and the Mr. Rivers with the kind of Roman nose."

"It might be nice for you to go," Gaar yawned. "Yes, go. . . . Here comes our Christian. . . . Yes, go."

Christian walked into the library and passed me slowly to look in the punch bowl for a surviving diamond of ice. He drew this across his forehead and stared up at the Apollo's chest beyond the harp.

"Turn out these lights, Christy," father said, "and see that Thor goes to bed."

"Did May think it was a nice party?" mother asked, taking her train on the bracelets.

"Guess so."

A ring blinked on his left hand as he turned out the lights, and the subsiding glow seemed to cling in a blue stone. Father muttered some Danish word in a hiss, walking toward us, and his white shirt lived in the dark as the last jet died.

"Christian!"

"May's been perfectly honorable. She don't like me enough to marry me. Honorable—don't say a word," he ordered. "It's my business! My ——"

He must have flung a hand against the harp in some mad gesture of his pain. The strings crashed in our blackness and then wailed, whimpered heavily while his feet ran on the stairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FLORENCE
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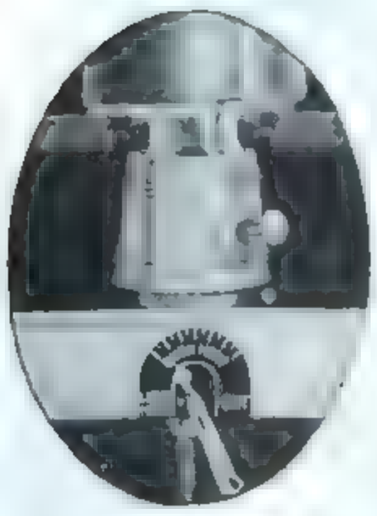

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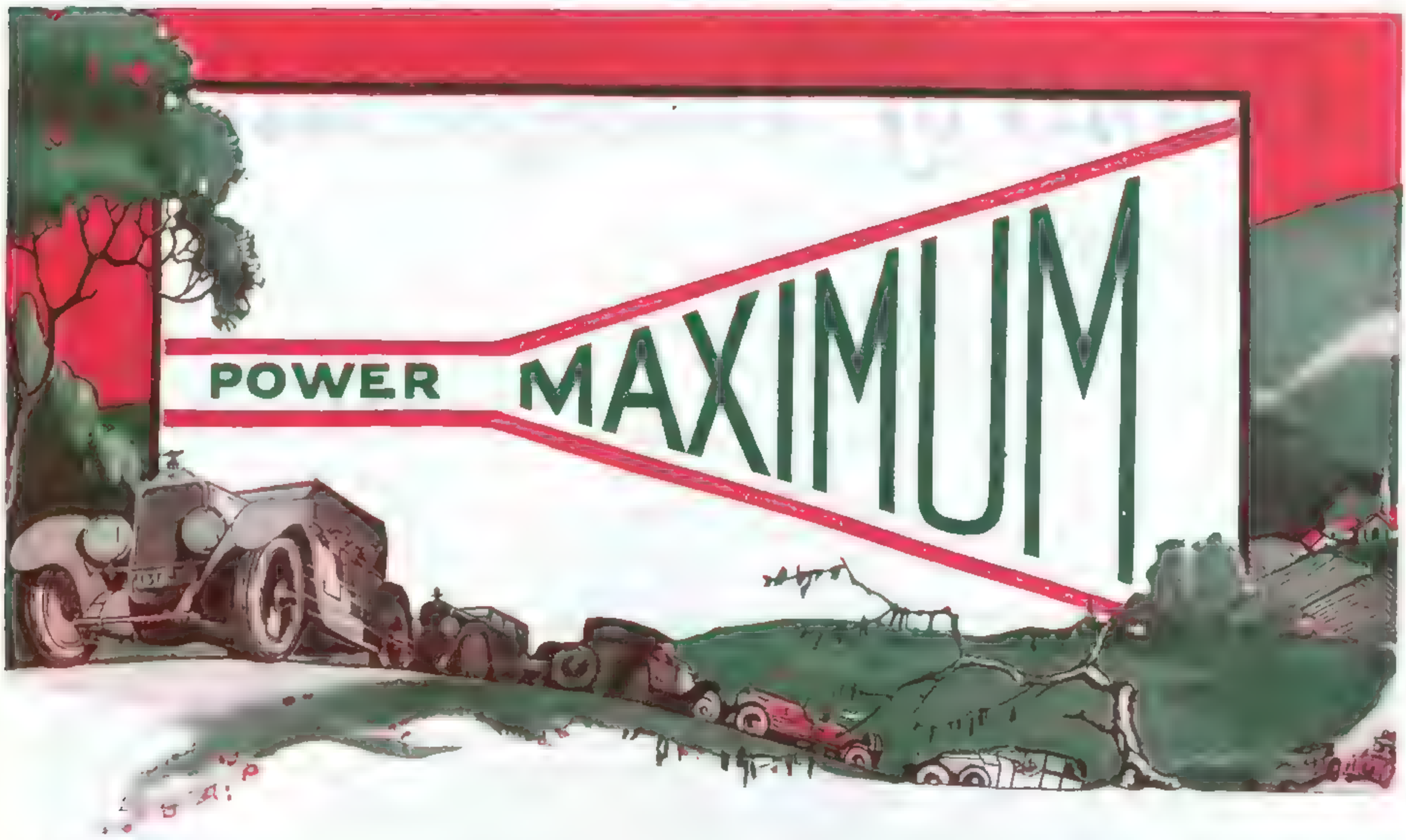

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WALNUT

Continued from Page 7

ambition to be rich. But what, as he was older, first thirty and then forty and then fifty, had happened to him was a deep, increasing interest in that country and Government in which his family had had a small but actual and dignified part. His eyes, largely destroyed by the incredible amounts toted and entered in his minute handwriting, didn't permit any considerable reading; his limited sums made a large or public attitude toward the present impossible; and so, gradually, he had become a dealer in early America. What, perhaps, as much as anything had determined his life and career was a sense of weariness, of lassitude, that lay like a dry rot at the heart of his being. Nothing, now, he felt, was worth an effort.

This, in reality, he called his laziness, and he was thinking of it as he walked home from Scarn's Auction Galleries. It was no more than the bare beginning of March; but a brick sidewalk, released from the frost, squashed moistly underfoot—the earth, with a warm sigh, had turned to spring. This, so suddenly, hadn't increased his sense of vigor. He was too old for any recompensing stir of life like the moving of sap; his only sensation was one of depression.

However, it was abstract, at the back of his consciousness; the foreground of his thoughts was occupied with Mrs. Royer's highboy. He was considering Mrs. Royer, Cardell and the highboy separately and then together. It was clear that Cardell and the woman hadn't known each other before. There was nothing between them. It was evident, he added tentatively, that Mrs. Royer was not the ordinary widow in a shrewd necessity of money; and she wasn't a dealer. If she had been, with furniture like that in the photograph, Francis Jammes would have known of her. There were no miracles in the world of eighteenth-century highboys. Such treasures didn't suddenly appear in unknown hands for sale. He reconsidered every inch of line and proportion and surface shown by the picture—Jammes carried them all intimately, perfectly, in his memory—but he couldn't discover a fault.

It was serious; he recognized that.

It was serious because—a poor man—it might fall upon him to buy the highboy. There had been a glitter in Cardell's eye, and there would be others even more formidable undoubtedly present at its sale. Where, if it passed the battery of all their inspections, would the price of the highboy reach? Two thousand dollars, twenty-five hundred . . . perhaps, if Deacon came over from New York, three thousand. They were all dealers, and God knew what the fancy, the collectors might run it up to! Yes, it was a grave situation. Jammes admitted, aware of his weakness, his inability to see America, as he called it, go to the dogs.

The dogs, in this case, were all those who bought blindly, without knowledge or affection or taste. His difficulty was not only in prodigal but ultimately justified buying but in selling as well. He would sell his lovely prizes only to exceptional people and institutions; and the Metropolitan already had a highboy in type like Mrs. Royer's. Perhaps not so good, he muttered, remembering the greater simplicity of Mrs. Royer's moulding He called it that, not troubling to define the difference between the woman and the piece of furniture. If he decided to buy the highboy—and that simple decision was the equivalent of the fact—two things would be necessary: he'd have to sell whatever he now had, and he ought to proceed with an actual repurchaser safely in mind.

Thinking all these things, he was, before he realized it, at his door; and, there, he mechanically entered what had been the body of the store. It was bare of all greens now. The shelves were empty and laden with dust; the walls were discolored by water stains and the floor was thick with grime. The obscured window let in an uncertain diffused light, a pale and glowless afternoon, and in the center of the drab space stood a sideboard that was a model of aristocratic grace. It had slender, square legs; the side drawers were curved like young maple leaves; and there wasn't a touch of inlaying anywhere on its surface. Jammes' fingers wandered over it; they touched the drawers, made of cherry; the legs, in walnut; the smooth, clear, creamy texture of the top. Its perfection, its utter rightness and delicacy, filled him with a positive flame of happiness. The fact that it had small time-polished knobs of wood in place of brasses was reason for a lyrical joy.

From a dim corner came a glimmer of old gilt and the soft glint of a mirror. Against the wall stood a walnut game table, its legs outraked, and a slat-backed chair with mushroom knobs that had not been cut for rockers. That was all, and Jammes was able to study again every piece he had in an insignificant space of time. Upstairs, where he lived, the beauty and dignity disappeared; he was surrounded by commonplace objects, a common furnishing. Upstairs his æsthetic sense, his feeling for the heroic past, had no existence; there he was completely oblivious to what was about him. He never saw it; his thoughts and attention were always rapt inward on some romantic vision of fashioned wood.

Now, as usual, he was absorbed—at present in the photograph of the highboy.

"William and Mary," he repeated aloud. Anyone would know that; it didn't explain or solve a thing; but still he said it. The sound gave him pleasure.

At times he had what he inattentively ate at lunch counters and dairies; at times he got himself something at home; not infrequently, he forgot entirely to eat at the appropriate hours. And this evening, with his lassitude and abstraction from his body, he sat a long while without motion in a hideous and uncomfortable rocking-chair of maroon plush with fixed tracks and complaining springs.

He would know, Jammes told himself, the second he got a hand on the wood; or, rather, that had always been sufficient in the past. Almost always, he added with the flicker of a grim smile. The whole but private truth was that, once, he had been completely taken in by a surface. His fingers had declared it to be authentic; but subsequent proof had made it clear that his celebrated sense of touch had betrayed him. He had bought a desk box in oak, of a pattern and in circumstances that strongly indicated the end of the seventeenth century; but, taking it apart, he had found fresh sawdust in the secret places of a mortise and tenon. There had been just a flake or two . . . yet enough to bring about the ultimate discovery that he had been magnificently deceived.

The forgery was so beautifully accomplished that it had almost stopped the blow to his pride. He had kept the desk box for a month, directing his attention to it to the exclusion of everything else; and when his study was over, no more was left than a heap of sawed fragments. Those he had destroyed, with the exception of an apron board kept because of its curiously traced design. He rose and crossed the room to the drawer that held it. Even now, with all his knowledge, the surface still pleased and persuaded him. Before he put it back he paused over the double-twisted line cut into it Jammes didn't know where the adroit rascal had found that motive. He couldn't have made it up: the time, the age, when men thought of ornamental beauty had unhappily gone.

The bell at the foot of his stairs jangled, but he paid no attention to it. . . . It was unusual to find all the drop handles on such a highboy, very frequently they were changed for the bale pattern, either very recently or at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The bell rang again, and a quality of persistence and vigor in its sound brought him to his feet. Through an uncurtained window he saw a heavy closed motor before his house, and he went, prompt but unhurried, down to the door.

"Come in," he said abruptly; "maybe it was you I've been thinking about."

A very fat man with a flushed face and calm, unmoved eyes literally forced Francis Jammes against the wall as he entered.

"We'll go into the shop," he decided, "and not up among those damned things you live with."

"You've seen all this," Jammes told him.

"What if I have? How many times have you looked at them? I just stopped in. Mrs. Meadows asked me if you could find her some girandoles."

"In prisms and ormolu?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you know I can't, and I wouldn't if I could."

"Jammes," he was told, "you are dumber than hell."

"Don't just stop then."

"I won't, if there's a reform Administration coming."

"What's the use if there is," Jammes demanded, "when there's nothing left to reform?"

"I suppose you mean in furniture."

"You know what I mean. I've told you often enough. A chair is simply the man who makes it. No, it's more—it's the age it's made in. You understand that, but you're like Cardell—you like to get me started. I'll start. No trouble about that! The one thing you can't change is tradition; you can't put ornaments on it or lie about it ——"

"How about that desk you paid six hundred for?"

Jammes ignored this interruption.

"A tradition," he proceeded pedantically, "is the sum of what's been. Compare our tradition with what we have now." His voice grew warmer. "I don't mean that the men then were angels—not at all; but they were men. They were fit for the country and the country was splendid for them."

"Well," Meadows inquired, "what happened to them? Why did they stop?"

"Machines," Francis Jammes declared darkly, "factories, cheap imported labor."

"We had to import it, didn't we, if the Americans wouldn't work? What's the use of going into this again? The show you mean is over; I'll agree with you there."

"There was another thing—there's some possibility of a good highboy coming up for sale. It may be good. I've only seen a picture. The early type in walnut, about 1700. Fine stretchers ——"

He paused, his gaze lowered, without visible interest or animation. He would sell to Meadows. He had confidence in his appreciation of early Americana. George Meadows, to put it shortly, was a party politician, a state senator, a contractor and a champion of the public . . . when it voted. Jammes often told him flatly that he was no better than a common thief, a symptom of the fatal illness overtaking their country. This, Meadows impatiently waved aside. He dismissed it as the opinion of a mere amateur of practical affairs, and he liked to reply with certain illuminating and caustic observances on the political habits and personal dealings of, for example, Franklin or Stephen Girard. He had, in addition, a passionate and unreasonable love for the bare fact of America. There was for him no stain on it symbolically or in reality; and it was his pleasure to collect the furniture of its pioneer age.

"If you like it get it for me, up to two thousand dollars," he agreed.

"It may go above that; the moulding at the top's exceptional."

"Two thousand," Meadows repeated.

"I can't understand you," Jammes complained. "You don't really care how you make money, and I've heard how you spend it; and yet you'll have a highboy like this get away for a few hundred dollars."

"It's part of the sport," Meadows explained; "if the price isn't right I don't enjoy it. Any fool can buy."

"Only with luck."

If the highboy was what he thought, Jammes reflected, and it went above two thousand dollars, he would be the possessor of an expensive piece of furniture

"Oh, yes," Meadows said suddenly, assembling his gloves and stick, "Lindstamm has disappeared."

"Lindstamm — disappeared?" Jammes echoed, utterly amazed.

"Entirely. My secretary happened to find a line or two in an evening paper and I had him ask. Lindstamm left without a word, but everything paid up. He didn't even take his tools. There was an unfinished job, a day bed, in his shop."

"It doesn't matter to me," was Jammes' comment. "I kept as far away from Lindstamm as possible. He's a good cabinetmaker, maybe, but he can't be as good as you think he is."

"He's better," Meadows asserted "He's as much of a genius as Shearer was"

It was Francis Jammes' candidly expressed opinion that that was criminal folly. It was Shearer, he reminded Meadows, who invented the serpentine-front sideboard.

"And don't talk to me about Hepplewhite, either," he added acrimoniously.

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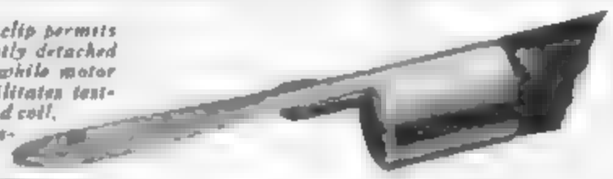

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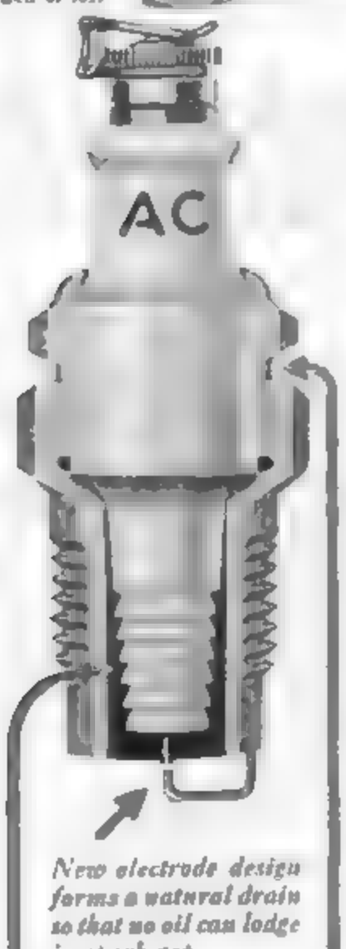

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"Of course, Lindstamm's different," the other admitted. "But as you'd say, the times are different. He hasn't made anything new; he's just a marvelous worker in wood. He laid a herringbone inlay for me that would take you in ——"

Jammes interrupted him to say that it wouldn't.

"The pieces are set differently."

"Different, rot!" Meadows scoffed. "No one could tell it from the original. Anyhow, he's gone, disappeared, vanished. I'm very sorry, I'm not like you—I depended on him. I don't object to a little intelligent restoration, drawer runners and such. I don't mind a touch of orange shellac, either—specially on walnut."

"You'd just as soon have it on curly maple too," Jammes added scornfully, "and give it that nice rich color."

"I might."

"I wouldn't sell you a piece of light wood."

Meadows moved toward the door.

"I'll depend on you for the highboy, then, up to two thousand."

"Perhaps you'll be glad to have it later for three."

"If I do I'll find it in here. It's no wonder you don't get along, and live in a hole. I won't send you a customer soon again, either."

"Don't; not like the last. She wanted one of those spinet tables."

"Why not?" Meadows asked cheerfully; but he took care to have the door closed between him and the reply.

Jammes went promptly back to the rooms above and his thoughts, his speculations about the highboy. For a moment his mind rested on Lindstamm, the Danish cabinetmaker, who, it appeared, had dramatically vanished. Jammes had never seen him; but, of course, he was generally familiar with his work and personality. Lindstamm was, comparatively, a young man; handsome enough, the report was, in a blond-and-pink northern manner; and he repaired with extraordinary skill and success old furniture. Beginning with scarcely more than a shed on the rim of the city, he had moved almost to its center; and his shop, never large, was kept full of fine objects and consequential people. He had been married, but there was a vague scandal about that. Jammes had heard something—he treated women very badly or else they flocked around him; very probably both; the second because of the first. Francis Jammes understood that women were like that. He didn't know; he had had no direct experience; but he firmly believed they were.

He woke up past the middle of the night and took up his speculations about the highboy. The photograph had been blurred in parts; but not where the top moulding showed; there it revealed every simple and delicate curve. The moulding about the drawers, too, was clear—a single arch. He regretted, now, that he had spoken to Meadows—Jammes had become no more than his agent. He had, in a binding if informal manner, promised the highboy to Meadows if it were good and didn't fetch more than two thousand dollars. He could have sold all that he had, at once, at a sacrifice, and owned the thing himself, had it in the room below to look at and touch and return to. Probably, however, this would occur yet; and he began to hope that it would bring a big price. He had involved his monthly sum before, yes, and got along well enough. As it was, he was more comfortable than necessary—luxurious, really. Everyone ate too much.

Scarn, he knew, with such a piece to dispose of, would advertise it as widely as possible; and Mrs. Royer, he felt, would succeed in overcoming her reluctance to discuss what she insisted was a painfully difficult subject. All that that amounted to was that she'd talk whenever she had a chance. He could see the effect of her manner on Cardell. Why, the man was actually excited. He stopped in to see Cardell the next afternoon; and, talking to him, Jammes' gaze swept over the crowded interior.

"That's a good Welsh dresser in the window," he commented.

"You know it is," Cardell replied. "I suppose you wouldn't touch it because it came from Oxfordshire. I bought it myself out of the dining room of Lord Dreeth."

"See here, Cardell," Jammes exclaimed, "you're talking to me and not to a customer!"

"Mrs. Royer was in this morning." Cardell's attitude brightened. "She's a very lovely woman, Jammes. Black is the color!"

"I suppose you'll be buying her food soon."

"I asked her to lunch today, but she had an engagement. She says that highboys only one among many. But she's right smart too; she wouldn't tell so much, and she thinks that after this she'll sell in New York. It seems she was visiting around here and met Alfred Scarn at dinner. Of course, the first thing Scarn did, when he found she was from Virginia, was to ask her if she had anything, and the rest followed."

Francis Jammes drifted across the floor to where the posts of a field bed stood in an angle.

"That's very unusual," Cardell informed him. "Black walnut. Picked it up in the valley of the Ohio along with some hooked rugs and other trifles from New England. The family emigrated and carried their household things with them."

"It is unusual," Jammes said, "but it didn't come from New England. They practically never used walnut of any kind outside their chests. I see the posts have been re-turned."

"Martin!" Cardell suddenly and violently shouted. A youth excellent in manner and approach came forward. "Send those bedposts upstairs," his employer directed. "You might say up there if they buy any more re-turned wood I'll make a change all around. They needn't tell me, either, that a walnut bed came from New England. They used practically nothing but maple and a little butternut."

"About that highboy ——"

"Jammes," Cardell demanded, "are you going to bid on the damn thing?"

"Meadows called yesterday afternoon," Jammes replied indirectly.

"Oh, Meadows! I'm not afraid of him. He's only a millionaire, and he's reasonable, anyhow. I don't want to see you raise your catalogue for yourself. The truth is, I'd like to have the highboy for that man you saw me with yesterday. If I could get him into that, there would be no limit to what he'd want."

"How can I tell you?" Jammes answered impatiently. "I haven't seen it yet. The whole thing may be filled up like a cream puff."

"If you like it?"

"Is that a rich writer?"

"He'll have to be if he wants to know me," Cardell asserted. "I guess so. He tells me he's in the moving pictures."

"What do you call that glass on the lower shelf?" Jammes pointed to the object he meant.

"I won't tell you," Cardell hastily answered.

"If you think it's Steigel ——"

"Oh, no! Why, that—that's a pewter Betty lamp! They're very rare in such perfect condition."

Francis Jammes, having devoted a certain amount of thought to the highboy in general, began to particularize his attention—he concentrated upon the legs. That, for such an early example, was the important consideration. It was, in fact, the whole affair; the thing stood or fell on its legs. Probably they had been added; in a hundred cases out of a hundred and one they were new. The English perpetrated such frauds with remarkable skill. Having sent the actual shape and fiber of their genius, their tradition, to the colonies, they now sent dishonest copies. This was going through his head as he waited in Scarn's upper gallery for the sale to be cried in which Mrs. Royer had her table. The room was well filled; all the front rows of yellow collapsible chairs were occupied; and there was a circulating stream of prospective buyers critically passing the furniture ranged against the walls.

It was, for Jammes, a sale without special interest. There was nothing there he had to have. The kitchen cabinet was good; but though he might have bought it with the rat-tail hinges present and intact, he didn't want it as it was.

Cardell, of course, was there; and, speaking of her at once, he had hardly mentioned Mrs. Royer when, in her sweeping cloak, she appeared. She smiled her recognition of Cardell, and then definitely turned to Jammes.

"You are difficult, aren't you?" she observed.

Francis Jammes replied that he was so considered to be.

"Not worth the trouble," he added, of himself. *(Continued on Page 99)*

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Cleveland O
Cedar Mountain
Colorado Springs
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Columbus O
Walhalla Hill
Council Bluffs Ia
Grand St Hill
Denver Colo
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Des Moines Ia
Ninth St Hill
Duluth Minn
Lincoln Park Hill
Easton Pa
Newman's Hill
Everett Wash.
Summit Ave Hill
Grand Rapids Mich
Wealthy St Hill
Greenville S C.
Sweetbriar Pool Hill
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Huntington, W. Va.
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16th St Hill
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Mt Wilson
Lowest Mountain
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Lowell Mass
Pleasant St Hill
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Summit Hill
Manchester, N. H.
Beacon St. Hill
Marshalltown, Ia.
Cemetery Vault Hill
Memphis Tenn
Mississippi River Levee
Cut St
Milwaukee, Wisc.
Nineteenth St Hill
Montgomery, Ala.
All Local Hills
Nashville Tenn
Belle Meade Hill
New York, N. Y.
Fort Lee Hill
Fort George Hill
Oakland, Cal
Mountain Road
Omaha Nebr
Dewey Hill
Paducah, Ky.
Wild Cat Hill
Pawtucket R I
Cowing Hill
Peoria Ill
Spencer St Hill
Philadelphia, Pa
Country Club Hill
Phoenix Ariz
Mountain Road Hill
Pittsburgh Pa
Federal St Extension
Portland Me
Deering Ave Hill
Portland Ore
Elk St Hill
Providence R I
Cole Ave
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Libby Hill
Rockford Ill
Cowing Road
Rochester, N Y
Float Bridge Dugway
San Diego, Cal.
Oldtown Hill
San Francisco, Cal.
Twin Peaks
Santa Rosa, Cal
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Scranton, Pa.
Dead Man's Curve
Seattle, Wash.
Coon Hollow Hill
Shreveport La
Fairfield Hill
Sioux City, Ia
Prospect Hill
Springfield, Mass
Longhill St
Springfield O
Limestone St Hill
St Louis Mo
Cleveland Hill
St Paul Minn
Ramsey Hill
Tacoma Wash
Division St Hill
Tampa Fla
Woodland St
Viaduct
Terre Haute Ind
Gen. Crook's
Twin Lakes Wisc
Mount Mortah
Uniontown, Pa.
Uniontown Hill
Washington, D. C
Fifth St Hill
Waterbury Conn
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Wilkes Barre Pa
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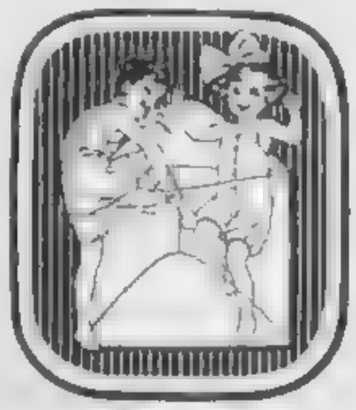


(Continued from Page 98)

"Mr. Cardell won't agree with you," she retorted. "He insists you know more about American furniture than anyone else. It takes a great many qualities for that."

"Oh, no; just the absence of any others."

"A delicate perception ——"

He swung away from her.

"Even your rudeness doesn't discourage me," she went on, at his shoulder. "Mr. Jammes, I'm not simply being polite. I want you to help me. You can, enormously."

"But I wouldn't consider helping anyone," he protested. "I'm not philanthropic."

"What do you think of the table I have in this sale?"

"It's good enough."

"Well, don't you see how that helps me? I mean, with your reputation. I'm told that if you approve of a piece it's better than the sterling mark on silver. I'll be frank -I want you to do that for mine."

"I try to buy what I like."

"You are hard."

"What do you keep on for?"

"Because you're worth it." Cardell, for the moment, had left them. "I value your good opinion much more than Mr. Cardell's. I think you know infinitely more, and then you are absolutely honest. I'm certain of that, because you are so disagreeable. Where do you live, Mr. Jammes?"

He told her ungraciously; but as she left, he followed with his gaze her erect and seductive carriage. She was in the best Sheraton manner, he thought; and then he devoted himself to the auction. This consisted in a short, shrewd glance at whatever was offered, a quick pencil note on the margin of his catalogue of what, in his estimation, it was worth, and a notation of what it actually brought. In glass he was seldom more than a dollar or so wrong; his guesses at china were wholly inadequate; he knew pewter, and anyone who paid more than his computation for a chair or table, a sideboard or bed, gave just that much too much. This process, however, didn't apply to him, since he was utterly without price or limit. But he wasn't engaged in a commercial pursuit.

He was late returning to his rooms, lingering along sidewalks where old brick façades, veiled in a tender dusk, held the tranquillity of the past. The street, for the moment, was quiet; the shattering disturbance of trucks, the uproar of motor horns, the clanging of electric cars, stilled. There was a breath of wind like the memory of a scent; the black branches of a maple tree had an aura of green; a horse passed in another street with a small, romantic clatter of hoofs. Francis Jammes was filled with a vague longing for all that the world and he had lost. He wanted the old times back again, when the country was no more than a strip along the eastern coast and the land west of the Alleghanies a myth; he wanted to live slowly, frugally; to sleep deeply, in a province everywhere surrounded by the sea and the retreats of the forest. It was a little city he wished for, of mellow brick and clear white-painted wood, streets that were like roads, roads that resembled lanes, and orchards, flushed with spring, among the brick, lawns in the center of town, lawns with wooden pumps by flagged walks.

Then, there, he would be happy. The bell of the public crier would ring, advancing and retreating, in the day; and the voice of the watchman rise on the darkness, "Ten o'clock and a frosty starlight!" The shutters would all be closed then, the city fast asleep. Or it was June and he was walking in the afternoon, by the river, where the shops were.

He passed a saddler, a pungent smell of leather and beeswax; the silversmith, with the minute impact of his felt-covered hammer; ship chandlers, where sailors loitered with tied cues over the cigars of Java; and finally, neglecting the hour, he stood in the doorway of an anchor foundry, lost in the musical clangor and heated carnation iron.

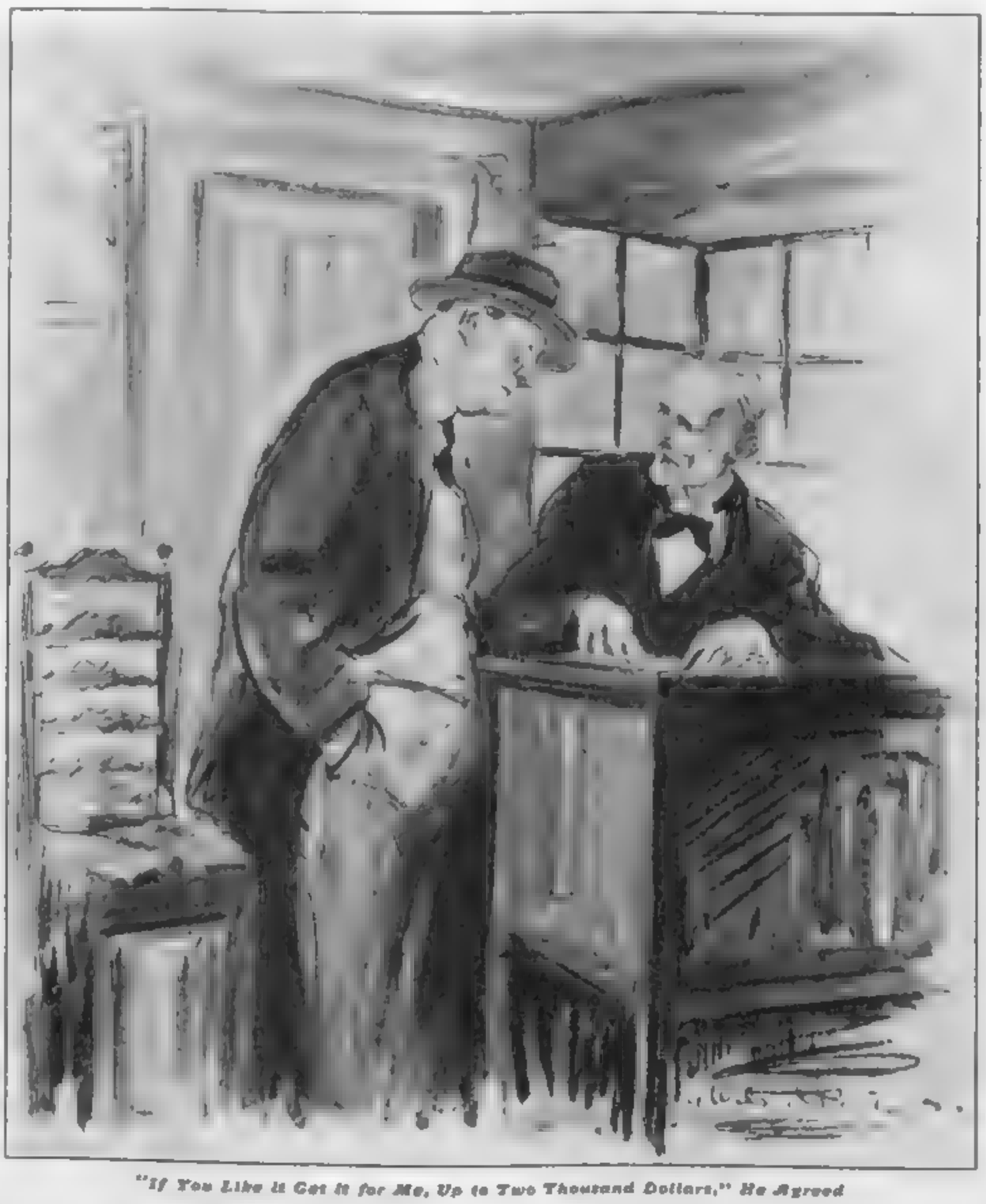
This mood carried him upstairs to his place of living, and there he found a small package, evidently placed on the table by the woman who, more inattentively than not, took care of his rooms. In it was a string of rough dark-green beads with the card of Mrs. J. B. L. Royer

"I should like you to have these from among my things. It won't be necessary to tell you what they are."

The beads, cool and heavy and irregular, he held for a long, contemplative stillness. They were very early—earlier than Pennsylvania glass, earlier than the blue glass of New Jersey. There was sand in them, and flaws

"Virginia!" he exclaimed. Virginia in the seventeenth century. They had been made for barter with the Indians. The beads, too, created their atmosphere, brought back their age.

Again Jammes forgot to eat; he was, in mind, beyond the confines, the needs, of even his wasted body; he was in a daydream so complete in illusion, that the ugly reality of his room, of the century, was less



"If You Like it Get it for Me, Up to Two Thousand Dollars," He Agreed

than a shadow, the flicker of the minute hand on the face of a clock.

He supposed, very much later, that he'd have to acknowledge Mrs. Royer's gift Aside from any opinion, favorable or unfavorable, he might have of her, he intended to keep what she had sent him. It was fortunate the beads had fallen into his possession. Very few people, and no women at all, were fit to have them. Women liked such nonsense as diamonds and pearls, jingling bracelets. He saw them on the wrists of those who came, mostly in vain, to buy from him. He wondered that they should be interested in the simple things, from a simple age, that occasionally he had Loud painted women with cigarettes, empty and dissatisfied. A girl in wide, fluttering muslin. He had never seen such a one, but she slipped into his thoughts. He saw her in a spring house, with bare, vigorous elbows and bright cheeks, at a row of blue crocks set in running water; back of the white expanse of a quilting frame; in Sunday ribbons. The pictures in his mind were dissolved and re-created in sleep, embroidering with fancy his loneliness and age, the precarious tenure of his life.

Nothing, however, so unimportant had a place in Jammes' thoughts when he mounted the long, straight flight of steps that led up to the exhibition before Scarn's annual spring sale of antique furniture. He had but one idea in his head—the highboy. But as he walked into the large crowded room he saw at once that it had not yet arrived. Jammes gazed at a number of objects in which he had no interest; and he almost stopped Alfred Scarn to ask, generally, if everything were there. Even that, though, he decided against, since he surrounded all his actual interests and intentions with the most careful secrecy.

It would, it was evident, be a very large sale. There were a great many examples of objects that lately had suddenly become highly prized. This was always happening. Cup plates had lingered chipped and neglected in corners, their owners glad to sell them in small stacks for ash trays, when in a week their price labels had changed from ten cents to ten dollars. Collectors were bidding a hundred dollars for a rare example, and a new aristocracy was formed by the lucky possessors of choice patterns. At present, wagon seats were met with a consuming regard. Small rush-bottom benches rudely made for farm wagons—they were now the center of a bitter competition, a struggle to have them in the angles of the most pretentious fireplaces. With the rush seating intact, they were beyond price.

There were, Francis Jammes saw, four or five undoubtedly good wagon seats; and one at least still had its crude original bottom. He was considering this, apparently carefully examining something different, when all his attention was captured by a miniature chest of drawers. It was of a size appropriate to a doll's house; but the best-known cabinetmakers built such replicas as advertisements for their delicate and correct work; and, far from being toys, they were usually beautiful pieces of skillful ingenuity. This one was no exception. Even the plates of the handles were engraved; but Jammes, for once, was not intent upon surfaces—he was gazing in a shocked surprise at the chest's miniature ball feet. Around them was carved the same decoration as that on the apron he had kept from his celebrated error of judgment.

He fingered the feet delicately. Their patina was smooth and ingratiating, convincing; but they were too small to offer him the guaranty of a finish. Yes, the design was the same. It was identical! And, the truth about it was, it wasn't really—not quite—right. There was a breath of the French over it where the French should not have been. It was—well, it was difficult to say exactly what; perhaps too delicate, too flowerlike. That ball foot belonged to a more unmixed and direct age. Francis Jammes had all this, and a great deal more, to determine. They went very far, the possibilities of his discovery. The first thing to decide was whether the maker of the fraudulent desk box and of the piece at his hand were the same; if the chest of drawers, too, was an imitation. It was too small to satisfy him there. He couldn't be certain. The forger—Francis Jammes thought of him as that—might have seen the design, perhaps on these very diminutive feet, and copied it; and if that were so, and the miniature chest authentic, then his discovery was of little importance.

It was the other possibility, that the same man had made both, which held him. Now, as Scarn repassed through the room, Jammes had no hesitation in stopping him.

"Who's selling that?" he asked, indicating the object of his intense curiosity.

"It came to us privately," Alfred Scarn told him, "and you know as well as I do how peculiar people are apt to be. When I get a chance I'll ask if they mind your having the information. I'd like you to own it," Scarn went on. "It's an advertisement to have you buy here."

"I have and I may again."

Jammes relapsed into his familiar manner. He was gazing through a pocket magnifying glass and—yes, he was almost certain; almost. Damn the size of the thing! He could have told in an instant if it had been in normal proportion. Probably the same hand had carved both; but he wouldn't be secure in his opinion, because of the incalculable way different foreign influences had been combined into an earlier, an authentic, America. He had, for example, found such a day bed as Madame Récamier might have owned on a Virginia country estate. Yet it hadn't come from France; there were unmistakable evidences of a local construction—the texture of the walnut and the stiffness of its ornamentation.

By the same chance the design before him might have been carried from the pseudo-classic tradition of a Paris shop. But he'd be damned if he thought so. The other possibility was too interesting. Jammes became aware that the room was filling with people, and he moved reluctantly from the chest of drawers. He wanted now to find out who owned it, but his chance of that wasn't good. Scarn took an admirable care of his customers. Of course, Jammes knew he'd have it apart the moment he reached home and his tools. It would in any case be made of old wood. Scraping, or even a cross section, would reveal nothing; but a mortise would tell him; a mortise and the quality; yes, the taste of the dust in its joinings.

His throat had troubled him on getting up; it had been rough, but now it was sore, and impatiently he realized that it would need tending. He had better go home and take care of himself if he expected to be at Scarn's sale. He was worse toward evening, and his thoughts were slightly distorted by fever. His mental images were inexact—the highboy and not the chest was in miniature, the carving floated like a twisted string in air. He was in bed, with, beside him, a half-filled bottle, a glass and spoon coated with all that it had lately stirred. Toward the middle of evening his bell rang loudly and persistently. Mice were active over his head and behind the plaster of the walls. After the audible print of their feet, their obscure scuffling, silence carried him into the following day. He lay contentedly, without rising, without even the medicine, from morning till noon, from noon until twilight. The soreness had gone from his throat, but he had no desire for activity, no interest in the world around him. It was then Sunday evening and the

(Continued on Page 102

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The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM

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(Continued from Page 99)

sale at Scarn's wouldn't open until ten o'clock tomorrow.

Time enough.

He dozed and waked and slept; and, with sunlight in the dingy room, he rose feeling wholly recovered. All his mental energy, his interest, had come back; and, greatly to his satisfaction, he had decided that the artificer of the chest was equally responsible for the other fraudulent piece. A quality of judgment within him, but not at the command of his conscious intelligence, had answered his questioning. There was no need to take the miniature copy apart, nor even to buy it.

It was no more than half past nine when he arrived at Scarn's Auction Galleries, but there was already a throng of people examining all that was to be sold; and half of the seats were occupied, either by determined individuals with catalogues or by various parts of outer wraps designating reserved places. The highboy had arrived. Francis Jammes saw it at once; but first he carefully chose a seat in his usual locality—where the auctioneer would look for him—and then, depositing his overcoat, he moved over to the piece of reputed William and Mary furniture. The whole top, he saw at once, was good; there was no need for him to touch it; and the moulding was at once unusual and inevitably right. There was a small crowd about it, and so his view of the legs was limited. The legs, he all but decided instantly, were as authentic as the rest of it. Probably he was looking at a highboy made in the best early tradition at the best time. It might, perhaps, have been made a few years before 1700, it might be a few years after; but not more than ten either way.

He stopped and felt the surface of a stretcher. The fibre of the wood was distinct. He was perceptive of infinitely fine corrugations through a surface from which all finish or varnishes had been rubbed . . . by time. The skirt was at once smooth and irregular, the color of the wood faultless. What he specially liked were the handles. They were original, and had been made, put on, at least a hundred years after the highboy had been made. Jammes didn't see how the legs—they were in the trumpet pattern, with a slight normal variation—could be improved on. They were a little sharp, a shade perfect, in silhouette; but, examined separately, they were absolutely convincing. He fingered the lower surfaces again; and confused, angered, by the people crowded in upon him, he wasn't wholly satisfied by the response of his sense of touch. It seemed almost, for the minute, to have left him. The voices beating upon his ears, the scraping of chairs and noise of arrival, all combined to disconcert him.

He straightened up to find Cardell, with Wade, at his shoulder.

"Well," Cardell asked, "what's the sentence?"

"I can't judge . . . for you," Jammes told him.

"For yourself, then?"

"They're not often all original."

Cardell turned to his companion.

"Didn't I tell you!" he exclaimed. Then he lowered his voice. "You can't get any guarantee better than Jammes' approval."

"But I didn't hear him approve."

"He didn't disapprove, did he?" Cardell impatiently demanded. "Well ——"

But Francis Jammes was vaguely disturbed, uncertain. The highboy was evidently good. It wasn't that. Perhaps he wasn't as well as he had hoped; or getting old, losing what unimportant talents had been his. He went back to his chair, imagining that he was just a little dizzy. There he discovered that Mrs. Royer was seated directly before him. She turned, radiant and persuasive.

"You were an angel to come," she whispered.

"I haven't missed one for eighteen years," he told her without enthusiasm. "Those beads—it was kind of you. But you forgot to put in the paper explaining that they had been given to the Rolfe family by Pocahontas on her deathbed."

"You are difficult," she said again of him. "What do you think of my highboy? Are you going to buy it?"

These questions he ignored, turning from her to the pages of his catalogue, and, with a sudden sharpening of interest everywhere, the auction began. China came up for sale first, copper lustre and rose, with colored reserves; a blue Clews plate; tea plates in Adam red; Spode cups and Davenport and early Worcester. There was a Leeds breakfast set with strawberry vines; black Liverpool, an old Meissen teapot; apostle and Belleek jugs; French mignonette, Bristol and Bromfield. A Liverpool pitcher followed—The Sailor's Farewell—which Cardell's writer, with an admirable display of independence, bid in for ninety-five dollars. Then Cardell himself, in the almost angry tone in which he invariably made his purchases, ran a pink Liverpool tea set with black transfer work up to three hundred dollars. He got it in the end, from a young woman with spectacular pearls and a set expression of impudent unconcern. Sandwich glass followed, a frosted flip glass and a pair of earthen pie plates.

Then the furniture was offered. The cabinet Jammes had examined brought a hundred and five dollars; a pair of Windsor side chairs thirty-five dollars each; a rope-twisted mahogany side table—personally annoying to Francis Jammes—went for seventy-five. It was made in 1850, he told himself, and not worth five dollars and seventy cents.

At intervals Mrs. Royer smiled at him; she leaned back and whispered trifles; and when, after lunch—it was past four o'clock—the highboy was put up for sale, she actually squeezed his arm with a gloved hand. A sense of oppression settled over Jammes, of being overtaken by an adverse fate. The bids reached five, six and then seven hundred dollars; and, at the proper point, Cardell's voice entered the competition.

"A thousand," he said. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars, the bid went against him. "Fifteen," he went on. There was a pause.

The auctioneer moved so that he could directly interrogate Jammes. Francis Jammes' catalogue went up.

"Sixteen, sixteen, sixteen!"

Deacon and the New York dealers were largely absent, and the auctioneer had shrewdly dropped to a progression in hundreds.

"Seventeen!" Cardell cried.

The folded catalogue rose.

"Eighteen!"

The catalogue! There was a longer pause. Then Cardell reluctantly advanced his offer to two thousand dollars.

Francis Jammes went on. He realized heavily that now he was bidding for himself—Meadows wouldn't increase the limit he had set. His mind, worn and protesting, drifted away from the difficulty he was facing; and gazing idly at the unsold items on the wall at his right shoulder, he saw the miniature chest of drawers with the decoration with which he was so unfortunately familiar. Lost, he stared fixedly at it. Suddenly he remembered, and at the appropriate moment held his rolled catalogue up.

"Twenty-one hundred dollars," he heard, as if from a great distance, in the stereotyped voice of the auctioneer; and then he felt a touch on his sleeve.

"That's mine, too," Mrs. Royer whispered; "the little chest of drawers. You were looking at it."

"Twenty-one hundred! Twenty-one! Twenty-one! Twenty-one—one—one! Twenty-one!"

"Twenty-two!" Cardell's tone was infuriated.

Francis Jammes shook his head.

"Sold for twenty-two hundred dollars, to Mr. Cardell," the crier finally proclaimed.

Francis Jammes sighed deeply. The weight had been lifted from his mind. Outside, Cardell, with the marks of incipient panic, pulled him into a corner.

"What made you stop?" he demanded. "What do you know? Don't let me go wrong in this, Jammes. The man I got it for's worth a lot to me, and you know I have as reputable an antique business as it's humanly possible to have."

Jammes buttoned his overcoat up around his throat.

"Take a loss on it, Cardell," he said shortly. "I can't tell you why. I don't know . . . yet. But it isn't early American!"

God alone, he told himself, now ——

Mighty Like a Rose

Every baby is mighty like a rose in looks and sweetness to its mother. But the fact that 200,000 babies die every year in the United States before reaching their first birthday proves that thousands of mothers fail to realize how like a rose a baby is in its frail hold on life.

The most dangerous business in the world—

the most hazardous occupation, is the business of being a baby. Figures show that the reckless taxi driver has a better chance to live a year than has the new born baby to survive one day.

Of the Seven Ages of Man—

the first age, the "baby in its nurse's arms," is the most dangerous. 35,000 die on the day on which they are born. 100,000 of them die before they are one month old.

The hideous picture of the Ammonite god Moloch, into whose fiery arms and bosom ignorant, superstitious mothers of old threw thousands upon thousands of babies as a sacrifice, fills the mind with sickening horror. Yet today, through ignorance and neglect, the horrible sacrifice of babies is still going on, while parents and communities blame the deaths on Providence and hot weather.

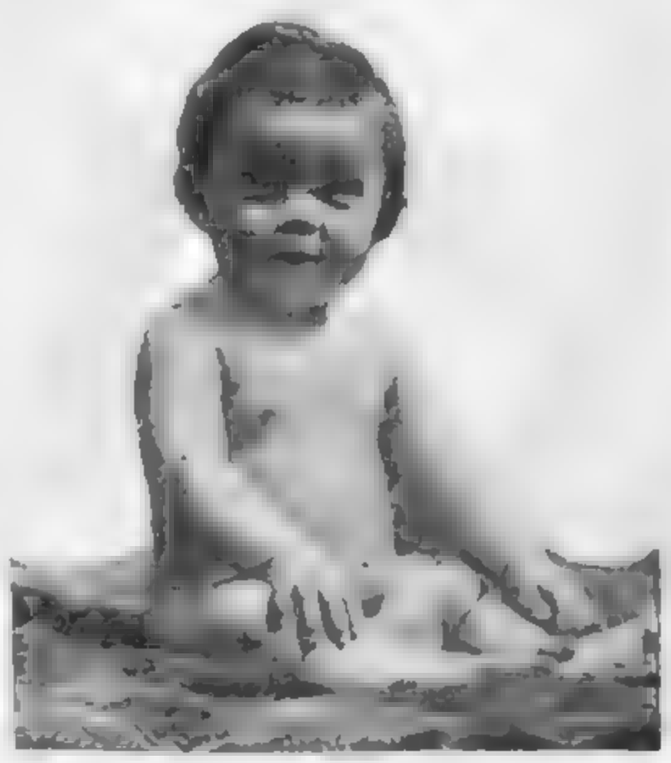
"If all the babies born in New York City in one year were placed shoulder to shoulder they would make a line twenty-two miles long," according to U. S. Senator Copeland, former Health Commissioner of New York City, and

"Five miles of babies—

"died in the first year of life in 1891. In that year the great fight to save babies was started. Welfare stations were established where mothers could go for advice and where their babies were given thorough physical examinations. Pasteurized milk was the next baby life-saving step.

"The result of teaching mothers how to care for their babies and of providing pure milk has reduced the death rate in New York City from 241 to 72 per thousand.

"But we may still refer to the deaths of infants as the Slaughter of the Innocents—for the work done in New York City but proves that thousands upon thousands of baby deaths can be prevented throughout the United States when every mother is taught that:



Sweetest little fellow
Everybody knows,
Don't know what to call him
But he's mighty like a rose.

Frank [illegible]

"Babies do not die because the weather is hot—

"Babies do not die because it is dry or because it rains. Babies die in the summertime because they are not properly fed and not properly taken care of."

Save the new born babies—

by teaching the mother to safeguard her own health before the coming of the baby. Thousands of the 35,000 babies who now die on their natal day will then be saved, and one-half of the 100,000 who die before they are one month old will be saved when mothers take care of themselves and make proper arrangements for the coming of their little ones.

Observance of the rules of hygiene, proper feeding, proper bathing, proper clothing will save thousands of runabout baby lives this summer if the work of saving them is only begun in time.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company issues a booklet which has helped to save many, many baby lives. It may save your baby's life this summer. The booklet is called "The Child." It tells of the care of the baby—its feeding—the care of milk and what to do the minute a baby shows digestive disturbances—the cause of most baby deaths in summer.

The care of the runabout child is also fully covered. The bogy of the Second Summer is banished and the belief that teething is a sickness is proved to be merely an old-fashioned superstition.

The booklet tells the Mother how to care for the baby's food—to remember the three C's—Clean, Cool, Covered.

The booklet was prepared for use of Metropolitan Policyholders, but whether or not you are a policyholder if there is a baby in your family and you want to know how best to see it through this summer, write the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, and ask for a copy of "The Child." It will be mailed free of charge and without obligation on your part.

HALEY FISKE, President

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Built Like a Watch—Encased Like a Jewel

This outfit exactly as pictured $1.00 complete.

Note compactness of case when closed.

Built like a Watch—Encased like a Jewel

ONE of the most expensively made Safety Razor outfits, though only $1.00 complete. The new Ever-Ready De Luxe "Sport" model as illustrated above comes in a beautiful flat, graceful, highly nickeled "cigarette" type case.

It is lined with velvet and satin which set off the mirror finished nickel to the richest advantage.

The ten-year-guaranteed Ever-Ready frame fitted with the new heavy hexagon handle, is scientifically designed to present the blade at its most efficient shaving angle. The frame is triple nickel plated—the most durable and sanitary plating for safety razors.

There is no troublesome adjustment—simply slip the blade into the frame, snap down the top, and instantly the Ever-Ready is all set to give you the safest, quickest and best shaves of your life.

The blade supply, which comes in a nickeled sheath, consists of the new Ever-Ready Radio Blades—steel so hard that it requires three miles of delicate honing and 1200 feet of stropping to bring it to its final keen perfection.

Ever-Ready De Luxe Razors are built to strictest $5 specifications. Ask to see other models—the "Town", in flat compact imitation ivory—the "Touring", in high nickeled case—the "Mahoganite", which looks like rare old mahogany, water-proof and smooth as glass.

Compare them point for point with the best $5 razors and convince yourself that the Ever-Ready sets are in every way their equal if not their superior. They would be good buys at $5—bargains at $3 and at $1 they are the biggest values ever offered since the invention of the safety razor.

Sold by drug, hardware, jewelry, cutlery and general stores everywhere.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Also Makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes
FACTORIES - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ever-Ready
SAFETY RAZOR
$3 Models Now $1

Ever-Ready
Radio Blades
6 *for* 40¢

DILATORY DOMICILES

(Continued from Page 5)

down upon the room, then dazzling sunlight searching its every corner. Oh, he was truly a great man! Not satisfied with owning the earth, he ordered the sun about in the heavens. Money! The man reeked of it.

Miss Riley dutifully locked herself out behind two bronze doors and found herself again in the corridor where she had presented herself from Centimeri's heated limousine for the inspection of the stone-faced Lingard. Her credentials still lay neglected on the mantelshelf; and she pocketed them for good measure as a French maid came tripping up the stairs to guide her.

The señorita affected a migraine.

"*Je souffre!* No *dîner*, iff you pliz. Some very littl'."

The housekeeper would come!

"No. In de morning. Go, pliz!"

But madame's trunks have arrived!

"But yes!" Miss Riley evinced lukewarm enthusiasm; she would have them up and unpacked. Spread out everything.

"Everything, madame!"

The señorita groaned under a hot compress while the contents of two trunks and a bag were exploded and draped on every conceivable receptacle in the dressing room. When the maid was gone the señorita tossed off her hot towel, locked herself securely in and inspected her belongings.

It was in truth a shabby outfit. It required no paleontologist to reconstruct the image of the owner. Even with the wit of a very little worldliness one could easily guess that the owner had frequent recourse to needle and thread—yes, and yarn, too—and that she had stretched herself from one style epoch to the next without ever being able to make the ends quite meet. She tossed the things over with a disdainful air. These would never do.

"Ah!" she cried, with a little ejaculation of pleased surprise as she came to some linen things. "*Me voilà!*" she exclaimed as she shook aloft a short linen frock of extreme plainness like the tunic of a page of heraldry. Pale lavender. The demoiselle had certainly the taste! And the new curator surveyed herself in her chic accouterments with a ray of extreme content. There were others in different colors, all embroidered with a convent stitch.

Miss Riley prepared for bed with the stately measure and pleasurable detail of one who this night at last and at least could lay her head down on a soft pillow in calm repose. She reveled in a steaming bath topped off with a cold shower; she religiously avoided hot or cold on her face. Her face she anointed from a small jar. She brushed her long hair with extreme care and bound it with a single ribbon at the *nuque*. Then, looking very much like Juliet in her balcony and feeling like the Queen of Sheba on a visit, she picked up the bundle of authenticating credentials to find out who she really was. Events had moved so swiftly in the last few hours that she had, at best, slight familiarity with her own identity.

It evolved on inspection that at one time she had been in the service of the Duchess of Blankinspoon, and had so splendidly acquitted herself that the noble lady was moved to state in her own handwriting—a two-story affair of wonderful embellishment—that—and so forth—and so on; and the Contessa de la Mancha; and His Excellency M. le Général Claude Darnel, in Tunis; and the Chevalier Gaston Jean Henri de Belleville (Les Archives de la Haute Noblesse), Paris; and Mrs. Colly Thigpen, of Memphis, United States of America; and others of equal distinction and elevation commended Miss Riley to that fortunate person—in this case Stephen Lingard—who could command her services.

The señorita, her long fingers nestling under her luscious cheek on the down pillow, closed her eyes for the night with a new sense of her own importance.

II

NOW Lingard had gone aboard the Berengaria the night before; and Centimeri, giving final instructions and then many more to Midor, his factotum, had caught the Giulio Cesare by the tip of its tail and the top of the tide. The big Cunarder with mosquito tugs nibbling at its flanks was turning in midstream when the dark Italian cast off. The mogul and the dealer were to come together quietly in a château on the Loire in March, from which as a base of operations a gigantic undertaking was to be directed.

The idea itself was original with Stephen Lingard, having alighted like a predatory hawk on a bare branch of his imagination one day when he happened to pause at the head of a long narrow corridor in the Louvre, looking down through its telescopic length at the ineffable bit of broken marble on its throne at the far end.

It could possibly be contrived; and anything that was possible was to Lingard as good as done. Centimeri was to have charge of details, as had happened before. The arrangement was childlike in its simplicity. At a zero hour a careless workman in the lighting plant would drop a crowbar across the bus bars behind the main switchboard. And in this moment between darkness and daylight a prepared copy, that would stand the test of time, was to be substituted for the Ineffable herself. With everything in readiness it would be merely the question of a signal with an uplifted hand, and the trick would be turned, much as a cumbersome bridge span floats into its prepared niche at the instant of the turn of the tide. There would be the business of doctoring the original, to pass it through customs as a copy. A copy! Could anyone imagine Stephen Lingard accepting a copy, even a transcendent one, as some copies are, when the original existed on earth?

So, this morning, the Giulio Cesare and the big Berengaria slipped down the channel and out to sea. A newspaper reporter loaded with a rumor that the French cabinet had asked Stephen Lingard to come over and drink a cup of tea with it had got near enough to the great money king, just as the mail boat was casting off at Quarantine, to begin: "Mr. Lingard! Is it true ——"

"No!" bellowed the bull of Bashan, and that afternoon all the newspapers printed editorials stating again that the financial center of the world was securely anchored in New York, U. S. A.

About the time, six hours later, that the high towers of Radio Central, the Earth, Constellation of the Sun, were speaking by machine at the rate of two hundred words a minute to the Cunarder off Fire Island, Mr. Parr, special deputy commissioner in charge of the detective bureau of the city of New York, settled his huge bulk comfortably in his favorite elbowchair in the study of his friend and sometime collaborator, Oliver Armiston, an extinct author. Selecting a cigar from the pasteboard box at his elbow the deputy broke a hole in its tip, and, striking a match, applied the light and sighed meditatively after taking the first puff, the best puff, like a first kiss. The clock ticked, the fire rustled, and the old bronze Buddha toasting his shins in the chimney corner, reflecting evening lights from his brass hide, seemed to lend an ear, waiting on the words of wisdom about to fall.

Oliver lolled back in his chair, intent on the play of the firelight on the ceiling as he fingered his single white lock. In the end, however, it was Armiston who had to break the thick crust of silence, for his friend, the famous man hunter, appeared, from his preoccupied air, to have come here only to think.

"I have read the afternoon papers," said the author idly.

"Have you?" said Mr. Parr.

"I saw your interview."

"So?" said Mr. Parr.

"And Sophie Lang is dead, eh?"

Deputy Parr screwed up his little elephant eyes and tried to stare old Buddha out of countenance.

"In print, yes," he said gruffly. He turned a ferocious look on Oliver. "It is like the report of the old maid's marriage she denies it, but thanks God for the rumor."

His twinkling eyes narrowed.

There had been columns in the papers about the career of the notorious Sophie Lang, a confidence woman who throughout life had existed more as a legend than an actuality. Recently, however, flushed from cover by Parr—with the aid of Oliver Armiston—in her rôle as an insurance widow just about to collect a thumping sum for the death of a bogus husband, she had been for the first time in her life on the loose, with the redoubtable deputy but one step behind. But even as she had fled, with the hounds of the police baying at her heels, things had stuck to her fingers en route. She had walked into a Fifth Avenue gem establishment and walked out again with the famous Dolgoda pearls under her fur collar. She had hidden away in a fashionable shooting box in the North Woods in the guise of an incipient French maid who needed seasoning; and here chance put in her way an English lady kleptomaniac with family jewels to sell for cash. Sophie paid for them in purest counterfeit and got away with the loot; while Parr, arriving one step behind, as usual, as special agent for the British Embassy, found himself with a near-diplomatic case on his hands.

Sophie's escape in this last exploit had been one of peculiar bitterness to the deputy. There were few trains. The roads were practically impassable from snow. The fine Italian motorcar in which she had fled went dead five miles out. She borrowed a second, a mongrel contraption standing blanketed, like a patient Indian squaw, at a deserted railroad platform awaiting its master's return. This car had proved a hardy mongrel. It had been traced over the state line into New England. She must have driven night and day. Parr and his flatties found this car wrecked and burned.

"As nearly as we could reconstruct it," said Parr, relating the thrill of that discovery to Oliver, "she must have fallen asleep at the wheel. Remember, she had done three hundred miles, through snow."

He shook his head in utter bewilderment. He frequently referred to this notorious woman as only a legend; and at times like this he came near believing his own words.

"Just a momentary lapse, probably," he said. "But enough. I know. I've been there myself—driving at night—heavy eyelids—with telegraph poles leaping out of the dark! It takes a man's nerve if he wakes up in time. Sophie didn't!" He brought a heavy fist down on the table. "Sophie didn't, I say! Listen to this—that telegraph pole was fifteen inches at the butt. It had snapped like a toothpick. The radiator and the engine were driven back through the driver's seat. The broken pole, of course, pinned it down hard and fast. The thing caught fire. She had just filled up on gas a few miles back. It was a hot fire, I can tell you. See, I brought something to show you. This isn't in the papers."

He explored his overcoat pocket and set a heavy weight, wrapped in paper, on the desk. Oliver swung upright and looking curiously at his friend Parr, who so loved these dramatic moments, he untied the string. It was a piece of molten metal. A red-hot crucible spilling a momentary splash into the sand of a foundry floor would have made such an ingot. Oliver turned the thing over and over in his hands. He focused the light on it, dug into it with the point of a paper knife. He exclaimed in surprise.

"Gold?"

"Gold," said Parr ponderously, his eyes on Buddha.

"You found this ——"

"In the ashes," finished Parr. "That is the remains of the legendary Sophie Lang," said Parr, enjoying the moment to the utmost. "There was some other stuff—it might have been Sophie, but"—he shook his head in disgust—"nobody could tell. Here is something else you don't read in the papers," he went on. He bent toward Oliver and fixed him with a glare of the utmost ferocity. "This junk," said he, weighing the ingot, "just about accounts for the gold in the settings in the ducal regalia the lady kleptomaniac presented to Sophie. It weighs"—he poised the metal on the postal scales—"it weighs just fourteen ounces. There were diamonds and rubies. They, of course, might easily disappear."

Oliver Armiston was idly riffling the pages of a book.

"It was the same car, of course?" he asked.

"Oh, no doubt of it!"

"Was it intact—the iron frame, I mean?"

"Oh, yes."

"Any aluminum?"

Parr ruminated. "Yes, the cover of the generator," he said. "I remember it distinctly." He nodded, scowling again.

"Not melted?"

"No, badly warped—that was all."

Oliver laughed.

"Listen," he said. He read from his book "'Gold fuses at 1913° F.: aluminum at 1160°.'" He shut the book with a snap. "Sophie played you for a thick cop, Parr. Her fire was hot enough to melt gold, but not aluminum."

A curious smile overspread Parr's features.

"Any footprints in the snow?" asked Oliver.

"Yes. Hundreds of them," laughed Parr. "The whole county came in to view the remains."

A moody silence took possession of the scene. It was the old story of Parr and the elusive Sophie—Sophie always one jump ahead.

Oliver suddenly broke in.

"Why is it," he asked, "that I have never heard the story of the lady kleptomaniac and the shooting box?"

Parr waved a deprecatory hand.

"Confidential business," he said. "You know how it is. The embassy at Washington pulls a string, and I jump. It was a family scandal to be hushed up."

"Whose shooting box was it?" asked Oliver lazily.

"Steve Lingard's."

Oliver nodded. He knew that empire wrecker.

"Does he occupy it?"

"Occupy it?" snorted Parr. "He never occupies anything! He's got eight or nine homes running full tilt. It was simple enough for Sophie to borrow his shooting box. 'Damnation!" roared Parr. "Sophie is always doing the easiest thing in the world! That's why I'm always one step behind."

Oliver nodded, smiling. It was a fact that Sophie always did the insolently obvious thing.

"Oliver," cried Parr, suddenly bursting out, "I've got to get Sophie! I'm getting kind of childish about it."

He bit savagely at his cigar. Oliver twiddled his single white lock, a good sign. Oliver got up and paced the floor, a splendid sign. The deputy watched him with hungry eyes. Oliver fingered the gold again, as if vaguely speculating how Sophie had managed to melt it to leave as a souvenir of her ashes.

"You know, Parr," said the extinct author, pausing before the frowning deputy, "your methods lack imagination. You never locate Sophie until she has packed her trunks and moved. The only way to catch Sophie is to be there first—to be waiting on the doorstep when she arrives."

"Exactly!" agreed the deputy. "And I've come to you for her address. Oliver," he cried, "I've simply got to have that woman! I'm going to make a career of her."

Parr had frequently brought nuts to be cracked to this sanctum. As he knew by experience, Oliver Armiston, the extinct fiction writer, whose gifts in romancing had once brought him to the attention of the police, had a mysterious faculty of divining astonishingly simple explanations of apparently insoluble crimes. Given the plain facts, the setting of the stage to go on, a picture of suddenly arrested action as if all the characters of the drama were turned to stone like the enemies of Perseus when they beheld the Gorgon's head—given this static moment, Oliver's fiction mind, infusing fresh life into the frozen plot, would carry it through to the logical conclusion.

Indeed, it had been his wit that had flushed Sophie from cover in the insurance-widow case and brought her before the police as an actuality for the first time in her career.

Armiston, pacing the room, had come to a pause at his reference shelf, taking down the Social Register.

"Limson, Lincoln, Linfield—here we are. Lingard, Stephen Vincent; address um-um; office um-um." Oliver continued to mumble over the legend of type. "Ah! Now we are getting to the milk of the coconut," he mused, running his fingers down the page. "Dilatory domiciles." And he counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. You say he never occupies any of them, Parr?"

Parr shook his head gloomily.

"Where is he now? Didn't I see that he sailed on the Berengaria this morning?"

(Continued on Page 108)

See This Demonstration

of how HOOSIER'S adjusted height relieves muscle-strains

at your HOOSIER Dealer's NOW

The worst thing about working at a table of improper height is that you wear out quickly without knowing why.

HOOSIER dealers all over the country are devoting the next two weeks to a demonstration of the importance of having the work-table adjusted to suit the worker. Be sure to see this demonstration in your town.

Watch for your local HOOSIER DEALER'S announcement.

KITCHEN COMFORT WEEKS

June 3rd to 16th 1923

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Do Not Let Work-Table

PERHAPS one reason you wear out so easily is because your work-table is unsuited to your height. We have yet to learn of a woman who *knew* that she needed a change of table-height.

Yet it is so easy to *feel* the difference once you do your work before HOOSIER'S adjusted work-table, that HOOSIER dealers are devoting the first two weeks of June to demonstrating this wonderful new convenience.

By all means call on your HOOSIER dealer now—find out whether or not HOOSIER'S adjusted height means freedom from muscle-strains for *you*.

HOOSIER will make your most difficult kitchen-work easy. It will not only eliminate the aches which come from working at a table unsuited to your stature, but in addition, will save you miles of steps and hours of time each day. It will free you from the nagging

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HOOSIER'S design is individual. Its most important improvements patented. They can not be duplicated.

If the HOOSIER were a mere combination of storage space and table-top, ordinary kitchen cupboards and shelving might take its place. But the HOOSIER is a complete household utility. Consequently, while less expensive than built-in cupboards and counters it is far more useful. Without HOOSIER'S scientific labor-saving convenience, even the elaborately equipped kitchen wastes miles of steps and hours of time.

You do not need to do your work in the hard, old-fashioned way. Ask your HOOSIER dealer about our special payment plan. If you do not know him write us for his name, and for complete information concerning this proposition.

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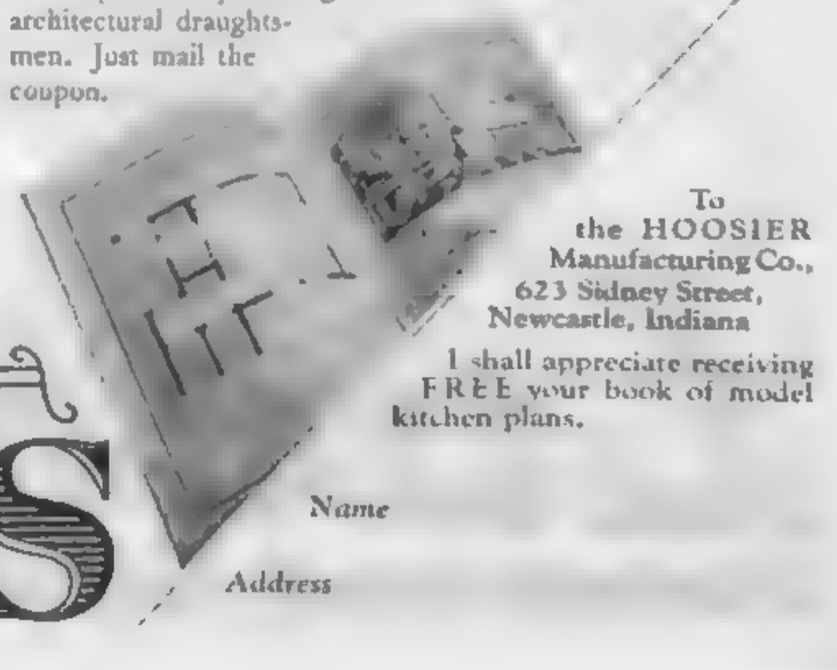

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SAVES STEPS

HOSPITALITY

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Night brings to us the welcome guest,
The brave and loyal smiling friend;
And truly is that roof-tree blest
Where friendship crowns the long day's end.
The hall which hears our greeting glad,
Holds out its kindly arms in glee
And seems to smile, as though it had
The soul of hospitality.

Written Especially for
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

The next stanza in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post

HOSPITALITY

The mind is the rudder of the man. "As a man thinks, so is he." We are today upon the path which our mind selected yesterday; and our mind today is determining the course we shall follow tomorrow. If we are prejudiced against and intolerant of our fellowmen, we isolate ourselves and pull down upon us clouds of sorrow. If we are optimistic, helpful and hospitable, we surround ourselves with sunshine and happiness; for life is like a mirror—we see ourselves in it.

True hospitality is the incarnate spirit of helpfulness. As manufacturers of Paint and Varnish Products we consider that we render a public service; and it has been and ever shall be our sincere intention to render that service well and faithfully.

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A valuable book by Prof. A. J. Snow, Ph. D., of Northwestern University, Evanston—Chicago, giving authoritative information on the selection of colors and color combinations, and for the first time explaining color reactions on human happiness.

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DENVER JACKSONVILLE SAVANNAH

Purposely Made for Every Purpose

Lucas
Paints and Varnishes

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(Continued from Page 106)

"You did," said Parr crustily. "Oliver," he begged, "I don't want Steve. I'm asking you to go into a trance and find Sophie for me."

Oliver sat down.

"I have found her for you, Parr," he said gently.

Parr burst into smothered execrations. "What the——" he began furiously.

Oliver drummed on Parr's chair arm.

"Sophie's up against it, isn't she, Parr?"

"I've kept her moving. I'll tell the world!" snarled the deputy savagely.

"She needs some place to rest her weary head," went on the extinct author.

"I've got a cot I'll lend her!" snorted Parr.

"I suppose it isn't too much to assume," drawled Oliver, "that a woman of her intelligence—her simple way, as you say, Parr knows about these dilatory domiciles of your friend Steve. Eh?"

Parr turned his attention to his cold cigar.

"All going full tilt. Steam heat—made beds—hot water—open plumbing. Fat servants. Dinner ready, I suppose," mumbled Oliver. He got up and walked again. "No, sir; I don't believe Sophie could resist it!" he cried, swinging his fists enthusiastically in a shadow-boxing stunt.

"Elucidate, man! Resist what?" snarled Parr.

"Making a round of visits among Steve Lingard's empty country houses!" cried Oliver. "She's hiding out, isn't she? Well, where better could she hide? Steve will never come home to bother her. I can see your little kitten now," said Oliver. "She's curled up with a good book—in front of the fire—and Steve Lingard's servants are waiting on her as if she was Santa Claus."

Parr sat dumb, watching the lucubrations of his medium.

"Let's see," said Oliver, thumbing the book. "Palm Beach? Hardly; it is too crowded now. James River? Well, no, it's clammy in February. Leeward Islands? Too far from her base. Maine? Oh, decidedly not—the winter wind has whiskers on it up there! Manhattan?" He deliberated over this. "I think probably not. We'll see. Shooting box? No; that's been done!" He nudged Parr playfully. "Westchester? Oh—ah—er—a little close. Still—I'll tell you, Parr, break the ice up there. Just on a chance. Go easy. Send a good man."

Parr threw his old cigar into the fire and arose, buttoning his greatcoat.

"I don't get much nourishment, Oliver," he remarked dryly. At the door he turned and said shortly: "I'll give it a whirl, Oliver. Pelts will be home the last of the week. I'll turn him loose on it."

III

THE señorita had just arranged herself at her desk for the morning when she was conscious of a gentle sibilance near at hand. It was almost as if someone were whispering to her. She arched her pretty neck. The sound puzzled her; on the instant she was as alert as some wild creature in its snug den listening, with gleaming eyes. The murmur, after its first "May I, please!" sort of appeal, settled down to a metronomic iteration. She laughed. It was the telephone.

She tripped a spring, and a false book back opened in the wall and revealed the chatterer. She lifted the instrument down, set it precisely on her desk. It twittered like a bird as she regarded it teasingly. She shook a saucy finger at it. She stole a look at the desk clock. Only two minutes had elapsed of her first day in her new career. Yesterday had been a sort of varnishing day; it didn't count. Only two minutes—and her telephone summons her. Very well, we shall see!

She touched the receiver and came to a full stop again, conscious of a strange thrill. Life is an adventure. A bell rings, a hand taps on the door, a latch lifts, a footstep approaches. Who is it? What might it be? What might it not be? There was the old philosopher who feared to step down into the street, not knowing what tryst Fate might have in store for him just around the corner. She bent her head to the receiver.

"Allo! Allo!" said the señorita.

"Chita!"

It was a low voice; it was vibrant with emotion, passion, heavenly bliss.

"Allo!" inquired the señorita with rising inflection.

"It is Leon!" The lips of the speaker breathed against her very eardrums.

"Leon!" she cried in an accent of terror. "My heart!"

The señorita regarded the instrument quizzically, a wicked smile on her lips.

"*Attends!*" she responded, as if suspecting eavesdroppers on every hand.

"My life! My little crumb! Chita!" went on the impassioned telephone.

"Be wise," she pleaded.

"And in love?" he laughed. "No! It is impossible!"

"*Prends garde!*" she whispered back.

His low laugh answered her. Then the voice continued in French: "No. Let us not be on our guard. There is not the necessity. He is departed. Indeed, the pair of them. By separate ways. This is a private wire. There is no one to overhear. Tell me, with your lips close to my ear——"

"Ah, please!"

"You still have fear, my heart." The telephone was full of tenderness. "Courage!"

"Courage avails little to the unfortunate," sighed the señorita.

"I come to you. When?"

Miss Riley lifted her hazel gray gaze to a Florentine mirror that hung in the shadows like a bottomless pool. She studied her likeness critically.

"At three, then—come!" she breathed into the telephone. She hung up the receiver and replaced the muted instrument, with its lover dangling on the far end, in its secret cabinet. A smile played about the corners of her mouth as she surrendered herself to her work. She was evidently well pleased with herself.

To Leon, Stephen Lingard always said, as if the thought had just occurred to him out of a clear sky: "Leon, except for a head waiter at the Kaiserhof in Heidelberg, you are the only man I have ever seen who looks like a king."

To which panegyric Leon Midor invariably replied: "And, m'sieu', you are the only person I have so far encountered in this country of yours who fulfills my preconceived idea of a North American." This he delivered with a heavy bow.

Leon was Centimeri's right-hand man; indeed, his second nature. There was nothing in the establishment concealed from Leon. Centimeri had tried that at first but had to admit its impossibility. And as Leon knew very well on which side his bread was buttered, Centimeri made a virtue out of necessity. Lingard had been absorbing more and more of Centimeri's time and talent lately. Centimeri had a way of doing the things Lingard wanted done that saved the empire wrecker a great deal of time and worry. So he absorbed him; and Leon came more and more to stand in Centimeri's stead at the gallery, a structure of white marble that looked like a private palace forgotten by trade and commerce, in the upper fifties—except that in its one narrow street window it displayed against heavy velours a single object of art—a picture, a bronze, a piece of marble, or it might be simply a rare example of *horlogerie* by Didot or Dufrane—but always something distinctive. The interior was as difficult of access as a palace of chance—and indeed the exterior had much the same aspect, with its heavily curtained windows and never a ray of light to suggest occupancy. On those occasions when the doors did open, one had a vista of a deep corridor through a filigree of grilles and plate glass.

Leon, on being informed that his car was at the curb, turned to young Peppi Centimeri, a mere youth making his first timid tentatives in collecting, and said, "I fly to the arms of love!"

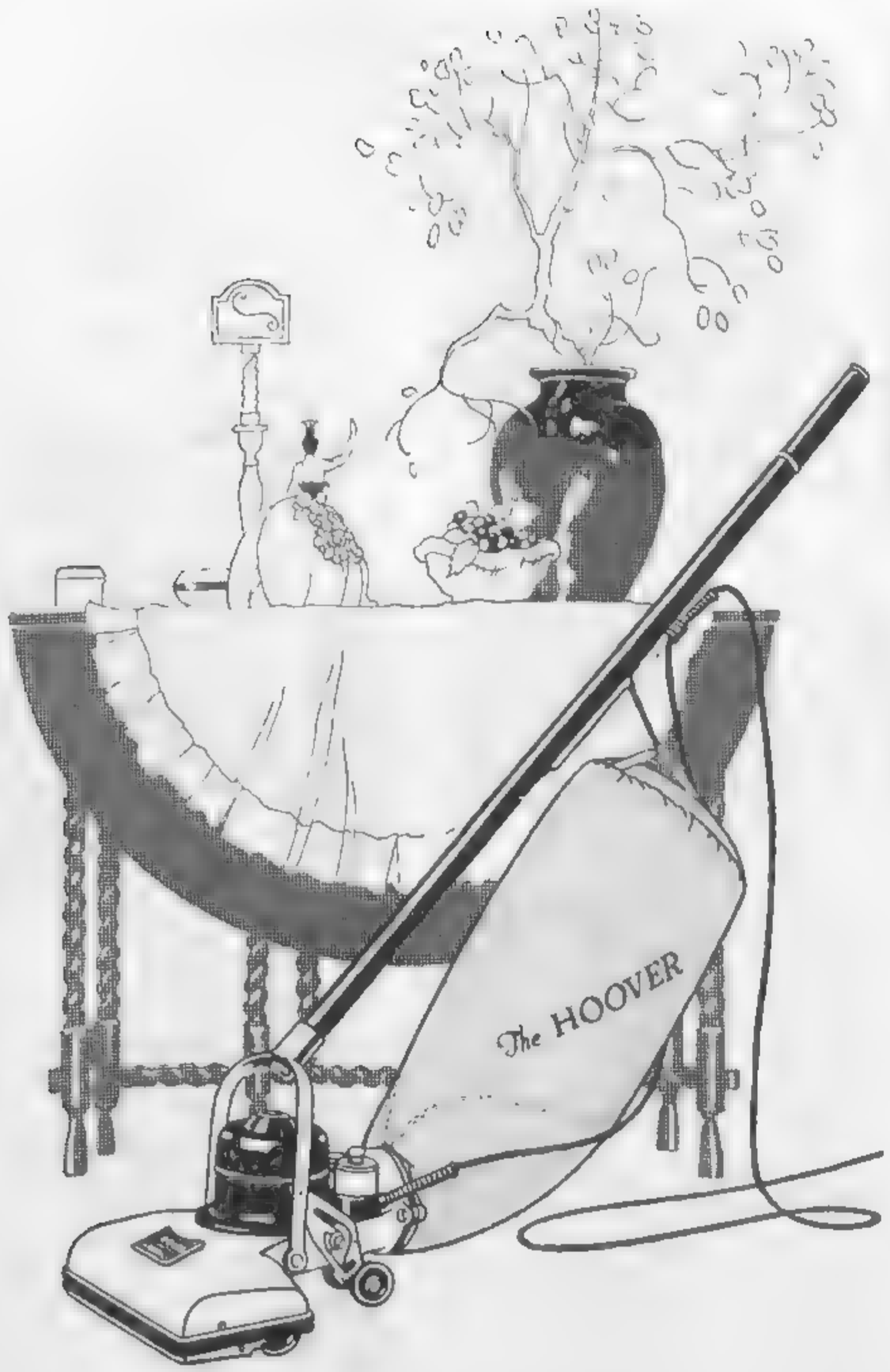
"*Mille fleurs!*" responded the young scion, kissing absently at the two bored fingers with which he was turning the pages of an old, old folio.

Just before three Miss Riley went to the little sitting room in the new wing of the old house. She gave a moment to some mystical rearrangement of her hair over the left ear before the mirror, then seated herself in the embrasure of the French window, her shoulder to the room and her profile in shadow.

When her acute perceptions brought her the sound of the approaching guest conducted down the padded corridor, she took up her book, shielding her brow with one curved hand.

The maid with a softly lisped "M'dame, m'sieu'!" bowed herself out. Leon advanced with the grace of a romantic actor

(Continued on Page 110)



Her rugs "look as good as new" after fourteen years

"Come over and see my rugs!" That is the invitation which Mrs. C. B. Squires, of 1010 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut, extends to any well-meaning but misinformed friend who tells her a Hoover takes off nap.

"My seven large and several small oriental and velvet rugs," says Mrs. Squires, "have been regularly beaten, swept and suction-cleaned with a Hoover *for about fourteen years.*

"They are in wonderful condition today and look as good as new. You would hardly believe they are fifteen years old—yet they actually are. The Hoover has at least doubled their life.

"I never have to pay money or suffer the inconvenience of having my rugs beaten or taken out to be cleaned, as do friends of mine who own other cleaners—a Hoover cleans *clean.*

"Furthermore, I save several hours' time besides escaping the dust and hard work of broom-sweeping, each time that I use my Hoover."

Nearly sixty thousand unsolicited testimonials from Hoover owners are in our files. Satisfied users numbering over one million, have made The Hoover the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

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The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Even Chicken a la King can boast about toast –

OF COURSE, there is toast and *toast*. But if the *a la King* would only ask the *a la Queen*—she would tell him that toast should properly be full of flavor.

Under the hot crispness of Bond Bread toast, you will find sealed all of Bond Bread's home-ingredient purity. Fire is the test. And Bond Bread passes 100%.

If you use Bond Bread just once for toast—you will probably use Bond Bread for every meal. Its delicious aroma and flavor prove its goodness.

So, if you should try Chicken a la King served on Bond Bread toast—please don't give the chicken all the credit.

Bond Bread

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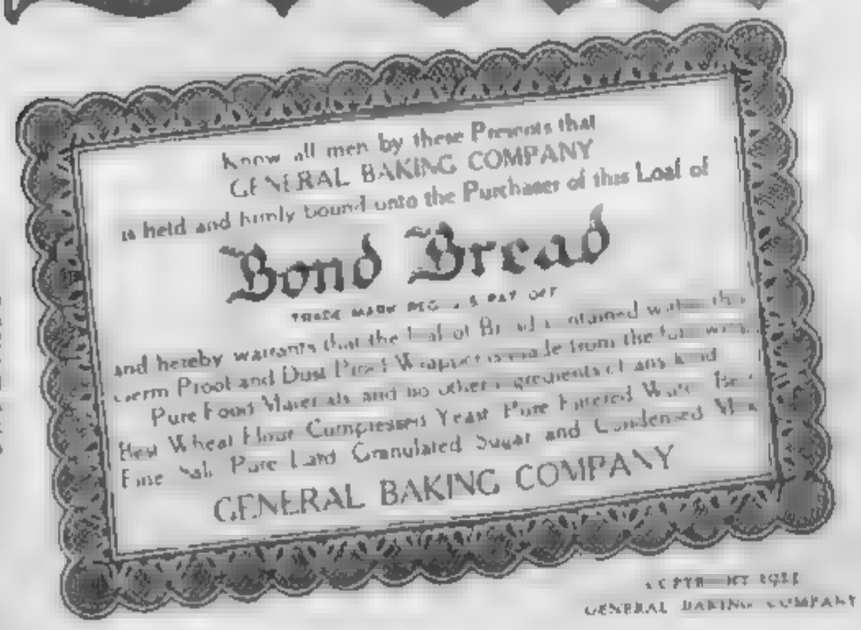
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(Continued from Page 108)

to the middle of the room, where, coming to a halt, he brought his heels together with a click, and inclining his body from the waist he bowed profoundly to his hat, his gloves and his stick, which he carried in one hand; the other hand just touched the region of his heart.

The señorita let fall her book with a languid gesture; and with the same movement she lifted her head, throwing her features into bold relief. She flashed a welcome with eyes and teeth, while she indicated a chair beside her.

Leon Midor nursed the pleasant delusion that he never under any circumstances lost countenance; he had drilled himself in this, his bearing and his self-control being his very stock in trade. Except Lingard—whom he loathed—he had never failed to impress Centimeri's clientele with his magnificent presence. Now with an almost imperceptible movement he listened till the retreating footsteps of the maid had died away. Then, and not till then, he advanced and stood looking down on the señorita.

"Your eyes do not deceive you, Leon," she said archly.

"Oh, I have no difficulty in recognizing you, madame," he said bluntly. "I have good cause to remember," he added. "Especially the last time I saw you. I was giving myself up to the police—an idiotic boy believing it noble to sacrifice himself for a woman."

"And the first time you saw me?" she said. "Think of that time, Leon!" Her smile was faintly touched with malice. "You were turning handsprings in front of my carriage, in Naples!"

She cast an appraising eye over him. He was a finished masterpiece, not a flaw visible to the naked eye. It was true. This woman had picked him out of the gutter; she had dressed him, taught him how to wear clothes. She had accomplished a miracle; granted that the crude materials would have wooed any artist to the task, the result was an Adonis. She had exploited this engaging personality for her own ends; and when she no longer had use for his services had discarded him without a qualm.

The handsome Leon, overwhelmed with this rush of memory, found his self-esteem wilting. But, credit to her training, he never lost his high bearing. A prey to the most bitter emotions, those of debasing retrospect, he yet seated himself with unfailing elegance in the chair at her side, and with a nod and smile at the flock of sparrows quarreling over a crust on the snow outside the French windows he said idly, "One must live, even in the gutter."

His nonchalance was perfect. The new curator appraised it admiringly.

"You have come a long way since then, my little one," she said. "You look like a gentleman, Leon. I am proud of you!"

A slight flush touched his cheeks, but he gave no other sign. Glancing curiously about the room, which was an exquisite apartment, graced with a dozen objects well-nigh priceless, he asked politely, "What do you do here?"

"As you see, I am in residence," she said. "At the moment I am at home to you." She added mischievously: "Am I not your heart? Your love! Your life! Your—your Chita!"

A dull fire glowed in his eyes, but his voice was undisturbed as he spoke.

"So it was you who replied to me on the telephone this morning? You have insinuated yourself in the place of the new curator, the scholar in heraldry from Madrid who was so especially secured for Mr. Lingard? It is this that I am to understand, madame? And what then have you done with that excellent lady? Where has she been spirited away? For I warn you"—Midor's eyes conveyed the threat—"if any harm comes to her it will be an eye for an eye."

He picked up a piece of cloisonné from the little gate-leg table at his elbow and considered its artistic points.

"Centimeri," he went on, setting the thing down again and moving it absently about as if it were a chessman—"Centimeri is not the one to put up with foolishness, I can tell you. There will be no idiotic puppy to do the vainglory again either. So, what have you done with her?"

Although no one could be within earshot the man obviously was playing a part for the benefit of a possible observer.

"The littl' lady," responded his companion with a sweet sadness, and in an excellent imitation of that unfortunate person's best English, "she feel seek. Me, I promenade myself, for she!"

Leon's momentary smile admitted the perfection of the sketch, but his tones were steely.

"When you step into her shoes," he said, "it is not only that you interfere with Centimeri but with me. I warn you. Ply your trade elsewhere. Depart. If you need funds mine are at your disposal. So much I owe," he muttered with sardonic emphasis, "for my start in life. But go! Go!" he said, all but losing his calm. "Else——"

He left the alternative hanging in the air.

"Else what?" asked she softly, bending toward him.

"One hesitates to call in the police." He smiled at the thought he was to utter. "They are my friends now," he said. "Think! The police—they are my friends!"

"Yes, one does hesitate, indeed," she agreed. "Especially when one prospers under a name that belongs to another."

"Madame!" cried Leon in a low tone. "I beseech you! This will ruin me. Believe me, for old time's sake, when I tell you I have found my true vocation. It is a good life. I live in honor among men. I can look the world in the face. If I interfere with some plan of yours I will recompense you," he continued rapidly. "I have money. I prosper as an honest man, where I met with nothing but mockery as a thief!"

"Ah, Leon!" cried the woman, springing up and clapping her hands. "You are truly irresistible. As an honest man, I adore you! Come!"

She held out her hand, inviting him to rise. Then taking his arm, and half leading him, as in a dance, she drew him out of the room and along the corridor, chattering like a magpie in French about nothings and laughing so gayly as they came to a pause at the entrance to the tunnel that good Mrs. Byrne, the housekeeper, paddling along somewhere belowstairs, stopped and smiled through contagion.

"You have been inside?" asked the self-appointed curator, selecting her key. Leon had not been inside, nor was he anxious to go now, but there was no denying her. The handsome pair moved along the resounding tunnel, up the steps at the far end, into the library. There the meek Leon found himself standing before the first veiled picture, which she uncovered by a tug at the silken cord. They moved on to the second, to the third, and so on to the seventh and last. One might call them seven of the most precious pictures in the world. Not a word passed between Leon and his guide. Finally, with the seven glories draped again, she led him to her fire and deposited him in a big deep chair. There was a tense moment of silence, during which Leon Midor, who could look like a king on occasions, felt his comb of conceit wilt still further.

"As you say," remarked the vision in mauve linens, taking up the thread of talk as though it had never been broken, "you have prospered as an honest man."

Leon said nothing. It took all the courage at his command to continue to meet her gaze.

"And as you well say," she ran on, "one hesitates to call in one's friends the police! Oh, Leon!" she cried ecstatically. "However did you manage it? The fool believes it! He thinks he has the originals! The Da Vinci! The Correggio! The Gainsborough! The Velasquez! I all but held my sides when he showed me the Duchess! And Susanna! He said, 'A very good copy, don't you think, señorita?'" She mimicked Lingard's snarling consonants perfectly. "Copy, indeed! Forsooth!"

Overcome with the side-splitting humor of the occasion, she sank upon an ottoman, helpless with laughter.

It was a solemn fact that Stephen Lingard religiously believed that he possessed here, hidden away from all eyes, the originals of seven of the greatest masterpieces of art of all time. Some day when he died, he planned, with that grand gesture that dead men make from the door of the tomb, he would restore them to their rightful frames! Give them back to the world that all these years had been making its oblations before copies!

What a roar would go up when the dead man thus revealed himself as the dupe! Lingard—who feared only one thing in life, ridicule—was building a monument of derision that would be eternal!

(Continued on Page 113)

YOUR FRIEND AND OURS —THE GROCER

YOUR grocer knows us. He has known us very well for a very long time—ever since he has been in the grocery business.

And we know your grocer. Our force of salesmen is sufficiently large to enable us to visit him very frequently—every few weeks.

In fact, the grocer who distributes the 57 Varieties in your neighborhood is our local representative there. He knows your wants and tastes—and he helps us serve you.

By dealing directly with your grocer, and by having such frequent contact with him, we are able to keep him supplied with a good assortment of the 57 in limited quantities. In this way we help him make sure that every one of the 57 Varieties on his shelves is of the very freshest quality when he offers it to you.

Your grocer's coöperation in always keeping the 57 Varieties available in your neighborhood makes him an important factor in our business—and an important member of your community.

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If roofs could talk they would complain more of the hot sun than all the rain or snow which attacks them. Excessive heat, that dries and parches, is a very searching test of roofing endurance. The unfailing resistance of *Certain-teed Roofing* to this continual baking process is a most important factor in that through-and-through quality which makes it impervious to rain, snow and sparks as well. Owners of every conceivable type of building, in every section of the country, can testify to the durability of *Certain-teed*. You, therefore, need not experiment; you may know in advance that you can "build to endure"—at a moderate cost.

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THE BEST IN ROOF-WALL FLOOR AND SURFACE PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 110)

"It is too much!" gasped the helpless woman. "How could you keep a straight face, Leon?" she cried, wiping her eyes.

Even Leon had to smile. It was impossible longer to pretend before this woman.

"It is not so much," he said. "He is such a hopeless fool. And he regards himself as a connoisseur!"

"And what are they after now?" The little curator was wiping her eyes. "They are off together again, Leon? Will they fetch home the Parthenon this time?"

"A mere bagatelle—only the De Milo herself," said Leon with sparkling eyes.

It was beyond belief, Lingard's credulity; mentally she took off her hat to Centimeri.

"The De Milo! It is impossible! But how do they propose to hoodwink the customs?" she cried. "How will they get her in?"

"It is already a *fait accompli*." The flattered Leon laughed in spite of himself. "The lady has already arrived. Indeed she has never been out."

The slim chatelaine of the library moved over and sat down by Leon Midor.

"You are more clever than I thought," she murmured absently.

"Oh, this is not mine," he said quickly. "The master devotes his life to it. I run the business for him. He pays me a salary, and—commissions. Very liberal commissions. These North Americans—the newly rich ones—they all come to us, sooner or later."

"You will inherit the business some day, I suppose, Leon?" continued his interrogator in a musing tone.

"Unfortunately, no. There is a son. And a very likely fellow!"

"Good!" exclaimed the artful creature. She sprang up. She poised herself on the hearth rug before him. "You shall have your Chita and a castle in Lombardy for her if—if you do as I bid!"

The sudden realization of how completely he had been trapped brought the blood to his cheek again. He instinctively shrank.

"We are good friends again, eh, Leon?" she said with her mocking smile.

He stared sullenly at her, unable to lower his eyes. "You want your Chita?" she said ingratiatingly. He made no answer. "Every afternoon at three," continued the false curator, "you come here from Centimeri's to inspect my work. To see that the señorita is competent. It will occasion no remark. As Centimeri's man—by Mr. Lingard's order—you are the only one to be admitted here. You understand?" Still he made no sign. "I will contrive," she ran on easily, "to have you see the servants, one by one. You still sketch, make those little cartoons? Good! You will make their pictures. When you have them all you will go to a friend of mine—Vilette—in Carmine Street—and you will knock three times on the counter—like this—" And she suited the action to the word, delivering three taps on the glass cover of the table with a coin. "On that signal he will speak with you. You will instruct him, from me, to send us a new batch of servants to match the old. The old ones—ah"—she shrugged her shoulders—"we will keep them in the cellar for the time being."

His eyes glowed. This woman still had her friends.

"And then?" he muttered, in spite of himself.

"We take over the establishment. Why not? No one ever comes here. The master is gone—two months, four months, maybe forever!" She regarded him keenly. "Well?"

Leon arose and walked over to the fire to warm his hands, which had suddenly grown icy cold.

"Well? Well? Finish!" he demanded fiercely.

"Then," she cried as she poised a little foot and executed her fandango again on the imaginary slack wire—"then you will fetch one of your North Americans and sell him one of these—originals. Maybe two! Who can say? They are greedy, these rich nobodies. Can you see your castle in Lombardy now, *mon ami?*"

"*Diable!*" gasped Leon, beside himself.

It was so astonishingly simple. It could not fail. Within the thirty acres of this park, surrounded as it was by tall hedgerows and thiefproof fence, they were in a fortress that could withstand a siege. With the house filled with servants of their own choosing there was nothing that could not be done—especially with this woman at the helm.

He cringed at a thought.

"Centimeri!" he whispered, blanching. This was Centimeri's mine.

She laughed.

"Blind," she said contemptuously. "Blind!"

"But—Lingard!" he went on, disregarding her. "When he comes back to find it gone!"

"Fool," came the woman's sneer. "He will not find it gone. You will provide another—another original! After all," she said with a righteous air, "what is it that we do? We make two North Americans happy, instead of one! It is a philanthropy! Ah, my Leon," she cried, "you are gay again! At three, tomorrow. Go! But be prompt. And sure!"

The lady made her formal farewells in the arch of the sitting-room door, in the presence of the maid, who sighed pensively as she let out the magnificent Leon.

IV

"THEY are recataloguing the library and gallery," said Pelts, the human sleuthhound, shifting his hat uneasily from one hand to the other as he stood under the ferocious frown of Deputy Parr. Pelts was a shabby little fellow, with ferretlike eyes and a pasty skin that looked like old paper left out in the rain. No one would ever mistake him for a policeman—it would take two of him to fill out a regulation blouse. But he could follow a cold scent, hang on night and day, with the tenacity of a mongrel hound. There were times when he didn't know when to quit; otherwise he was Deputy Parr's prize possession.

For the better part of a week now Pelts had been sniffing around the periphery of Stephen Lingard's place up the river. Orders were that he was not to attempt an entrance yet, merely watch and wait; see who went in, who came out. It is amazing what a dossier can be written of a domicile with only a calling list to go on.

"There is a new woman for the job," said Pelts. Parr's eyes shifted slightly. "She is Spanish—speaks very little English—and that is very much pidgin. Centimeri, the dealer—the one who had trouble with the customs two years ago—Centimeri brought her in for Lingard. Centimeri has the run of the gallery. Lingard sailed last week Tuesday. So did Centimeri—on a different ship."

Parr, who had turned his great head at the sound of some unusual disturbance in the corridor, let his eyes stray back to Pelts.

"The Spanish woman—her name is something Riley—she came in on the Alhambra from Barcelona, on the seventeenth," went on little Pelts. "It's all here, on the passenger list. Some lingo! One of Centimeri's men—Midor, Leon Midor—he met her ——"

"The pretty boy who spells his name backwards?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must take a day off sometime, and find out why."

"Yes, sir," Pelts shifted his narrow eyes to the arms of the village of New Amsterdam that hung above Parr's head as he added: "This Leon is the pet cat up there; calls every day at three."

Parr said with the utmost ferocity, "And that is the best you can show for a week's work, eh?"

Pelts continued to stare at the coat of arms.

"And there is no one else on the place—no other stranger?" demanded Parr. "No one among the servants, eh?"

"Now, Mister Commissioner," began Pelts shiftily, "this Spanish woman ——"

"But you have accounted for her, fool," interrupted Parr dryly. "Sophie didn't come off a ship on the seventeenth." And he added with a growl, "On the seventeenth Sophie was entertaining royalty in the North Woods."

Pelts with a catlike tread moved to the door and opened it; at his nod two of Parr's men came in, holding between them a woman. From her wretched bedraggled appearance she might have been ending a prolonged debauch. Her clothing was torn and soiled, her cloak in ribbons. Her hat hung limply on a lopsided mound of thick black hair. Her deadly pallor was relieved by two fever spots in her cheeks; but her red and swollen eyes blazed fire. The two men deposited her not ungently in an armchair. They looked at Pelts for instructions; and that little man, who seemed transformed by this new rôle of stage manager, indicated by an important nod that they should retire. He turned to Parr as the door closed.

"This is the Spanish woman, something Riley, who came in on the seventeenth, sir," he said. "Oh, she has been traveling since then, as you can see for yourself. She is in a bad way, sir. Can I call the matron for her?"

Parr automatically touched a bell at his right hand and waited, playing with a paper knife. The deputy had a curious trait: He could seethe like a volcano at times, but it was usually only for effect. In moments like this he would be as bland as a deacon. Except for the nervous tapping of his paper knife he gave no sign that the shabby little Pelts had dropped a bombshell at his feet. His little eyes wandered back and forth from Pelts, who smiled with a self-satisfied air, to the unfortunate woman, who seemed indeed incapable of further effort.

A motherly looking matron appeared in response to the ring.

"Be good to her, Mrs. Malone. She'll need a doctor," said the deputy. Then with a momentary twinkle: "Her name is Riley. And no one is to know that we have her here."

The matron guided her out like a child. Parr pushed the things on his desk apart for room. "Now," he said, selecting a cigar, "shoot!" Pelts trying ineffectually to conceal his elation over his coup, began:

"The railroad tracks run between the back of Lingard's place and the river, under the hill," he said, jerking out his words with the precision of a martinet. "There is the opening of an old drain or something in the side of the embankment. Now this morning about ten o'clock I found this female trying to pry open the grating. She fought like a wildcat. Oh, she's a Spaniard all right! Look at this! This was for her Leon!" Pelts produced a slender dagger and laid it before his chief. "I couldn't savvy her lingo," he resumed, "but she was Spanish, and she had a knife—and she was burrowing in the back way, instead of ringing the front doorbell. So putting two and two together—well, I decided to bring her in for you, in the car." He permitted himself a foolish grin. "It was a good deal like bringing a tomcat in a gunny sack," he added. Parr had to chuckle, in spite of himself. He could picture that ride. "You hadn't come in yet," continued Pelts. "Nobody knew when you would. I had the doc look her over. He said all she needed was a little food and revenge. We got her some food. Then I called in Salides—Mike Salides, of the Harbor Squad. I told him to tell her in his lingo that if she'd trust us we'd see about getting some revenge for her too."

It had proved a difficult task. The señorita realizing that she was in the hands of the police was in a frenzy of fear and rage, conceiving herself to be accused of crime. Finally Pelts hit on the expedient of having Mike tell her that Leon Midor, whose name she was constantly execrating in her hysteria—a handsome fellow, much sought after by the American ladies—called daily at three in the afternoon on the new curator in the library at the château. This opened the floodgates. She would tell all—in English. She commanded the English language and would exercise herself in it. Salides translated, as with a rattlefire of expletives she poured forth her wrongs and in the end the story she told was amazingly simple.

America was her land of promise. The employment Centimeri had procured for her with the great millionaire promised an end to a life of sacrifice and sorrow. She came in on the Alhambra. Leon had met her and taken her to her hotel, and was all solicitude. Unfortunately he could not himself escort her to her new home, as he would be absent, unavoidably. But his own car—that is, Centimeri's—would call for her, and deposit her, so nothing could go wrong. Everybody was so kind.

There was a lady in her hotel who made friends with her and very delicately suggested that her clothing was not the American mode, and that she would do well to change it. Indeed the lady of her kindness procured the American cloak and hat. Her friend had also informed her that it was the American custom to send the credentials beforehand, not to present them in person, which would be less elegant. The lady herself was good enough to dispatch them for her.

Well, the limousine came for her, as Leon had promised, on time. No, ahead of time, causing great excitement; but the American lady helped her with her toilet and put her into the car with her own hands. Her luggage would follow. She herself saw the baggages carried down as she waved her *adios* to the so kind friend.

"Well, sir," continued Pelts, concluding this period of his recital, "she woke up on the snow, on the pine barrens back of Atlantic City. That is as near as I can place it, from her say-so."

Parr grunted.

"And next," said Pelts, jumping the hiatus with the seven-league boots of his own astonishment, "I find her trying to tunnel a railroad embankment. How did she get there, sir? Think of it! It is incredible. Like throwing a cat overboard in the Gulf Stream, and arriving home to find it sitting on the doorstep. We asked her how she found her way, how she found the place. But she only replied, in Spanish, something that meant 'Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!' Why didn't she go to Centimeri's? She said, oh, there was time for that. It was Leon now, and Revenge. Mike says that 'revenge' in a Spaniard is a good deal like the sense of direction in a cat."

"And this kind American lady?" asked Parr smoothly.

"This Riley says if she could only find that lady it would be all right again, she was so kind."

"I think maybe we can arrange that," said Parr thoughtfully. "One thing puzzles me," said Parr after a pause. "It isn't like Sophie to dump her, to give her a chance to get back. Something went wrong there. Sophie's man may have got tired driving the señorita around the country. How about Leon?" he demanded sharply of Pelts.

"I have a man on his house," said Pelts. "You being away, sir, I took the responsibility."

"Good!" grunted Parr; and he added as an afterthought: "Pelts, if you had my good looks you'd have my job some day." He got up and helped himself into his greatcoat, all the time glowering at the shabby little Pelts. "Good!" he grunted as he closed the door, departing, and scowling with the utmost ferocity.

It was thirty hours later, near midnight. Deputy Parr sat in his favorite elbowchair in Oliver Armiston's study. Oliver was inspecting some drawings in red chalk, lingering over one or coming back to another after setting it aside. Finally he pushed them away and leaned back in his chair.

"They really are good, you know, Parr," he said. "They look like real people."

"They are real people," said Parr, "but wholly unconscious that they were sitting for their portraits." Parr was gloating over the pictures. "Ever notice," he asked, "how a real artist, when he touches up the high lights in an unconscious sitter, always brings out the caricature?"

"They look like Sixth Avenue help," said Oliver, smiling. "But who is the artist?"

"It is our highly gifted friend, Leon."

"Leon?" ejaculated Oliver.

He had just heard from Parr's own lips, with many pauses for dramatic effect, the sad tale of the simple Spanish señorita.

"Leon, yes," said Parr. "Or Noel, if you please. He was born Noel Rodin—now he emerges Leon Midor. Why, I cannot tell you. Oh, the fellow is getting on in the world. He has just given me an order for a houseful of servants. These are his samples, which I am to duplicate."

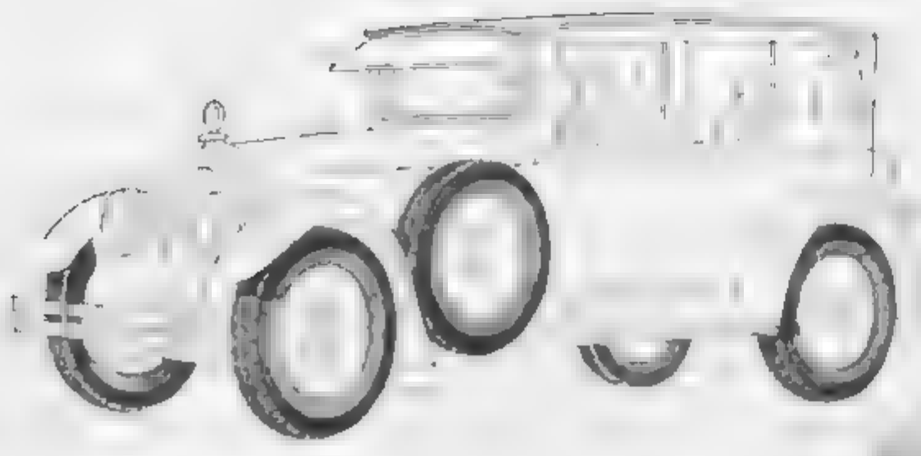
"Do you mean to say this thieving art faker has come to you, of all persons in the world?"

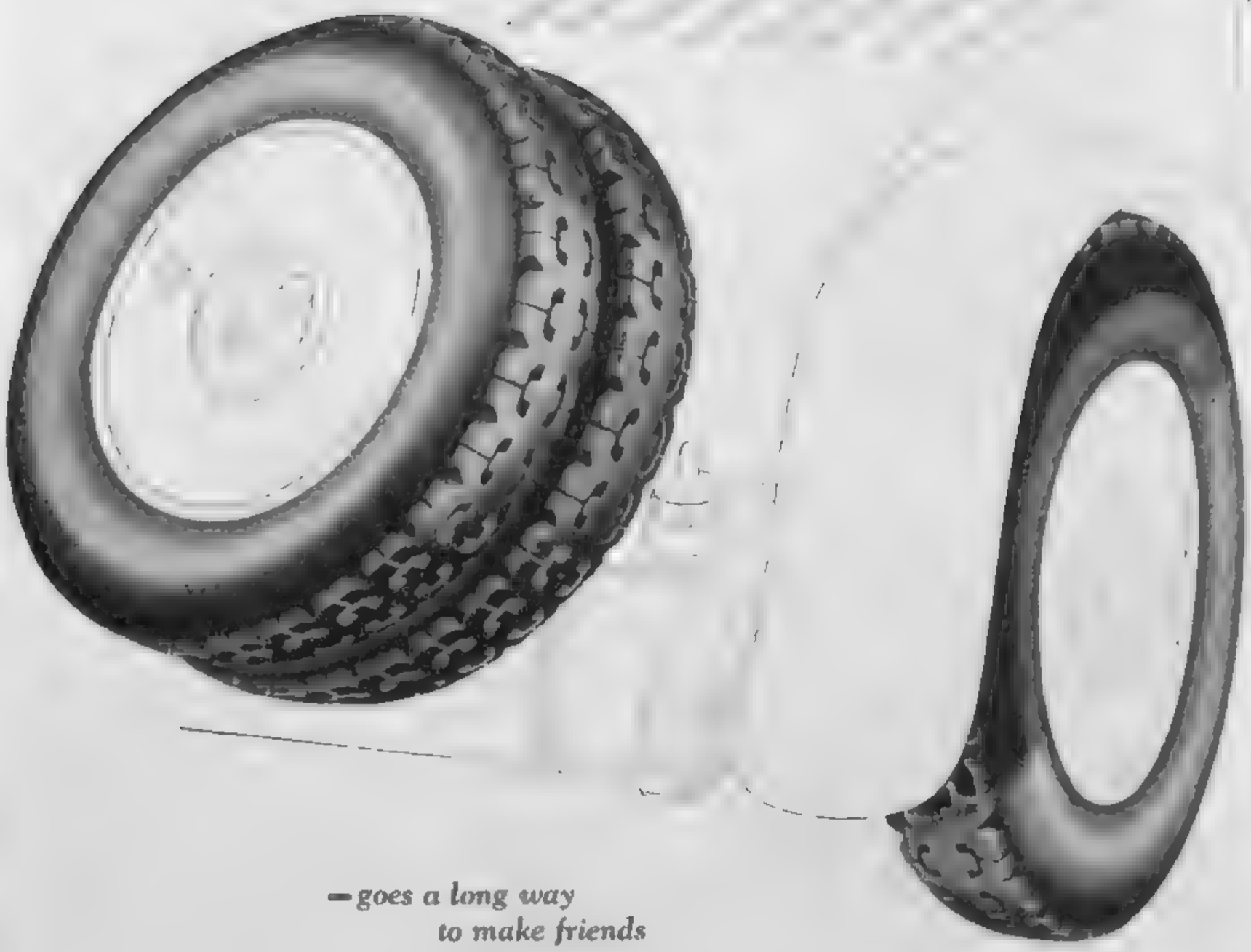
"And whom better could he come to?" demanded Parr, enjoying the situation to the utmost. "Listen, Oliver," he said, and he related the events of the morning.

It was at ten that Leon Midor, looking more like a king disporting himself at Dieppe than an unfortunate with a police record, got down from his car in lower Sixth Avenue where the Elevated jogs east, and accompanied his ivory-headed stick to that invisible line where the avenue ceases to exist and Carmine Street comes into being at a tangent. The street is barricaded with fruit carts and vegetable racks, and secondhand furniture and clothing, and spaghetti drying surreptitiously in open cellarways in the sun. After some hesitation Leon selected a half store decorated with a barber's pole as his destination, and entered, turning in some annoyance as a shabby little fellow hurried in after him

(Continued on Page 116)

THE
GENERAL
CORD TIRE





—goes a long way
to make friends

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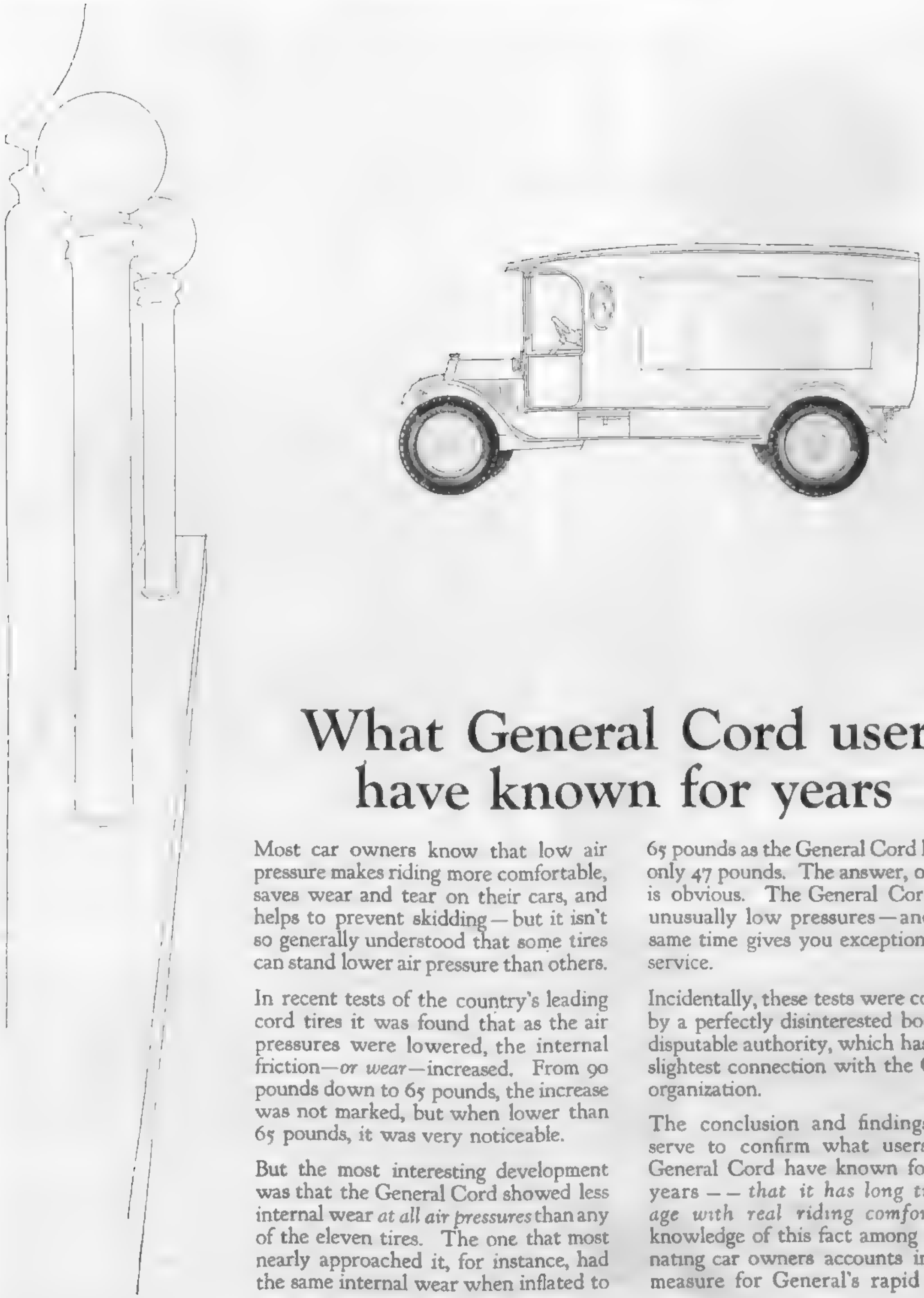

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Most car owners know that low air pressure makes riding more comfortable, saves wear and tear on their cars, and helps to prevent skidding—but it isn't so generally understood that some tires can stand lower air pressure than others.

In recent tests of the country's leading cord tires it was found that as the air pressures were lowered, the internal friction—*or wear*—increased. From 90 pounds down to 65 pounds, the increase was not marked, but when lower than 65 pounds, it was very noticeable.

But the most interesting development was that the General Cord showed less internal wear *at all air pressures* than any of the eleven tires. The one that most nearly approached it, for instance, had the same internal wear when inflated to 65 pounds as the General Cord had with only 47 pounds. The answer, of course, is obvious. The General Cord stands unusually low pressures—and at the same time gives you exceptionally long service.

Incidentally, these tests were conducted by a perfectly disinterested body of indisputable authority, which has not the slightest connection with the General's organization.

The conclusion and findings simply serve to confirm what users of the General Cord have known for several years——*that it has long tire mileage with real riding comfort.* The knowledge of this fact among discriminating car owners accounts in a large measure for General's rapid growth.

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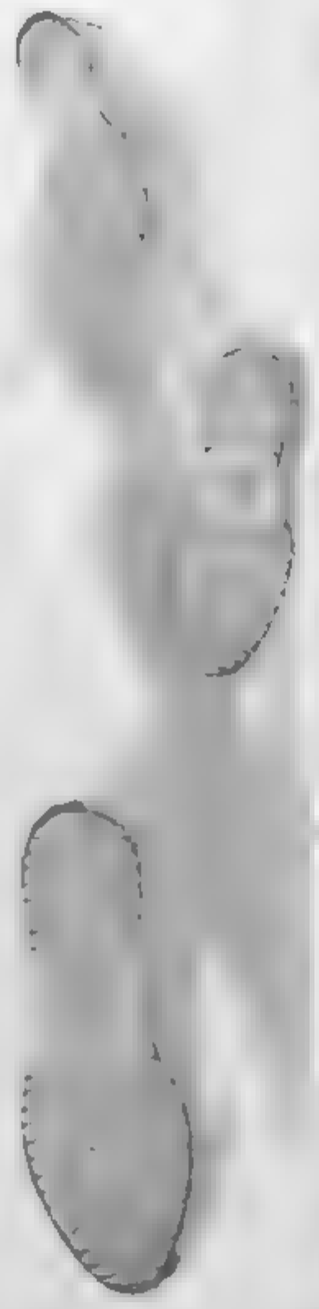

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Great shoes for games and hikes and camping trips. Equally good indoors or outdoors, afloat or ashore. Non-skid soles; tough resilient rubber, uppers of Top Notch long fibre duck, trimmings and ankle patches of real leather.

(Continued from Page 113)

and as quick as a wink plopped himself into the barber chair, crying to the lonely brilliantined barber, who was reading a paper, "I am in a hurry, quick!" This in Italian.

The barber said, "You will wait for this gentleman. He is before you by two steps."

"Oh, he is not here for a shave or a haircut," said the little fellow. "Look at him! Do you think he comes into your shop for a shave? No! I will wager, from his fine air, that his barber goes to him, not he to his barber. I think I know a gentleman when I see one. And, my fine fellow, he is not here to send for you, either—except, mayhap, to shave a corpse." He subsided. "He is here for something else," he muttered. "Probably to buy your store over your head and build a factory."

Leon smiled his good nature; and the brilliantined barber with the dark looks advanced to where the elegant person draped himself nonchalantly on the cigar counter. He eyed the coin which the gentleman held within thumb and finger. Leon leaned over to inspect the sorry array of cigars. He idly tapped the counter three times with the coin; and the barber, opening the case behind and reaching almost at arm's length inside for a fine box, managed to bring his head very close to the handsome stranger.

"You are Vilette?" said Leon in English. "Get rid of that fellow. I have something to say."

"He will be here at six," said the barber, fishing out the fine box.

"Who? You are not he? I will return then. He must await me." He examined the cigars. "We will all have one. Your customer too. He seems a shrewd fellow!" And paying his score he took a studied departure.

"You follow?" said Parr to Oliver, as he related this passage.

"Perfectly. It was your man Pelts in the chair," said Armiston.

"Yes."

"And Leon returns at six?" inquired Oliver.

Parr chuckled. This rascal barber Vilette was always in trouble with the police. He was to have been released from custody that afternoon. He had been held as a witness in one of the cutting scrapes of the neighborhood. But when he was released as the witness he was immediately rearrested as the principal. Two of Parr's men were sent back to take charge of the shop for him and to greet Leon.

"Leon is simple," smiled Parr. "He is a child. He depends on his fine looks to overawe everyone—and I will say he usually gets away with it. Well, immediately he entered the shop at six and rapped three times on the counter, my man masquerading as Vilette led him into the back room, sat down opposite him and looked him hard in one eye like an optician, inviting him to speak. Leon told his business, left these sketches and departed, happy as a lark."

"But what was his business?" asked Oliver.

"Well, for some reason Sophie wants a new outfit of servants," explained the deputy. "But they must duplicate the old so closely that no one would notice the substitution. Hence the sample." And he waved a hairy paw at the sketches. "Well," he said grandly, "we will oblige. As an employment agency, Oliver, I am without a peer!"

Everything moved like clockwork. Two nights later the elegant Leon, wholly unsuspicious, drove up to the Carmine Street barber shop in a great closed car that looked like a hearse. Vilette, the villainous barber—the part being played to the letter by one of Parr's pet actors—fawned and scraped before the fine feathers of Midor until he led him into the back room of the shop out of sight of the street, there this Vilette became aggressive. He demanded payment in advance. Times were hard. The police hounded him. It was all very well to jump like a marionette when a messenger entered Le three *more*, and tapped three times with a coin as a command. But—his palm must be tickled with gold! Else he would wash his hands of the whole affair. He put out a murderous-looking claw.

"Peace, fool!" replied the contemptuous Leon. "When we cast up our accounts you will be paid, but not a penny before. As for washing your hands," he said, "by all means wash them; it will do them no harm to be clean once! There are enough good men who would pay to join this enterprise instead of demanding to be paid."

Leon's front was at once so determined and so supercilious that Vilette fawned again. It was that he was a poor man—times were hard; they would say no more about it.

Vilette led Leon through a dark unkempt hall, up a rickety stairway; and, above, he paused at a door and uncovered a peephole, inviting Leon by signs to look. His finger on his lips enjoined silence and caution, lest the picture within be disturbed. Leon gingerly applied an eye to the hole. Within he beheld the coterie of housemen, maids, gardeners and stable hands he had ordered from Vilette. Like all artists apt with cartoons Midor had a good memory for models and could summon their images at will. He could not but smile with satisfaction, much as he wished to keep this rascal Vilette in his place. Indeed, Leon put out a hand and patted the grinning barber on a shoulder in commendation. Vilette had fulfilled the order to a hair.

As a matter of fact, Parr had gone to extraordinary pains to see that the substitutes measured up to the originals. To effect this he had dipped into a special fund—the gift of a rich man, who believed a secret police, properly governed, was the backbone of a city's protection. This private fund, a tribute to Parr's probity and ability, had on more than one occasion enabled the deputy to accomplish the unexpected. Parr had organized a masked battery of operatives, no one of whom was known at headquarters. The crew gathered here was recruited from this hidden force.

Leon, examining them in detail, was unable to pick a single flaw. They wore the air, as if unconscious of Leon's scrutiny, of weary waiting. One of them, in the whipcord and stock of the stables, and a second, in the plaited vest of the upper houseman, were killing time with a soiled pack of cards at a rickety table under a lopsided gas jet that burned without a tip and illuminated the room with fitful light. An elderly woman, the housekeeper, was asleep in a chair. Two maids sat staring at nothing, as if they had talked themselves out. Any employment agency in Sixth Avenue that specializes in help for rich houses could show, amid less squalid surroundings, just such a scene; day by day automobiles drive up and carry off just such a listless parcel.

It was raining outside, half snow. Vilette suggested, fawning again, that the party be broken up, half to be convoyed across back yards to another street, so that its numbers would not attract the attention of a passing patrolman. Leon agreed that this was a wise precaution.

At the curb, when the last of the crew had been introduced into the limousine, the crafty Vilette whispered in Leon's ear, "What address will I give the driver, sir?"

"None," replied Leon with a smile. "And if any attempt to follow he will have his throat slit for his pains." He drew up his collar against the soggy snow. "I am guarded on both flanks," he added, "so don't put your fat neck into a halter, Vilette." He entered the car and the motor moved away.

Considering the situation, Leon could not suppress a sudden deep breath of exultation. It was not this scoundrel Vilette's handiwork that he admired so much as the power of the woman who could command it. Chance, he considered, had truly played into his hands. He thought of the Spanish señorita, wondered of her fate. He shrugged a listless shoulder. What did it matter, after all? One woman, more or less, in a world where there are so many eager to be grateful! Now by one great stroke he would outfit himself for life, with no one to suffer except barbarians who, in their fatuous national conceit, would not even suspect that they were dupes.

The limousine had the advantage of a stormy night. It is doubtful if any of the passengers could have traced their route when the journey was over; thirty miles through city streets and parkways, country lanes and villages, with a halt at a tall ornamental gate flanked by looming shrubbery that drooped under its heavy weight of soft snow.

The gate opened magically, and as the car passed within fell shut again as swiftly and silently. No one followed. What need?

V

CENTIMERI'S place wore the air of a virtuous woman, with many vanities and allurements to display, but none to sell. Theoretically, at least, one never actually bought anything from Centimeri.

(Continued on Page 119)

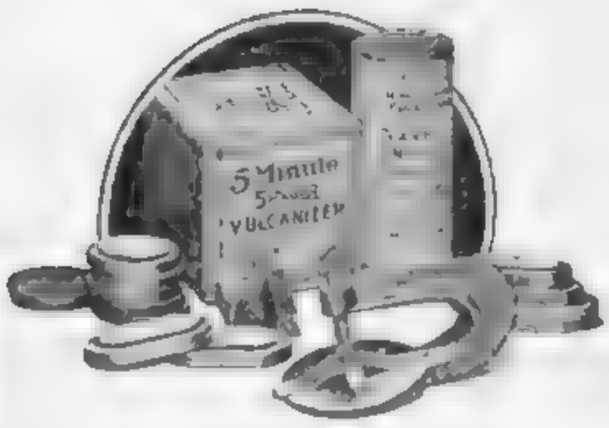
SHALER

A Friend in Need

Last tube punctured! Away out in the country—many miles from a repair shop! Nothing with which to fix it—compelled to wait for help or drive home on a flat tire. Then the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer is indeed "a friend in need!"

The Shaler is the standby of more than a million and a half motorists in emergencies like this. You often see them stopping to help some puncture-victim who has neglected to carry a Shaler with him. Every user likes to show how easy it is to vulcanize with his Shaler Vulcanizer and tell how it pays to "vulcanize *first* and make it *last.*"

In five minutes this simple tube repair outfit will repair your punctured tube and make it practically as good as new. It's so easy to use that anyone can make perfect, heat-vulcanized repairs with it—so inexpensive that it should be in every car. It makes a quick, strong, durable repair that flexes perfectly with the tube, and which is not affected by heat or friction.



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Slightly higher in Canada and Far West

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Miles—miles—billions of miles the walkers of the world travel in Phoenix hosiery every year. Not only do more people wear it than any other kind, but as it carries them over greater distances, in refined elegance, at low cost, it has attained the enviable position of being the dominant product of its field, the standard hosiery everywhere. To men, women and children it brings ever the inspiriting economy of luxurious travel over long and strenuous miles.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 116)

The accepted formula was to mention some coveted object of art or virtu either by name or by innuendo, to inquire respectfully if the *doyen*, at his convenience—and with his approval, of course—would inaugurate the necessary *pourparlers* to ascertain, and so forth, and so on, interminably. The process of collecting, with this house as mentor, was slow, geologic. And when the diplomatic negotiations finally ended successfully and left a crater in one's bank account—as they had a habit of doing—there would be a lot of flapdoodle about sacred trusts and the honor of being privileged to preserve the *chef-d'œuvre* for future generations. But as for a sale, one might haunt those white marble halls for days on end, with all ears bent, without surprising a single sale in the act.

Yet Centimeri managed to pay his ground rent in a neighborhood where ground is measured by the square millimeter—without undue straining; and the house itself always presented a daintily fed look.

"I have been waiting for that place to blow up for the last twenty years," said Deputy Parr, eying the house from the hooded seclusion of the back seat of his private automobile, a nondescript conveyance in which the deputy commissioner could move about in public without the danger of being treated as a king in a big hurry by some overzealous traffic policeman. Parr and his friend, Oliver Armiston, had been drifting down the Avenue; now the red flares atop the tall bronze semaphores controlling the traffic halted them in front of Centimeri's.

"There are spots in this town that seem always on the point of eruption," went on the deputy. "I find myself lying awake nights, listening. There's one of them now," he growled.

Parr conveyed something of his methods in his musing. He knew his town as a mouse knows its cupboard. He was always prowling, watching, waiting; and in time his city had come to be dotted with likely spots, unidentified to the casual eye, that seemed to him always on the point of delivering crime.

"'One thing in life calls for another: there is a fitness in events and places,'" began Armiston, quoting from a forgotten page. "'Some places speak distinctly,'" he ran on. "'Certain dank gardens cry aloud for murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Others seem to abide their destiny.'"

"That's the idea!" exclaimed Parr. He jerked his head over his shoulder. "There's one of them. Thanks to you, Oliver, I think I smell smoke." The man-hunter grunted comfortably.

Armiston was examining the marble palace with the drawn blinds out of the tail of his eye. Its supercilious air had always given him a smile, as if it held itself above the common herd. There was something about the structure itself as it sat there so complacently on its extravagant ground lease that typified for Oliver the amused contempt of the decadent æsthetes of the Old World for the blatant barbarians of the New—a commodity in which this Centimeri dealt exclusively. But now that the redoubtable Sophie Lang had formed a royal alliance with the house of Centimeri, as seemed indicated by the cards that lay on the table, it became crammed with dramatic potentialities.

The sky was blue and cloudless. Pigeons wheeled overhead like blown bits of paper. It was one of those clear days of late winter when the promise of June seems on the point of brushing aside the glistening frost in the air. Parr was staring at a shabby little fellow who, clutching his faded coat about him, was mooning in a show window of gorgeous color prints. The man had the torpid look of the professionally unemployed, soothing his sense of utter desolation by this moment of window gazing at the world beyond his reach. A slow smile crept over the deputy's features. It was Pelts, the human sleuthhound; the indefatigable Pelts, who, once his blood was stirred, would run day and night. The fellow possessed a case-hardened skin that defied the elements; he seemed to lack those human foibles of hunger, thirst and weariness, once the scent of the chase was in his nostrils; there was something almost creepy about the pertinacity of the man. Parr, a great tracker himself in his day, found himself almost envious of this fellow, as a sportsman may be envious of the good dog that runs ahead and leads the way.

"Our friend Leon is inside," remarked the deputy complacently as their car drifted forward again in response to the glowing lights of the semaphores. "Well," he added dryly, "Pelts always was a one-man dog."

The deputy settled himself deeper into his coat collar and gave himself over to the most pleasant of reflections. It was not only that his own operatives, in the guise of skilled servants, were waiting on the unsuspecting Sophie—as if she were Santa Claus—nor that the elusive creature who had defied him so long was as good as finger-printed already. It was more than that! At last, after years of patient waiting, he was witnessing with his own eyes, like a play on the stage, proof of that mental reservation of his in regard to the distinguished house of Centimeri. That Sophie had been delivered to the Lingard château the day before Centimeri himself sailed for Europe was in itself significant. That Centimeri's henchman, the delectable Leon, was dancing daily attendance was the climax.

In his mellow mood Parr was not unwilling to admit that he had been inclined to scoff at his friend Armiston's quaint suggestion that the fugitive Sophie was whiling away her time on a round of visits among Steve Lingard's useless country houses. He drew a sharp breath as he remembered how narrowly he had missed passing up that idea altogether as too simple. If Oliver, by virtue of his queer gift of constructing plausible fiction combinations out of frozen segments of fact—which Parr, in some awe, did not attempt to understand—if Oliver had not gone the length of putting his finger on this particular house as a dilatory domicile worth watching, it is doubtful if the deputy would have given the suggestion a second thought. The circumstances were felicitous—the château was near by; Pelts—the one man on his staff for such a job—was available. And then Luck had dealt the cards!

Luck? Parr laughed outright. Luck, like genius, was talent for hard work. And this Pelts had the habit of stubbing his toe at just the right moment—as in this instance when he turned up that wholly unexpected unfortunate, the Spanish woman.

Everything was moving on oiled wheels. Only an hour ago Parr had received his report from the château. His butler had delivered it by relay through a bogus grocer's clerk, who had tapped at the door for the day's list of provender. One thing that puzzled Parr was that Sophie had made no move. She was still the meek assiduous little Spanish curator, who murdered the English language in cold blood and accoutered herself in convent-stitched linen smocks of pastel hues and revealing plainness. Even with the house now peopled with her own confederates—as she had every reason to believe—she had not relapsed for a single instant from her pose as a faithful grateful employe, something just above an upper servant. Oh, there was guile in that woman; she was a born actress!

The car turned into a by-street and came to a stop in front of Armiston's lodgings. Armiston held his place; he was in a brown study.

"You know, Parr, I haven't much interest in caged animals," he began nervously, apropos of his boots, at which he was staring abstractedly. "I like to see them in their native jungle, so to speak," he added with a queer smile.

Oliver had taken off his hat and was fingering his single gray lock, which, it was fair to assume, furnished his inspiration, since he invariably tugged at it in moments of stress. Parr held his peace, waited. Oliver drew a deep breath.

"I am thinking I'd like to call on Sophie," he said crisply.

"Eh!" Parr's exclamation was an explosive. He pinned Armiston with his fierce little elephant eyes. "You?" he snarled. "Why, man, she'd stick a knife into you!"

Oliver's pulse was fluttering. Throughout life he had taken his adventures vicariously, through the characters he wrote about. The keys of his typewriter formed a magic carpet on which he was wont to drift through blood-curdling moments, hairbreadth escapes. Even when he worked with Parr it was always in the shadow, never in the open.

"You can be there when the drop falls," said Parr with grisly humor.

"No, I don't want to be there then," said Oliver distastefully. "I want to see Sophie in action. Not in irons! Parr, I want to call on Sophie."

Parr shook his head. It was impossible.

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Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Buy Topkis by the Box—Six union suits for $6. Some men pay as much for three as it is—but they don't know Topkis.

Ask for TOPKIS *Underwear. Look for the Topkis label*

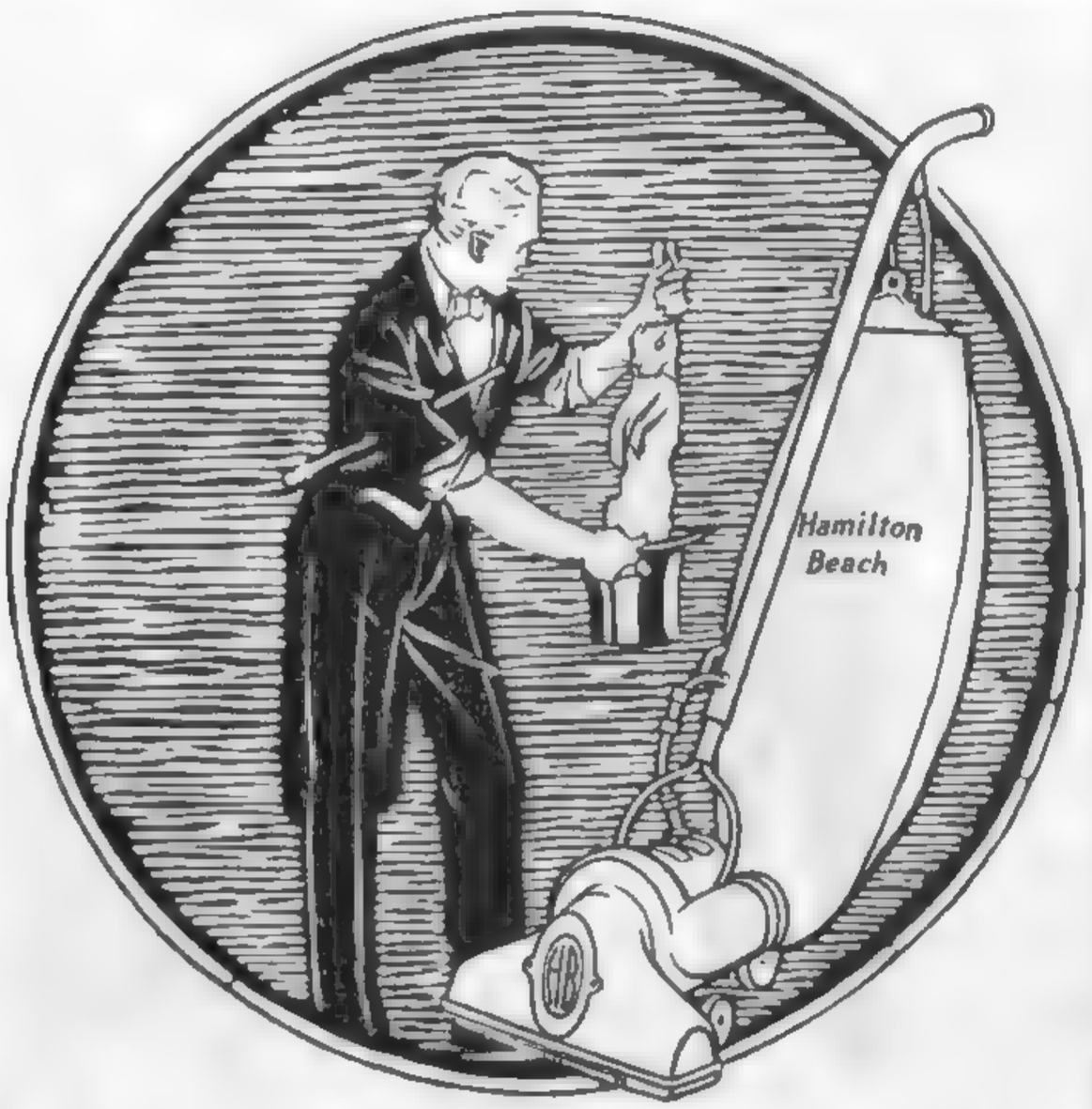
Free illustrated booklet tells the whole story. Write for it today.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear



Vacuum cleaner magic

Producing rabbits from thin air is a simple stunt compared with what our expert cleaner men can do with the Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper. The jumping dollars, the snapping thread, and the fluttering carpet, are a few of the trick demonstrations they can show you.

But frankly, such stunts don't prove very much, because vacuum sweepers are bought to *clean rugs and carpets, easily, quickly, and thoroughly*. This is the greatest trick any cleaner can do. We recommend it as the standard by which to compare. You run the cleaner yourself, on your own fine rugs. Then you empty the bag. The dirt you remove makes decision easy.

Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

To the brush (driven by the motor, of course) we have added a gale of 219 cubic feet of air per minute! which not only air-sweeps the surface but cleans through the rug from the bottom. The result is a really amazing efficiency, a cleaner that is doubly thorough, though doubly swift!

We believe you will be satisfied with no other, once you try it. From corded bumper to handle tip, every detail points to lastingness and quality. Yet you can obtain its 30 superiorities for less than comparable cleaners cost. That makes it generous value for the money.

We want you to know its multiplied cleaning power, of brush plus super-suction! So we have arranged with all Hamilton Beach dealers to lend cleaners for self-demonstrations and to name convenient terms. Or merely mail the handy coupon below for FREE folder and the name of nearest dealer.

Send this FREE DEMONSTRATION *Coupon Today*

Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co., 3000 Rapids Drive, Racine, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:—Please send me full details of how I can get a FREE Self-Demonstration of the Vacuum Sweeper without placing myself under obligation to buy.

Name

Address

City

"It isn't what's going on in Centimeri's; that's only a side show," said Oliver. "Let them marshal their suckers. Leon is only a pawn, a cat's-paw. The drama is at the château! That's where I want to be. And why not?" he urged. "You want to know what is going on inside, don't you? The crew you have planted there are all right. But apparently they don't see beyond their noses. Pelts is doing the outside. And she doesn't know me from Adam's off ox!" persisted Armiston as a clinching argument.

"Well, if she doesn't, she has overlooked something," said Parr dryly. "Recollect, it was you who hoaxed her into leaving a dead husband as a souvenir for us, in the insurance-widow case. She is probably very grateful for that," he added sarcastically.

"Rot!" protested Armiston. "She heard nothing but a ghost's voice over a telephone. Parr, what could be more simple than Oliver Armiston, one of the half-baked literati, interested in a kind of cobwebby way in some rare manuscripts Lingard has in that library of his?"

Parr chewed over this for several seconds.

"You may be right," he muttered, catching fire

"I'll let you know," said Oliver shortly.

He got out and, shutting the door on the deputy, stood for a moment watching the incognito car roll down the street.

An hour later Armiston was paying a call on an almost forgotten friend, young Bleecker, the architect. The brass sign on the door said Livingston Van Cortlandt Bleecker. In these later days the younger sons of our Knickerbocker Dutch families profess architecture in much the same fashion as the British younger sons look to the church for a living.

When Stephen Lingard had decided to build that library on his Westchester place he had called in young Bleecker, and that knight of the T square and triangle dated his fortunes from that particular feat. The story of the library had been food for small talk at the time. When Lingard, after an intensive course in Ruskin and Rossetti, had acquired his genuine Botticelli—through Sacarelli, the dealer in vogue at the time—he carted it to Westchester and hung it in his wife's boudoir.

Mrs. Lingard, inadvertently coming home for once in her life, refused to enter the room till it was removed, so great was the detestation she imbibed in one glance at the masterpiece. Lingard ruefully carted it to town to adorn his apartment at the Ritz. But it didn't fit there. It didn't fit anywhere. It was then that he called in young Bleecker and gave him a blank order for a library, the only string being that the picture should be made to look at home. Bleecker had spread himself.

"Is it true that only blind men are admitted there?" asked Oliver comfortably as he lighted one of young Bleecker's long-stemmed clay pipes and cocked his feet in front of the coal fire.

"It is."

"You couldn't give me a card admitting me?"

"I could not."

"Who could?"

"Nobody."

They smoked in silence.

"You know, Oliver," said Bleecker finally, "towards the end of that job I began to feel a prickling in the back of the neck—like a slave digging a hole for a pirate chief to bury his treasure in. You know what happened to the slave! Well, Lingard wanted that library a composite of pure Gothic and legerdemain. Do you remember the magician, Hermann, and his London house? A trick house. Well, this was to be a trick room. He was childish about it. It was his money I was spending, so I went the limit."

"I'd like to see the plans," mused Oliver.

"So would lots of folks. They are burned."

"But there must be plans on file!" protested Armiston.

"They wouldn't tell you anything. What is it you want?"

"There is a manuscript that purports to be the hard copy of the Endymion," said Oliver, clutching at the first plausible lie. "I'd like to look at it. I understand that the word 'joy' in the first line is written in as an afterthought. It doesn't seem possible," he added, with an air of candor that a beggar might envy.

"I can get you a card from Centimeri's," offered the obliging Bleecker. "Then the curator can fetch out whatever you want to see—in reason, of course. Will that do?"

It would decidedly. Oliver was taking his departure when the casual Bleecker stayed him with a remark.

"I suppose you know before you start out," he said, "that the particular Endymion you are after happens to be in the Morgan, not the Lingard collection, don't you?"

"Well, that's open to argument; in any case I'd like to look it over," said Oliver lamely, and hurried away.

VI

IT WAS that high hour of morning when the débutantes and youngish matrons who inhabit the tall hotels roundabout pause on their journey from silken couch to perfumed bath to ask frank questions of their hand mirrors in the sunlight of windows. Morning glinted from every facet in the street. A broad golden shaft of it pierced the stained glass of Centimeri's areaway and discovered young Peppi, the hope of the house, absorbed in his pick-up task of thumbing a dog-eared passage in that ancient tome, which, it was shortly to appear, had been read almost printless by the devout monks of those old days of fewer and better books.

Peppi stood at a tall desk, as became his sylphlike person. At the end of the desk, in correct morning attire, the delectable Leon was poised gracefully in a position where he could keep tabs—through a busybody mirror—of the morning run of shad through the front door. It was an attractive picture, these two patricians in a setting of velvety Italian chiaroscuro pierced by that single shaft of light. The human specimens were standing proof of how much better the leisurely Old World breeds to type than does the hurly-burly New.

The two old cronies had little to say to each other, and that little was further attenuated by the shorthand of their perfect understanding. But their thoughts were on the same track, bound in the same direction. Occasionally they would regard, with the ardent look of a pastry cook peering into an oven window, a ragged leaf that came to a pause in young Peppi's fingers as though craving admiration.

"It begins to feel like a worn dollar bill," said the critical Leon, testing a corner with a finger tip.

"It must feel like ten thousand before it is ripe enough to please papa," said the conscientious son of the house with weary significance.

Now and then their eyes drifted to the mirror at sound of the Avenue door opening and closing when early visitors, welcomed with extravagant salaams by a tightly buttoned dwarf with a long nose like Punch, were conducted to the gallery and shut in behind the plate-glass grille to absorb atmosphere. These were small fry; the big fellows seldom took air before teatime.

At length, towards noon, a more promising fish came swimming in. Peppi combed back his glossy curls with his fingers and went out to do the honors in the absence of his august parent. Leon held his post, putting the finishing touches to an air castle in Lombardy. In a few minutes Peppi returned with a card, which Leon took to the catacombs wherein were indexed the systematized archives—consisting of newspaper clippings—of the recently aristocratic families of America. He was rewarded by a detailed account of the random activities of Mr. Armstrong Pelton, the gentleman inside absorbing atmosphere. Oh, there was small chance for a prospective customer of Centimeri's to obscure his bank account under a bushel.

"He was not born yesterday," said Peppi.

"'Of two knaves,'" quoted Leon, "'give me the wiser.'"

Leon found the newcomer, hat and stick clasped behind his back, intent on a tiny panel by the younger Teniers—depicting someone's barnyard—which seemed to have gathered its light and color from a thousand diameters, like a fair view seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

"Good! A connoisseur!" thought Leon.

This one was of the familiar successful type of North American: a type that the elder Centimeri was wont to say was distinctive enough to form the basis of a new aristocracy, if it could only reproduce itself in kind. In this latter requisite it had so far failed—like, the *doyen* would add, the unfortunate mule. As a type it was keen and hard; it exercised a sense of humor utterly incomprehensible to the Latin;

vulnerable only out of its native element—and then only through its egotism.

"The boy tells me this is not for sale," said Pelton in a full clear voice. Leon bowed reverently over the card he still held. "I have been in New York for three days," said the North American as he examined the exquisite Leon with frank curiosity, "and that," he said, indicating the Teniers panel, "is the first thing I have seen that is not for sale. How about that Vibert over the Goya? His priests were mercenary. Has this one a price?"

Leon shook his head, smiling.

"The master is pleased to have discriminating visitors take pleasure in his treasures," he said, "but he has nothing to sell. Occasionally—for an old friend—he undertakes a commission. But nothing more." Leon's manner was polite, distant, patient; but he sweetened it: "You have a good taste, sir," he added. "This Teniers attracts only the few."

"I have an expensive taste, if that is what you mean," remarked the North American with a queer smile at Leon. "I suppose I am not an old enough friend—to interest the master, eh?" he inquired.

Once more Leon shook his head, with a deprecatory shrug.

"Well, I will say," said Pelton, drawing on his gloves, "it is a pleasure to encounter someone in this wonderful city who doesn't count my money for himself before I take it out of my pocket."

They were moving towards the corridor.

"I have left my wife's shopping till the last," confessed the North American. "I promised to fetch her home six good pictures. I leave on the Century tomorrow afternoon. Tell me," he commanded abruptly, "how would you go about executing such a commission—with my bank roll?"

That was a bait no shark in these waters could resist.

"M'sieu'," said Leon, "I would take an elevator to the top of the tallest building and feed your bank roll to the winds."

The reverberating laugh of the captain of industry caused the funeral urns in the corridor to moan in pain.

Peppi moved his ox-eyed gaze from the sainted page to the busybody mirror. A little play was being enacted there for him, all in pantomime. Leon, as graceful as a cat, had taken the street door out of the hands of the dwarf and was holding it ajar for the North American to pass out. Leon, bowing low, moved his lips in a decorative farewell. Those words must have contained some subtle poison. For Armstrong Pelton, in the act of departing, halted in his tracks; and as the poison got in its work the bullet head slowly performed a quarter turn on the pivot of that bull neck. For a full half minute the dominating Mr. Pelton stared at Leon. Then he took the doorknob out of Leon's hands; he closed the door; he set his back against it. The fellow was browbeating poor Leon. That was it!

Leon after a few moments of embarrassment managed to get hold of himself again, although it was easy to see he had been well-nigh overwhelmed by that steely blue eye. Leon shook his head and smiled his polite smile of negation. It was some impossibility—so his hands, elbows, shoulders, his entire physiognomy united in saying, with a finality that no one, short of a North American, could doubt. But the Oklahoma oil man refused to take no for an answer. He said as much, in so many words, his jaw sticking out. Leon averted his eyes, like some shy maiden swearing she would ne'er consent. There was a static moment. It was a grave question which would win. This personage who was in so great haste to catch the Century tomorrow afternoon was imposing on Leon a disagreeable task. Peppi smiled wistfully. Ah! And he was winning! Yes! The North American was forcing the sheep-eyed Leon to sit down on the tufa bench—a moth-eaten affair made on Long Island out of neat cement, with a little soap and rosin added for old time's sake. They fell into close converse. Peppi resumed his thumbs.

It was half an hour later that Leon came in for his motor things.

"A most insistent fellow!" he muttered petulantly.

Peppi regarded Leon Midor with a dog-like devotion. Some day he himself, when he had a little more beard to shave off mornings, would be following in Leon's footsteps with all the pride of tradition behind him. Indeed, he felt he could do it now; except only for the foolish American prejudice that children—like women—lacked a certain moral sense in business.

Armstrong Pelton was not born yesterday, nor yet the day before. He was successful because of his ability, first, to pick the right man when he wanted information; and, second, to catch that right man in a momentary inadvertence. He had all but missed out in this instance. It was only when the door was closing on Pelton that Leon had fallen. It was a bit of friendly advice in parting—that the only way to buy was to find some collector who had to sell! Pressed, Leon had been forced to admit reluctantly that he knew of such unfortunate collectors—in fact, this very afternoon he was to look over a collection which, like an ice jam, was about to break up. The rest was simple enough, for Pelton.

"We will take luncheon first," said Midor, adding that he was a slave to habit.

At his suggestion Mr. Pelton dismissed his rented automobile at the curb, and they proceeded on foot to Pierre's, where at certain hours of the day one may write several pages of the society bluebook.

It was a new world to Pelton, this Park Avenue section, standing on stilts on its precious air rights on top of a railroad yard, where Fifth Avenue society and moguls of the Continent who have retired on New York with their bullion now make their home and take their pleasure. In the Boulevard, which is only a roof for the train shed, one can witness an Easter parade any sunshiny afternoon, with photographers of the press dashing alongside like Indians after buffalo, potting victims for the Sunday supplements; or a society wedding, with dressmakers and milliners, and the idly envious, crowding about the bridal awning, making notes on the creations.

Pelton missed no detail. New York was an inhospitable town to him, where in three days he acquired no nodding acquaintances, except among the waiters. But with Leon it was like entering an exclusive intimate club, to sit down in Pierre's. Everybody knew Leon, even the bus boy. A distinguished-looking woman, who sat back to back with Leon, had a great deal to say to him over her shoulder, to which Leon answered mostly in Latin pantomime while he ate. When she was gone Leon explained to Pelton that she was a very clever woman who made a profession of arranging dinner guests for the great people of fashion, saw that no chairs were vacant or malapropos; she wrote the menu, and in addition provided lines of talk by which she could feed the lions and the wits of the affair. If Mr. Pelton wished to give a dinner —— Leon put forward the suggestion tentatively: there is nothing like an intimate dinner to get wind of collections about to break up. Pelton could not repress a twinkle in his eyes. It was a grand town; yes, it was a grand town! Think of it! Hiring a specialist to invite one's dinner guests, who would guarantee they got there in good order. Leon was a prize to be conserved.

Leon's car—an imported chassis with a custom-tailored superstructure—drew up like magic at the end of the carpet strip to the curb under the awning. The noble chauffeur touched his cap, set at the correct two-finger height above the tip of his nose, when his employer said "The château, Henri!" and they rolled away magnificently; up the avenue of the bottomless rich, and through the park, now dressed in winter cerements.

"Now the place where we are going ——" began Pelton.

"Where you are going," corrected his guide. "I drop you there. As for me—I"—he pushed the unpleasant thought away from him with a gesture and a wry face—"I build up, yes! But I do not tear down!" he said proudly. "It is your own funeral," he added significantly; and he muttered "Look to your eyeteeth for wisdom, not to me!"

"The owner is abroad?"

"I believe so, yes," growled Leon, who at this moment of approach seemed to have conceived a vile humor of distaste for the whole affair.

"Who is he?" asked Pelton, eying the feverish Leon sharply.

"You will be so kind as to ask that of him—or his agent—to whom I take you," said Leon. "Listen to me!" he commanded: "There is pride in life, yes. But there is such a thing as pride exceeding itself. I can tell you this much—this fellow was nipped, yes. He was nipped by Stutz! Wall Street, you understand." Pelton chuckled; they did have teeth down there! "Well, now he must sell, sell his works of art!" rumbled on the disagreeable Leon.

(Continued on Page 124)

The Shaving Mug Anthology

The horseshoe pin that "Kitty" Belden wore in his red necktie was reproduced on his shaving mug together with a horse's head that "Kitty" said was Salvador's. "Kitty" was an authority on such things. He went up to Chicago to see Jawn L. Sullivan when the big fellow was traveling with Lester and Allen's Minstrels, and played pool nightly with Jappy Clegg and Sport Hicks for ten cents a ball at Art Avery's billiard parlor. "Kitty" left for the Klondike the day before Deputy Sheriff "Tump" Brownell got around to serving a warrant, charging him with obtaining money under false pretenses from "Od" Wattles in a sure-thing foot race.

Three Million Men Shave With Barbasol

It isn't the easiest thing in the world, we admit, to break a lifetime habit, especially one that has been handed down, from fathers to sons, since the days of early Egypt.

Yet, today, three million men have done so. More, they boast proudly of the fact.

They have discarded their shaving brushes and shaving soaps; no longer do they waste time with the lather rub-in.

They are shaving with Barbasol every morning, and getting closer shaves and quicker shaves—shaves without a single razor "pull"—shaves that leave the skin soft and cool.

They merely wash their faces in hot or cold water, spread a film of Barbasol over their moistened beards, and *shave*.

They have found that Barbasol is pure and soothing, that it not only softens the beard but also holds every hair erect for a smooth, clean razor stroke.

You, too, will like Barbasol. Your druggist has it; in tubes, 35 and 65 cents. Buy a tube; shave with it a few times, following directions. We'll refund your money if Barbasol doesn't give you the best shave you ever had.

Barbasol

no soap no brush no rub-in

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

Name ____

Address ____

More detail about your everyday use of rubber goods, and the three new basic developments announced by the United States Rubber Company

The discovery of Sprayed Rubber and the new Web Cord and Flat Band Process of building a Cord Tire, mean more to the user of rubber goods than anything that has been accomplished in the rubber industry since vulcanization was discovered in 1839.

EVERY article made of rubber starts with crude rubber. Hence the importance to everybody of getting this crude rubber pure and uniform from the very beginning.

About five years ago the rubber technicians of our Company took up the problem of producing crude rubber purer and more uniform than any that had been known before.

Fortunately, they could start at the very source because this Company has its own plantations in the Far East. **(See Note.)*

They evolved a wholly new art and technique of crude rubber production.

The result is the new *Sprayed Rubber.*

Sprayed Rubber—The First Uniformly Pure Rubber

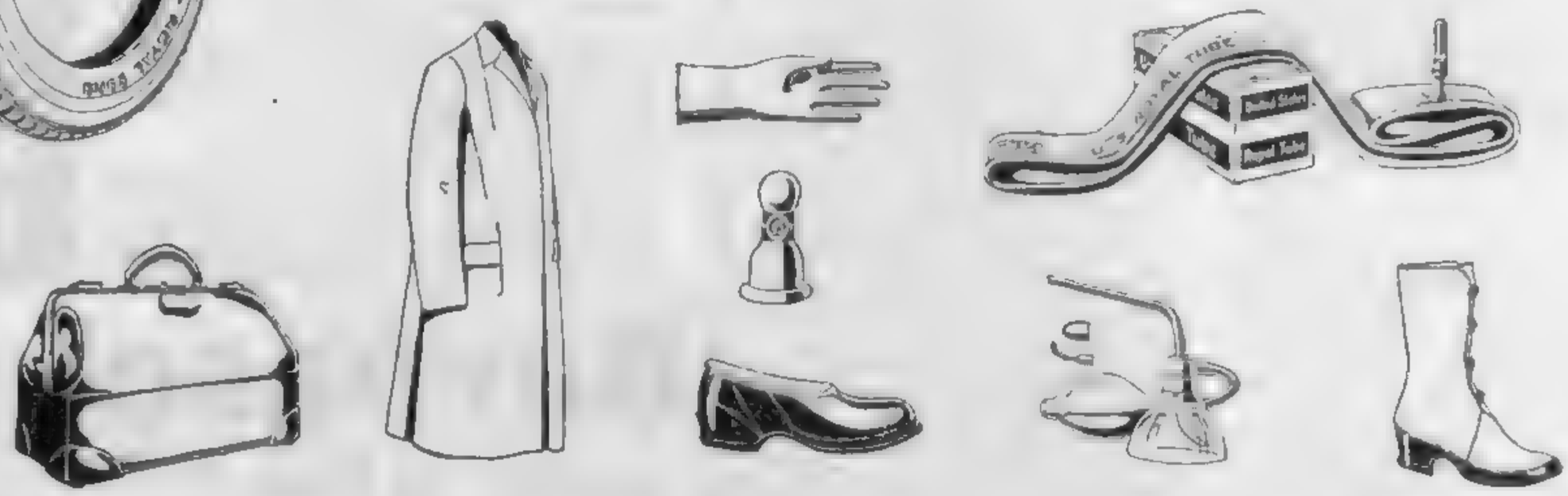
Sprayed Rubber is the new scientific method of producing crude rubber from Rubber Latex, the milky liquid from a rubber tree.

Sprayed Rubber insures, for the first time since rubber was discovered, a pure and absolutely uniform product.

Heretofore all rubber produced and sold on the market has been coagulated out of the rubber latex, by means of smoke or chemicals.

Rubber produced by the old primitive native methods of heat and astringent smoke over a slow fire is contaminated with combustion products. Nor can there be any assurance of uniform quality.

*NOTE—*The United States Rubber Company is the only American rubber company that grows its own rubber in any considerable quantity.*



When rubber is produced by treating latex with acetic acid, the acid coagulates the rubber in the latex. But this rubber contains acid residues. Furthermore, the acid tends to destroy some of the valuable natural properties of the latex.

The new spraying process takes the latex—sprays it into a snow-white mist—and brings this snow-white mist into contact with pure super-heated air, driving out the water of the latex—and nothing else.

One Hundred Percent Pure Rubber At Last

Sprayed Rubber, as it comes out of the spraying chamber, is a mass of clinging snow-white flakes. It is 100% pure solids from the virgin latex.

Sprayed Rubber has greater strength—because it contains all the natural strength of the rubber of the original latex unimpaired by chemicals or the destructive effect of machine working.

The New Web Cord

Between cotton cords and pure rubber latex there exists a natural affinity of the greatest importance to the cord tire manufacturer and the user of cord tires.

This is the basis of the second fundamental discovery—the new *Web Cord*.

Web Cord as used in a "U. S." Royal Cord Tire is prepared as follows:—

The tire cords are immersed in the latex.

No chemical solutions of rubber are used.

The latex soaks through and through. It penetrates into, around and through the very center of the cord.

These impregnated cotton cords laid side by side form a rubber-webbed sheet—*without cross tie-threads* and free from all other resistants to flexure.

It is believed that tires made of webbed cord are the most homogeneous tires yet manufactured, and as a result the strongest, most elastic and longest wearing. Thousands of them have been in service now more than two years.

The New Flat-Band Method of Building a Cord Tire

Royal Cord Tires today are built *flat* on a drum.

Then when the tire is built complete—with *Web Cord* plies and a tread made of *Sprayed Rubber*—it is formed to tire shape in a gentle easy manner by slight internal pressure, without any harsh treatment of the individual cords. And it is then vulcanized under pressure of a gas in direct contact with its inner surface, thus ensuring absolute uniformity of compaction in the tire walls.

During the gentle forming process, each cord takes its natural normal position in the carcass, to sustain its full share of work.

A tire built in this way is positively *balanced in structure and strength.*

Each cord of the individual cords lying at precisely the same angle—is of precisely the same length.

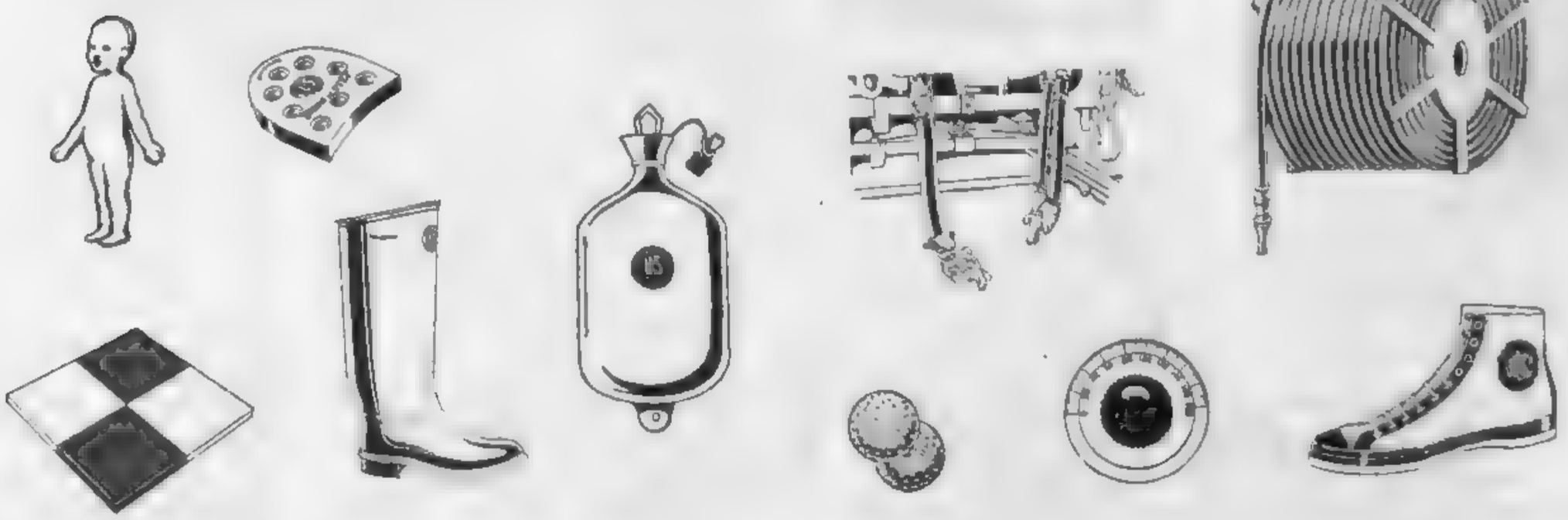
* * *

All three of these new processes are the exclusive property of the United States Rubber Company—fully protected by patents in the United States and foreign countries.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Of *course*, you want your cleaner to have a Self-Starter!

Exclusive OHIO feature. Have you seen Model-5? It's simply wonderful!

By MRS. MARY MADISON

ASKED why they say pleasant things about the OHIOS they own, many women speak of the usability of this cleaner with the self-starter. And they mean by that, this unusual work-saver's every-day usefulness—all over the house—on every cleaning job.

Here is the cleaner Built as Women Wanted It Built. And the *new* OHIO has many refinements I haven't space to mention here.

OHIO TUEC

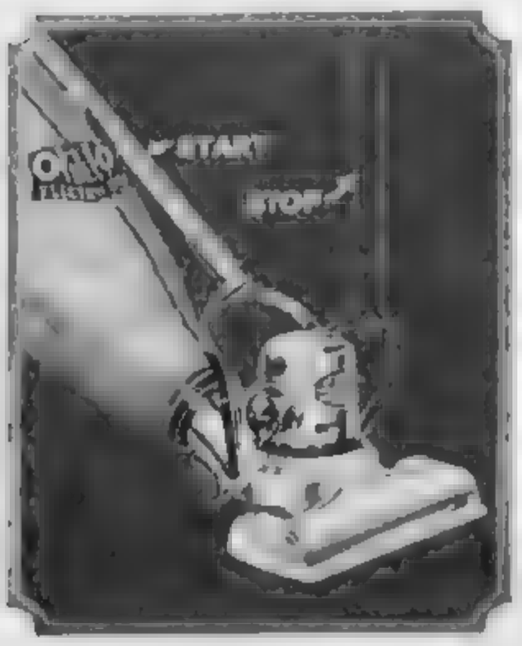
The Cleaner with the Self-Starter

Women said they wanted an electric cleaner that would go on running right, day after day, without everlasting babying. And the OHIO-TUEC folks built it so it will!

Women said it must be able to clean hard-to-get-at places without tiring a woman out. It does that. Women wanted it to have a gently revolving brush that would gather up all surface-litter and freshen the fabric, yet never fray the nap on the softest silken rug. That, too, was taken care of in the OHIO.

And women demanded, above all, enormous air-suction, to gulp the embedded grit—not that that alone was enough, for it ISN'T without the brush; but that it was immensely valuable too. So the OHIO has both brush and suction.

Wouldn't you like to compare what women had built into the OHIO with what your own ideas are? The little book, Good Housecleaning, will tell you. Send for it and the name of the nearest OHIO dealer.

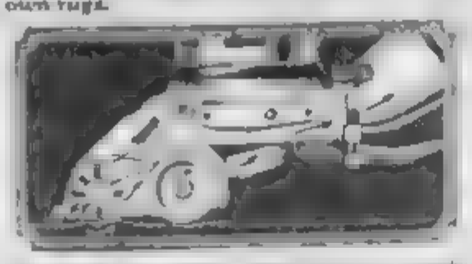


The Self-Starter

Make very sure that the cleaner you buy has a self-starter. It's so convenient to raise the handle and have the motor stop—to lower it and have it start. No switches to think about. The OHIO is as simple as a broom, but as powerful as a Match gale, turned inside-out!

The OHIO Man is Not a Mere Salesman

The OHIO wants, first of all, a gentleman. He has had special training on how to clean and care for rugs and upholstery with the least labor and will show you how. And you are not obliged one bit to buy until you get good and ready. Let him demonstrate the new OHIO right in your home on your own rugs.



Here is the rug-sparing brush that moves only when the cleaner moves. It gets [illegible] threads and the powerful air-pull gets every last bit of dust and dirt no matter how deep it has been driven into the rug or carpet. The [illegible] also protects the rug against fraying at

Send for this book

This is not a catalog. It's a booklet that tells you what you ought to know before you buy ANY cleaner—and furthermore regrets later. It tells you how to get more of me with less effort. Your [illegible] waiting for me. Where shall we send it?

© The United Electric Company, 1923

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

Since 1909

In Canada, The United Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Also makers of TUEC Stationary and TUEC Swimming-Pool Cleaners.

DEALERS—A few valuable dealer and distributor franchises are available.
SALESMEN—Also openings for high-grade "OHIO Men"

Built as Women Wanted it Built

(Continued from Page 121)

"He is ashamed to do it himself—as if the whole world did not know he was penniless! So he sails away—and leaves it to me! It must be a whispering job! As if one did something underhand! I say 'No!'" cried poor Leon, slapping his creaking shirt front. "My pride," he cried, "and the prestige of the house of Centimeri—they say 'No! No! No!'"

The distraught Leon folded his long arms across his chest and stared sullenly at the broad back of Henri. Pelton indulged in a secret smile.

"And I suppose," resumed Leon spasmodically, "when you buy something of that curator—as you will!—she has private orders to replace it with a copy, so the world will not suspect that this fine gentleman is broke, is peddling his treasure like a low bootlegger!"

He subsided. He bit his finger nails. He said suddenly, almost with hope: "I warn you to look sharp—that she doesn't peddle you the copy and keep the original herself!"

"In that event," said the distinguished amateur collector, "she would probably double the price."

The journey passed, for the most part, in bad humor. When they were passing the dog cemetery in Hartsdale, where noble monuments rise to the memory of faithful pets, Leon changed his mind entirely. He had been bulldozed into this thing! He would wash his hands of it now. He summoned Henri by telephone.

"Return!" he commanded.

The car slowed down on the icy road and was actually turning to go back when the North American adopted steam-roller tactics and took charge of the expedition. There was no occasion to drag either the sacred house of Centimeri or the prideful Leon into the matter, if affairs stood as Leon so scornfully depicted them. But a collector who must sell to get pin money was a rare bird not to be missed. And Armstrong Pelton, in a fashion that brooked no denial, ordered the car to continue to its destination and checked the vaporings of the wrathful Leon. Once there, Mr. Pelton was well able to look out for himself.

"It is as I feared," muttered Leon. "You North Americans will have what you want, even if you burn your fingers."

Finally they arrived at the gate, which opened and shut on them to an unspoken signal. The old butler welcomed Leon as a distinguished familiar of the family, with just the proper touch of gratitude for his notice. Leon smiled affectionately on the old man, with an inquiry for his sick wife. Pelton felt the gentleness of the moment, which rather robbed the adventure of the flavor of burglarious entry. As for Leon, he admitted to himself that he had to take off his hat to that Vilette. The villainous crews that he dealt in—there must be blood and iron in that barber to keep his people under such control! This new crew had been here the better part of a week now, and not once during Leon's visits had one of them forgotten his part by so much as the flutter of an eyelid. It was to be expected among conspirators there would be a little confidential wink now and then. But not with these paragons! Here was a true *padrone*, that rascally barber!

Armstrong Pelton found himself conducted to a sun parlor of enormous extent with an open fire that pretended to give it the June temperature that in reality came from hidden steam coils. Through the glass walls he noted the withered landscape of the park falling away in gentle slopes; and beyond, the broad river with its uneasy ice floes and the purple haze of the Palisades. The butler crept off with his things at a word from Leon, who had not removed his coat and, furthermore, had no intention of so doing. Then the old man raised himself on tiptoe while Leon spoke instructions into his ear in low tones, and departed, while the amateur collector sank luxuriously into a divan before the fire and breathed a sigh of cavernous content.

"I go," said Leon; but he hung in the stays of departure.

"Proceed," said Pelton good-humoredly, eying his uneasy cicerone.

"She is a Spanish woman, the curator," whispered Leon in an awed tone. "Beware! Remember, it is your own funeral."

"My dear boy," said the North American expansively, "I won't trouble you any farther. I am under a thousand obligations to you—and I am not the one to forget a favor. Don't let me detain you," he added. He was watching the lagging Leon, so eager to be gone.

"I go!" repeated Leon again; and he went.

Pelton could hear his softly padded tread. He heard the door open. He heard the churn of a motor. He turned sharply, sat listening intently. The motor had a knock! Leon's motor didn't knock, it didn't even whisper! This one clanged like a boiler factory. It must be someone else coming—in a taxi probably. Yes, it had the raucous voice of an abused taxi.

A woman's voice broke on the still air, high, piercing, imperious.

"Oh, you don't know me! I suppose not! Well, you will!"

There seemed to be a definite promise in this last. Some member of the family returning home unexpectedly. Pelton thought instinctively of his hat and coat. Leon, the delectable Leon, all his proud tail feathers drooping, was backing into the room, his mouth agape, his eyes staring, beads of sweat on his forehead; the panic of fear was stamped on his handsome features.

"*Dio mio! Dio mio!*" he gasped under his breath.

Mrs. Lingard swept into the room, the apologetic butler waddling after her. She turned on him in exasperation.

"No more, I beg of you!" she said, shutting him up. "Order the maids to prepare my rooms for me. I have no doubt they have been sleeping there. My trunks will be here directly. You didn't expect me? No? Well, I will teach you to expect me!" She said suddenly, "Who are you?" as if struck by some vagrant curiosity. "William—or John? No, you are Ste—— No, no, not Stephen, either. What do you mean by nodding your head? You are Henry. I remember very well now. Well, Henry, it is all right. I am home, as you see. For a few days. Don't, I pray, let me disturb you. You seem to be very comfortable here."

She turned on her heel to survey the room, and then for the first time caught sight of Leon.

"Oh, I know who you are," she said. "You are the little fellow who wanted to sell me the ——"

She laughed. There was distinct suspicion in her glance. Now Leon was not little, but he was willing to overlook that fact if he could only grow small, shrink, evaporate.

Mrs. Lingard! Of all people in the world! Of all moments in eternity! He thought of the curator in the library. Well, she could look out for herself!

"What was it you tried to sell me?" mused Mrs. Lingard, puzzled, trying to place him with some disagreeable episode in her career. And as she threw aside her wrap her eyes encountered those of Mr. Armstrong Pelton, who had risen and stood at bay. "And you?" she asked, bowing.

There was class about this successful North American, which she recognized though the individual was a stranger to her. She turned instinctively for the butler, but he had faded into infinity.

Armstrong Pelton stepped forward.

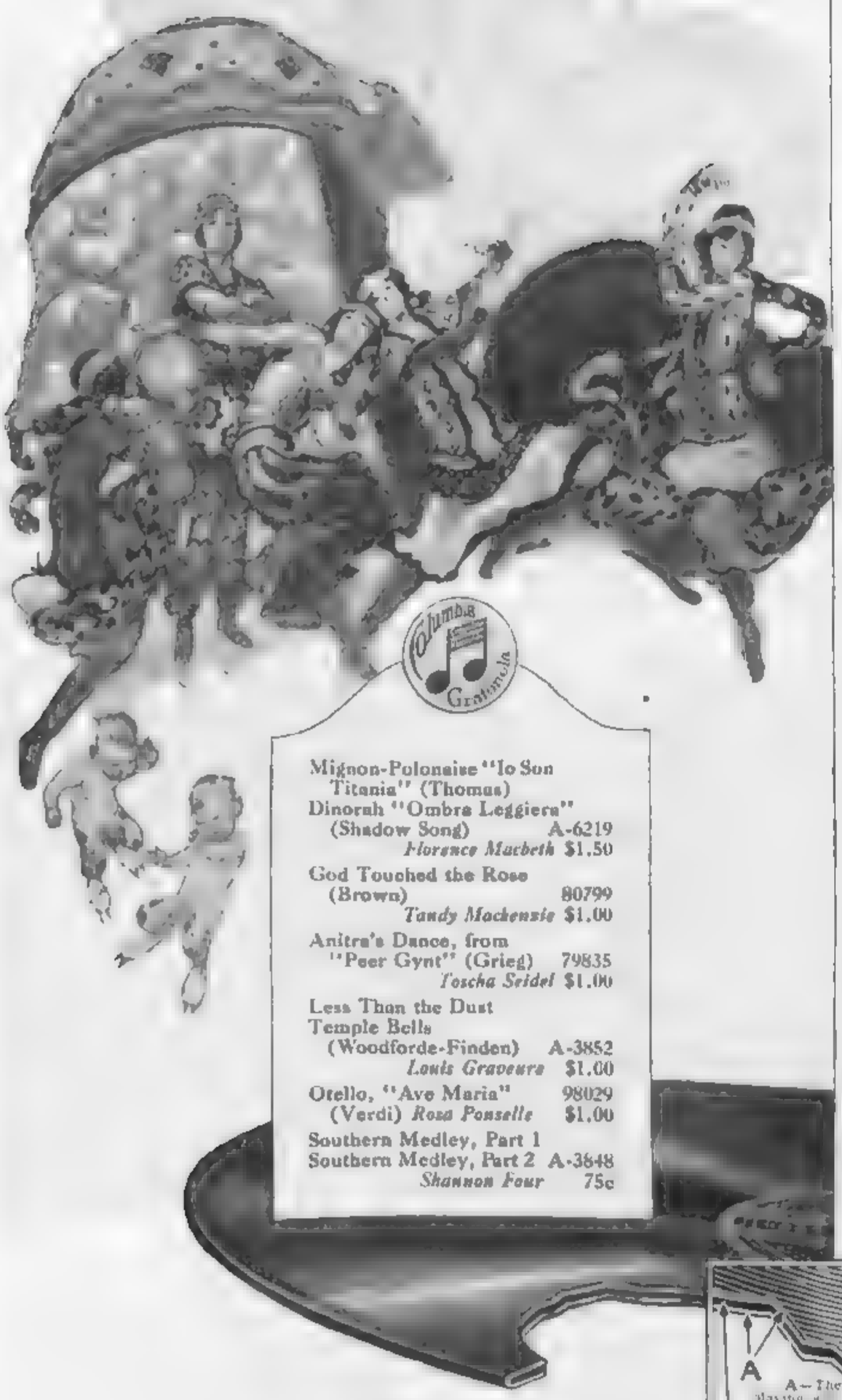
"Permit me to present myself," he said. Just what was occurring he had no idea, but he was determined—nay, eager—to see it through. "This gentleman," he said, indicating the glassy-eyed Leon, "took the liberty of bringing me here to see the collection which is under his care in the absence of the family. I know it, of course, as one of the finest in existence—being an amateur collector myself," he continued suavely as he covertly examined Leon. "My name is Pelton—Armstrong Pelton—Oklahoma oil." This conveyed nothing to the lady. "We collectors," he said, mitigating his unforeseen intrusion on her privacy, "assume a freemasonry in visiting each other's treasure houses. I am sorry. You will pardon me, I beg of you. I came under a misapprehension."

Leon, edging towards the door, indicated by signs that his companion was to follow. Pelton affected not to understand. The lady had drawn out a hatpin; she stabbed her hat and tossed the plumage aside. Except for a too obvious application of cosmetics to conceal the fact of faded youth, she was a pleasing picture. Even at this crisis her deliberate disregard of his presence as she stood before the mirror pulling about her too brilliant hair, and the classic coquetry of its arrangement, following the close contours of her head like that of a statue, intrigued the oil magnate.

"You are a friend of Mr. Lingard?" she asked, regarding him in the mirror.

(Continued on Page 126)

Phonograph music of unprecedented beauty



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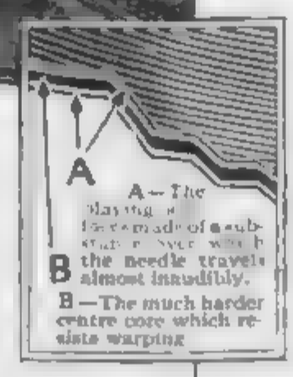

RUSSIA! The very name invokes pictures of wind-swept Siberian steppes; the half-European, half-Oriental civilization of ancient cities; oppressed and illiterate serfs; the luxurious splendor of a ruthless royalty. And underneath all, a spirit of mystical groping and unrest.

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(Continued from Page 124)

Lingard? Lingard! The stalwart North American all but lost his stoic composure. Lingard? Steve Lingard? Lingard nipped by Stutz? His head swam. Well, it must have taken some bite! So Lingard was secretly disposing of his treasures for ready cash. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not drag Armstrong Pelton away from this spot now. He bestowed a serene smile on Leon.

"A friend?" he repeated unctuously. "In business, yes." It was a lie, but it was a good one. "And his very blood brother in collecting," he added shrewdly. "Otherwise, of course, I should never have presumed."

She started leisurely out of the room. She said over her shoulder, "Ste—Henry will show you around. You will excuse me. I am just off the ship this morning."

She departed with the rustle of silks under furs.

"Come—in the name of God!" cried Leon Midor.

"No!" said the amateur collector, with decision.

"But she knows nothing!" protested Leon wildly.

The other merely smiled good-naturedly.

Midor in a rage rushed from the room. He slipped out like a cat. He sprang into his car and was off; so swiftly, indeed, that Pelts caught on behind only by the skin of his teeth.

VII

STEVE LINGARD! The oil man smiled in utter perplexity. Well, the bigger they are the harder they fall! He wandered about the room. There was enough right here in sight to occupy the average amateur. Little things on tables; a rug, a chair; and against the clapboard wall where the sun parlor hung on the house, stood several garden pieces under cover for the winter.

Garden pieces indeed! They would have graced the loggia of a palace. Pelton hugged his bank roll, which lay doggo over his heart. With a little tact—and sympathy—and luck!

He waited, and waited, and waited. Winter shadows moved softly across the snow; winter afternoon painted the panorama of the mighty Hudson with unbelievable tints. Someone was looking him over. He turned sharply.

Mrs. Lingard was peering in. She was wondering who the devil he was, this stout person with short gray hair and a banker's dicky lining his vest. Light dawned.

"Are you still here, Mr.—ah—ah ——" She had forgotten his name.

"Pelton," he said, bowing.

"Hasn't Henry taken you about?"

"No, madam."

He felt two impulses struggling within—one to be polite and get out, the other to be stubborn and stay.

"This house is a bedlam!" cried the suddenly anguished woman. "Look!" she commanded, and she displayed her changed costume.

The masculine eye of Mr. Pelton could detect no flaw. She had freshened her face. Her trunks had not come! She surveyed herself in the mirror with curling lips. "What was it that you wished to see?" she said, and reaching up, tugged the bell rope. "Henry," she said to the butler, who became suddenly visible like a wishing ghost, "is this a psychopathic ward—or a home for indigent help?" The question demanded an answer, but poor Henry only thanked his lady. "We will go to the library," said Mrs. Lingard. "I have never seen it myself," she added brightly.

Henry offered to summon the Spanish lady curator by telephone. Mrs. Lingard informed him he would do nothing of the kind. What summoning was to be done in this house in the future she would do herself. He could summon her trunks! Let him regard the rag she was wearing! Henry, thanking his lady, hesitantly informed her that the library was locked by the master's orders. No one was permitted to enter.

"Locked?" She stamped. "Unlock it! This is not a closed-door house!"

But the young Spanish lady was within; she alone had the key.

"We will break down the door—and give her a little surprise," said Mrs. Lingard decidedly. "Come, sir, I may need your assistance. These lunatics may become violent at any moment."

They moved along the corridor and came to a pause in front of the ponderous bronze door leading to Stephen Lingard's treasure vault. Pelton surveyed it dubiously; not even a battering ram could dent that mass.

"If my lady will permit ——"

The respectful request was never completed. Mrs. Lingard put her hand on the doorknob. It turned. The door opened. With an air of triumph she entered, sweeping the oil magnate with her, and shut the door in the face of the petrified Henry.

That door unlocked? It was—it was unheard of! But the inner door would not yield. He pressed his ear against the sounding bronze panel. The inner door did give. He could hear its soft thud as it closed. He pictured the Spanish woman looking up at the sound, paying the penalty of her carelessness in not snapping those locks.

Henry rushed to the telephone. He had been worrying it for the last half hour—not for madame's trunks, but for the barber shop in Carmine Street, where the pseudo Vilette was waiting to receive confidential communications. The deputy, Parr, had used this half store as a sort of field headquarters during the maneuvers. The wires were dead! The earnest man cursed the snow and ice.

He called the garage. No one answered. That chauffeur was giving himself too many airs! Vilette would attend to him. He finally located the chauffeur in the stables, where, it seemed, he was in the habit of going to entertain himself with the unfortunate menials who were being stored there, under lock and key, during the run of this piece. When a car was finally at the door, and Henry was giving instructions that the man hurry to town with all speed with a hastily scribbled note in code to the commissioner—then Mrs. Lingard and the oil magnate must come ambling down the corridor, the best of friends. She carried two books under her arm. When Mr. Pelton got into his coat she presented him with the books.

"You were good enough to admire these trifles," she said. "It is my pleasure to present them to you in the name of my husband."

Pelton was overwhelmed. Indeed, he seemed dazed.

"You can send for the Botticelli in the morning," she said with a sly smile. "No! Not a penny. Without that horrible thing the library would really be a delight. I would consider it a great personal triumph if you accept it. Henry, this is our car, isn't it? It will take the gentleman to the station. Hold! Take him to town. The trains are so stuffy."

A second car had drawn up, awaiting parking space in the porte-cochère. It was Oliver Armiston, armed with a note from Centimeri's, hunting the ubiquitous hard copy of the Endymion, particularly the word "joy." As Pelton was driven away he saw Mrs. Lingard examining the note the newcomer presented, also the newcomer.

Evening lights were glistening, dinner-hour taxis were swirling hither and yon, when Armstrong Pelton reached his hotel. He went immediately to his rooms. The floor clerk told him that a gentleman was waiting for him in his sitting room. It was most extraordinary. Pelton opened the door. It was Deputy Parr, smoking a cigar over an evening paper.

Tonight was the night.

"I don't believe I know you," said Pelton, eying the man-hunter curiously.

"You will," said Parr, and he bored him with his beady little eyes. He had been here for the last two hours, waiting for this titbit. Carmine Street was looking for him. Headquarters was alive with rumor, so keen was the demand from certain quarters for the great chief. He was nowhere to be found.

"I am Mr. Parr, deputy commissioner of police," he said briefly.

"Well," said Pelton, slipping out of his coat, "you seem to have commandeered my hospitality. May I ask the inspiration of your visit?"

"Leon Midor," replied Parr. He stared at his victim. "You are a client of his, aren't you?"

Pelton laughed.

"Well, hardly that, I should say," he replied.

Parr assumed his police manner.

"You fell for him, didn't you?" he demanded. "Eh?" he snarled. "You walked into his trap, didn't you? Don't back and fill. Answer me!"

The face of the oil magnate took on a vaguely puzzled expression.

(Continued on Page 128)

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(Continued from Page 126)

"Was I supposed to fall for Leon?" he asked. "I suspected as much," he said in a pleased aside.

"You were," grunted Parr. "And you did!" he thundered. "Don't deny it. Oh, I know what you are going to tell me—that you can't afford exposure—to be held up as the dupe of this crew! Take my word for it, you are not leaving on the Century to-morrow!"

Armstrong Pelton, massaging his hair behind where it was thickest, sat down, staring at the rug. Suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter that shook the windows. Parr glared at him, dumbstruck. Mr. Pelton gradually calmed himself.

"The wiser they are the harder they fall," he murmured. "There was a haze of suspicion about this Leon all through the affair," he mused aloud. "He is certainly some actor! But I thought I could get away with it. That's the way he played me, I suppose. Oh, he is clever!" He drew a deep breath. "But, unfortunately for Leon," he said, the smile returning to his eyes, "Mrs. Lingard walked in on the scene just when I was about to bite."

Parr roared, "Mrs. Lingard?" He sprang up. "Steve Lingard's wife?" he exploded. "When? Where? How? Is she there now?"

"Certainly she is there now." Pelton examined the unhinged Parr with a dawning frown. "Why shouldn't she be?" He smiled again in recollection of that high moment. "The house is a bedlam! I never saw anything like it." He lowered his tone. "Leon took to the woods. She is a grand woman," he added, "but—well, just a little sudden. She showed me that library. Ever see it? Quite an affair! She tried to bribe me into smuggling out that Botticelli she doesn't like—one of Lingard's pets, I take it."

"Oh, she did, eh? I suppose the Spanish lady aided and abetted her, didn't she?" Parr leered.

Pelton shook his head.

"No. I didn't see the Spanish lady," he said. "The curator, Leon's friend, eh? No, she wasn't around. I suppose she took to the tall grass too. I tell you, the house is a bedlam!"

Parr picked up his paper and hurriedly ran his eye down a column, watching Pelton over his glasses the while. Then he took up the telephone.

"All ready," he said in a low tone. "Get set. I'll be along directly."

He put down the instrument.

"And what did she sell you—this Mrs. Lingard?" he asked sweetly. "She sold you something. Didn't she need some pin money—or wasn't there some trinket she would consent to dispose of? Eh?" he demanded in his most ferocious manner.

Armstrong Pelton felt the hair rising on the back of his neck, his collar button getting warm. Try as he would, he could not keep his eyes from straying to the two books which Mrs. Lingard had presented to him in the presence of the butler. Parr's eyes followed. He walked over to Pelton.

"Read that!" he commanded, thrusting the newspaper under Pelton's eyes and pointing to a line. It was from Monte Carlo; it was a dispatch stating that Mrs. Stephen Lingard was engaged in breaking the bank as a pastime. Parr picked up the two books with a curious look at Pelton.

"What have we got here?" he muttered. "Eh? What have we got here?"

He opened the first. There was a long pause, during which the sounds from the street seemed to fall with almost unbearable weight on the nerves of the oil magnate. Parr, deputy of police, never removing his eyes from the Oklahoman, went back to his telephone, carrying the two books with him.

"Post," he dropped softly into the transmitter, which seemed looped through, without the necessity of an intervening operator—"Post," he said, "get hold of old Telfen; Ludwig Telfen, the jeweler. Tell him we have got his Dolgoda pearls. The old duffer has been eating his heart out since she walked off with them."

He set down the wire and opened the books. Their insides were hollowed out, as if by a ravenous rat, an old smuggler's trick. In these two nests, the string neatly divided, lay the famous Dolgoda pearls, the pearls the notorious Sophie Lang had walked off with, one fine day, from Ludwig Telfen's, under her furs.

"Did she sell you anything? Eh?" cried Parr triumphantly. "This Mrs. Lingard? Well, what do you think of yourself now?"

He broke off to state abruptly: "You are coming with me." Downstairs Parr handed the two precious volumes to a young man who seemed to be waiting for just such a gift. It was not until they got under way that the obvious question broke on the sea of the deputy's complacence: How did Sophie get out, as the señorita, to get back in again as Mrs. Lingard?

VIII

"I AM only just off the ship," said the lady to Oliver as the astute Mr. Pelton rolled away. "I am hardly out of my frock, before I must become a cicerone among my husband's treasures. That gentleman was before you. I hope he hasn't skimmed all the cream," she added slyly. "If I had realized how much I was needed at home I would have been home before. Oh, I know you very well. I have seen that gray lock in your pictures. I have read your romances. I know your Godahl by heart! What a clever thief he was! Why did you kill him? Or didn't you? Let me think." She reread his letter. "And now you have gone in for moldy manuscripts and wormy old books. I never could stand the—excuse me if I seem indelicate—the smell of the old glue. Oh, it is the Endymion, is it?" She shook her head. "You know I think you have been deceived; you are on the wrong track."

Oliver Armiston did not need to be told that he was on the wrong track. He repeated to himself, plagiarizing the feverish thoughts of the misguided Leon: "Of all women in the world! Of all times in the ocean of eternity, for Mrs. Lingard to choose this moment to return!"

Henry, the old butler, hovered in the offing. So that was one of Parr's trusties! Well, he did look the part, although at this hectic moment not quite so dignified as Oliver would have liked. A maid was tripping along the back corridor with a tray of tea things. The girl, at any rate, hadn't lost her nerve. A word to Henry might not be amiss; if Mrs. Lingard should wake up to the fact that her house was full of police—that her own servants were stored away in some back attic like lumber—there would be such an explosion in the middle of the great Parr's reputation as could not be conceived of without a shudder.

"You! You with the tea!"

Mrs. Lingard was clapping her hands. The obedient maid turning at the word, the mistress lifted the tray and presented it to Oliver, leaning so close in handing him the awkward load that he got a whiff of her perfumes, which he detested.

"We will have tea in the library! You are just in time! You will be my tea caddy! Come," said the woman, with all the earmarks of a lady of fashion with a lion on a string. Oliver had been a lion among the ladies of fashion in his heyday, so, though he groaned in spirit, he accepted the implication and the burden. The library? At least he was to see the library without being stricken blind.

"You shall tell me of your Godahl, over the muffins," she said, and led the way.

Mrs. Lingard stood aside for him to enter; and he maneuvered the tray through, marking the marble tunnel, the impregnable door, which clicked as she cautiously closed it, the men in armor, the formidable portals at the other end, where only blind men entered.

His heart fluttered. He was about to meet Sophie face to face. This was not as he had anticipated, entering the cage alone with the sleek shining creature. He wondered if by chance she might have any clew to his identity; and if so, would she manifest it in the presence of this painted totem pole of a chatelaine? Sophie must be in the same vile humor as Parr himself. Parr, awaiting only the return of the victim Leon had delivered unto the tender mercies of the pretended curator, and totally ignorant of the inopportune dénouement of Mrs. Lingard's arrival, had promised Oliver that he himself would be there at seven o'clock.

The door swung open. Oliver entered with the tray. The place was empty.

"You look for someone?" inquired Mrs. Lingard.

No, no! The room—it thrilled him! Oliver tumbled over his words to cover his confusion. She was not here! The massive construction, the wonderful clerestory, the lighting, a brilliant afternoon sky peering down through the cames and quarrels of that marvelous dome, like the multiple eye of some gigantic fly! He had thought it later in the day. He had indeed purposely

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timed his coming so he would not have too much time to kill. Lifting the tray from his hands the lace of the lady's sleeve became entangled in Armiston's watch fob, and his timepiece fell clattering to the floor with a forlorn crash.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the disconcerted woman. She set down the tray and picked up the poor watch, which must be beyond mortal aid. "Will you ever forgive me?" she cried, gazing fearfully at him. She put the watch to her ear, the pink finger of dismay on her parted lips. She shook it, yanked out the stem, twisted it in her fingers. "A watch is a watch," she said philosophically. "I have a dozen. No, a score! You shall have your pick. It shall be inscribed," she announced grandly.

He rescued the remains from her untender hands; the watch now said 1:30!

"Time is important to me this afternoon," he said ruefully. "Oh, but there is a clock on the desk; it is all right."

"The clock is stopped—like this house, on my entry!" the woman cried. Her eyes blazed. But the mood changed swiftly. "We will tell the time by the sun!" She pointed up to the glorious dome with its midafternoon sky. "We are good friends again, are we not?" she chattered. "Let us have our tea. Tell me, Mr. Godahl, are authors ever as clever as their characters?" The thought fascinated her. She must pause to think it over. "I suppose," she said, seating herself behind the urn, "they must be! Else they could not create cleverness in their puppets. What a delicious power to possess, to be as clever as one could possibly imagine himself!"

If the grand ladies of fashion were not so stupid, with their tongues that clattered like bell hammers, Oliver might believe she was exercising a little sarcasm on him. He was irritated first, for missing Sophie; then, that watch. What sprite of hell would induce even a moron to turn the hands of a valuable watch backwards—backwards! She was painted like a Maypole, and she wore a wig. Don't these women ever see themselves as others see them?

Oliver controlled himself with an effort. Well, at least he was being vouchsafed a peep at Bleecker's pirate den, Steve Lingard's library. The fire on the hearth had begun to burn, with an air of spontaneity. She waved him into a deep chair.

"Lemon?" Her hazel gray eyes regarded him; they were fine eyes, at least, even with their painted lids. "And a drop of cognac?"

"Lemon," said Oliver shortly. She handed him his cup. His hand trembled a little; hers did not.

"That's a good thing!" said he, to hide a curious embarrassment. He was nodding at the Goujon she wolf.

"It is the only thing in the place," she said without looking up, with an elliptical touch of contempt for her surroundings.

The fire drew them into silences, uneasy silences that seemed to imply too much, and Oliver, sensing some element that he didn't understand, made talk nervously. Finally to his relief she took up his note of introduction, pondered over it.

"Centimeri!" she mused to herself with curling lip. "That poor deluded Midor! A handsome fellow is so simple! It must be painful to be as good-looking as he thinks himself!" That was an aside. "I wonder what I can do for you. If I could find the little Carmen of this bull ring you would pull your distinguished gray lock then, eh?" And she dropped a Gutenberg Bible into his lap, while she started off in quest of his Endymion.

He looked up presently. She was a long time. His eyes failed to find her.

"Señor!" said a nasal voice at his elbow.

Oliver jumped. He was looking at a total stranger, a figure in linens like a person from an old tapestry. She dropped her eyes before his stare and folded her hands.

"Ah! Pardon!" she said, confused at his start. "I have sorrow, for no have got!" said the Spanish curator as she glanced demurely at his billet, she was exercising her English on the Centimeri note

A ravishing beauty, Armiston told himself. Yes, "ravishing" was the word A black ribbon crossing her forehead held her raven-black hair smoothly in place. The skin was a delicious olive, the face oval; the chin—not obscured by a fluttering ruff like that affected by Mrs. Lingard—was drawn to the nib of a perfect oval by the hand of some unsung Murillo.

It was she! He had seen a snapshot of Sophie, in the Telfen episode. She didn't know him from Adam. Oliver rose with courtly dignity.

"You are the new curator, I suppose. Pray don't trouble about the Endymion. There is another thing"—he said, watching her face—"rare example of *horlogerie*—by Didoz—I think he was broken on the wheel for it by the Spanish Inquisition, as a necromancer. Might I see it?"

He asked her in French if she would prefer to talk in that language; but she shook her head, saying she had the English.

"I would like to see the watch; it is in the Lingard collection, I believe."

"*Si, señor!*"

Oliver watched her move away. There was a provocative lilt in her step. Coming events had cast no shadows before for Sophie—that was clear enough! Indeed, unconscious that the gentleman was so rude as to watch her walk off, she was moved to execute three steps of a fandango on an imaginary slack wire just as she disappeared behind a screen, which evidently concealed her desk.

Oliver fingered his white lock. It was damnable! He sat down. He had a bad taste in his mouth. Once in his life he had been led to pull a trigger to slaughter a deer. But he had been amply punished when the stricken creature turned its deep eyes upon him as he bent over it; he had carried that accusing look through life.

If she had only recognized him, given him a fight, a chance to justify himself. Justify himself to one of the most famous criminals in the world! He had a moment's whimsical smile before he relapsed. Yes, justify himself! He had run her into a blind alley; she was surrounded, trapped. Not Parr the detective of police; but Armiston the meddler! It was he who had cornered her like a rat!

He took up his Bible, but found no consolation therein. Oliver's spirit nearly touched the nadir of his career. If one must meddle with crime let him stick to fiction, not tinker with Fate! And Parr was coming at seven. The inflexible hour.

It must have been an hour later when he finally began to prowl. It was still daylight, inexplicably daylight. He must have fallen asleep, he told himself, and dreamed time, not waited impatiently on its passage. If it were a dream it had been vivid. Where was the curator? It was a long hunt he had imposed upon her. At a venture he pulled a silken cord and uncovered the Duchess of Gainsborough, a startling copy—indeed, he looked twice. Odd. Lingard hang a copy! His feet urged him on; he passed the screen, making no noise. Out of the tail of his eye he saw her desk. Empty. It was flanked by solid walls of books.

He turned full face. On the desk—what the devil was that? He froze in his tracks, staring. A rat's nest? Oh, yes, it was a rat's nest—a chemical-blond rat's nest! Mrs. Lingard's wig!

Oliver advanced timidly, he picked up the thing gingerly, like poor Yorick's skull, set it down, dusted off his fingers. Mrs. Lingard's wig.

He sprang to the door, the only door. It was fast. Where was Parr? He looked at his watch. It was 2:30 by that watch! No, he had not been dreaming. He was in a trap. There was no exit. The telephone was dead. She was probably laughing at him, from some medieval cupboard.

"What the devil is the row about?" demanded Rhinelander Van Cortlandt Bleecker. "Your man here"—pointing to Pelts—"cut across my bows as if he owned all Westchester County! He said if I didn't come he'd fetch me. Well, I'm here. But I don't like it—and I don't mind telling you, even if you are the great Mr. Parr, the sublimated cop!"

"I understand you built this sarcophagus!" said the terrible Parr, indicating with a thumb the dull gray crag that was Steve Lingard's library. Henry stood by his side. Not the Henry of recent date! No, this was another, an unshaved, disreputable, woebegone Henry, who smelled of the stable, and trembled and wept.

"I want to get in here!" roared Parr.

"Sorry. Can't be done," said Bleecker.

"Do you mean to tell me that this fox Lingard has no emergency entrance? You wouldn't dare —— Man, we've been battering that door for two hours!" Parr was beside himself. "I'll go through your damned dome with a fire ladder! Don't stand there like a dummy! It is an affair of life and death!"

"Anybody in there?" asked Bleecker timidly.

"There is a man and a woman. They entered at four; it is now eight."

"Not"—Bleecker's mouth fell open—"Not—not Oliver? Oh, I say, that would—— With a lady?" he gasped, incredulous.

"With a woman crook!" Parr's jaw shot out. "Lucky if he isn't murdered by now. Move, man, move!"

Bleecker moved. He started, running, Parr at his heel. At the foot of the hill to the station he dragged the panting sleuth. He headed up the railroad tracks. He pointed to what looked like an abandoned drain vent in the embankment. Oh, that Spanish woman! A light began to dawn on Parr.

"Lingard had an idea he'd like to be able to come and go from his private car here, without calling on his family," Bleecker was explaining.

Parr was tearing at the grating. No need of strength; it was open. They crawled over some obstructions, Parr lighting the way with his torch. Parr was casehardened; it didn't need the sight of a discarded linen smock of convent-stitched neatness at the foot of the narrow steps to tell him the story. The sight of that drain—that Spanish woman's drain—had ended the chapter for him. Now it was Oliver! An iron gate at the head of the steps gave way to a skillfully plied bar. But inside there was a steel door with a lock that looked ominous—until Bleecker uncovered what seemed to be a spy hole.

"It's daylight inside," chuckled the architect. "I did a good job there! Hello, there! Hello! Anybody home?"

"Hello! Hello!"

It was the voice of Oliver Armiston. The man hunter looked sheepish.

"Ask him ——" he began; but he broke off despondently. "Oh, hell! Ask him nothing. Get the damned fool out!"

He listened stupidly while Bleecker shouted instructions through the hole. Oliver was to lift down the volume of Josephus on the third shelf, right, introduce his hand into the aperture, lift the latch and pull. The architect was in raptures over his mechanism. Then Oliver was again instructed to seek a needle in the haystack of the files for the combination of the doorknob. At ten Parr suggested they call a fire truck and go through the roof. At 10:10 Parr, still fuming, discovered the listening-in system in the strong-room drawer, by which Steve Lingard, when he was so minded, could hear a whisper in any room of his house. The deputy swallowed heavily. As he experimented with one button a female voice exclaimed: "I keel heem!" And a flurried male responded hastily—Leon, forsooth—"Officer, I insist that you keep that cat out of my corner!"

Oliver appeared triumphant at 10:23.

"I say, what time is it? Look! It is still midday in there!" He met Parr's gaze sympathetically.

They rejoined the conclave in the sun parlor. Pelton was having the time of his life, listening. The two camps of servants were ranged opposite each other, in an armed truce. To Leon, Parr said: "You begin a long journey across water tomorrow morning—in the steerage, the way you came! Your country has exceeded its quota!" To the Spanish woman, whom he had soothed with difficulty, he said: "This lady, the housekeeper, will take care of you until Mr. Lingard returns." She looked at Leon and said that no, she keel heem; not this day, perhaps, but anyway, she keel heem. Europa, very good, she go! To Oliver he said nothing.

When Lingard came back in September Parr submitted an official account of the library episode and the treachery of Leon; but Lingard was busy arranging to get some things through the customs, and it is doubtful if he comprehended that his sacred library had been defiled by the gaze of outsiders. In any event he dismissed it with characteristic brusqueness. A package reached Oliver through Parr, which was found to contain one of the finest watches in the Lingard collection. A card bore the words "*En souvenir.*" And the watch was inscribed "*Souvent femme varie.*"

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"The Heart Raider"
By Harry Durant and Julie Herne
Adapted by Jack Cunningham
Directed by Wesley Ruggles

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

CONQUEST

(Continued from Page 9)

"Dere is no need to hit the boy. It is always the man who leave the spike alof' what bring him down. I get it myself."

"You'll keep your gap shut and that's all," said the captain pleasantly.

He hit hard and fast. The Norwegian defended himself desperately, but he was ignorant of scientific fighting. His swings were harmless. He went down and out, spattering blood over the deck. The captain turned from him to Lamark.

"Get aloft!" he snarled.

At the main rigging he kicked the boy savagely so that he stirred and came to.

"The man who left the spike there ——" the boy argued feebly.

He collapsed again. The captain pitched him into the scuppers and strode aft.

"Leave him alone," he flung at the seamen as he passed.

They looked after him, cursing softly. The bos'n called a man to go aloft for the spike. The captain countermanded the order.

"Let Lamark bring it down," he laughed.

When eight bells went and the boy would have crawled into the fo'c's'le to wash and eat, the captain had him on deck to work with his watch. And again, before nightfall, he ordered him to bring the spike down. And again the boy suffered because he would not obey. Persecution stiffened him. He knew he was being imposed on, wrongfully treated. It was the principle of the thing. If he had personally left the spike aloft he would have gone and brought it down. Likewise, if he had been ordered to do so in his watch on deck he would have brought it down. But the captain only ordered him in his watch below. So the spike stayed up there till dark, when the man who had originally taken it aloft retrieved it secretly and hid it, much to the captain's subsequent wrath.

In the succeeding days the boy's life on the Hyacinth became one of torture. He almost grew inured to pain. He started to lose all semblance to a man. His face was always bloody and cut, his hair grew tangled and matted, his silky thin beard lengthened unhindered. He lost all desire for cleanliness and neatness. Even the hard-case mate felt sorry for him.

The crew was in arms, talking mutiny, threatening, scowling whenever the captain appeared on deck. The master of the ship liked that. It gave a zest to life. It uplifted him. He felt like a man holding a bridge with his sword against an army. Whenever he noticed the crew watching him he proceeded to torment the boy more, or else he tackled the big Norwegian.

The Scandinavian had not the grim determination to stick to principle that Lamark, the boy, had. He broke after about a week of ill treatment, broke badly. He obeyed any orders, but his eyes grew like a savage dog's. Mr. Martin the passenger was walking the poop with the captain one night when an iron belaying pin came out of the darkness and thudded on the deck. It startled Mr. Martin.

"You're going too far," he protested, as he had protested many times since the captain had made his one-sided bet. But the other laughed and took no heed.

"That pin wasn't thrown by Lamark. He's not that type," he assured his passenger. "That's Yonson, most likely. Lamark'll get me face to face when he reaches the killing stage. I know his kind. He's got his head cluttered up with a lot of things he calls rights. He has what you might call a strongly developed moral sense. That's why he'll give me a fighting chance when he tries to kill me. I'll break him, though, before he gets that far."

"To prove your theory, yes, you would commit murder," Mr. Martin said quietly. "Be careful, captain. I have theories similar to your own, but I would not care to demonstrate them, yes, on human beings. Argument is enough for me. Aren't you afraid I'll speak to the authorities?"

The captain stopped in his walk and laughed uproariously. He put out his hand and caught the other by the throat, shutting off the blood to the brain, dazing him.

"If I thought you would I'd get rid of you," the captain said.

Mr. Martin fanned the air with his hands and felt himself slipping into unconsciousness. The captain, still laughing, released him and went on with his walk.

"Impressive, yes, very," gasped the passenger, rubbing his throat ruefully and falling into step again after a minute or two. "You are ready, apparently, to back up your statements."

"Always," the captain admitted. He tugged at his beard. "It's the strong eat the strong in this world. If a man tries to eat me I'll fight till I can fight no more. And I'll die fighting, uncomplaining. Do you hear—uncomplaining? Life is another word for fight. That's why I like strife and make it. I like to live. Occasionally, I must confess, I get spasms of morality and indulge in them. That's why I don't kill Yonson. He's going to make a lot of trouble for me."

The very intensity of the affair hastened its climax. Despite the captain's confidence and his arrogance he was a little shaken by his failure so far to dominate Lamark. The boy did his work well, obeyed orders, but refused to do unreasonable things. He took beating after beating over trifling points of sea custom that otherwise he would never have bothered with. The determination of the captain to violate every rule and accepted law increased the boy's determination to yield no point. Right or wrong, it was his belief, and the belief of all the crew, that once he gave way others would be picked on. Then would vanish what few privileges and rights sailors had wrung from harsh taskmasters through the bitter centuries.

Matters reached a deadlock. Because of his own egotism the captain could not relax his persecution. Yet he was achieving nothing, and knew it. He was worried. Never before had he attempted to break such a determined man. One of his occasional spasms of morality came to bother him. He could smash Lamark's body, but there was a fire inside he could not smash. He was beginning to admit it to himself. He had smashed men after struggles of more or less indeterminate length. But they were average seamen, used to obeying, without intellect, recognizing strength as the law. The boy was different. He had something of the spirit of the martyr. He was willing to die for the nebulous thing known as Right, that was outside of mere strength.

One morning, when the watch was washing down, the captain came midships to pick what faults he could. Lamark was scrubbing listlessly with his broom, looking as though every spark of manhood within him was dead. His face was wistful and haggard, his eyes cloudy, his mouth creased each side with bitter lines. He had aged ten years in the past week or so.

Working near the fo'c's'le door in the midship house was Yonson, the big Norwegian. His eyes followed the captain's every movement, glittering with rage that was hard checked. The Norwegian, too, seemed to have aged, grown more animal-like. He had his hand on the haft of his sheath knife hanging from his hip.

The captain stood with legs apart and watched the boy. He said to him once, "Come to your senses yet?" and laughed when no reply was forthcoming.

He fixed his smiling eyes on the bent head, knowing it disconcerted him to be watched. The boy looked up at last and stared. Deep down in his eyes perplexity frowned again. His lips moved, but no sound came. Then an electric thrill seemed to pass through the rest of the watch. They slowed their movements and their jaws gaped. Some held their breath. The captain, intent on Lamark, noticed nothing. Yonson the Norwegian was stealing on him, knife in hand.

No one was visible on the poop. The bos'n was in the forepeak with the sailmaker. The second mate was somewhere aft near the wheel. No witnesses. It had been done before. A quick thrust, the heaving of a body overboard, denial of all knowledge of the disappearance.

The captain said pleasantly, "That damned steward of mine is too dirty in his habits. I'm giving you the job, see? You'll come aft at eight bells. He'll go for'ard in your place. I'll be able to keep an eye on you in the saloon."

The boy stopped scrubbing and straightened wearily. He spoke, as he always spoke, carefully, respectfully, and this time with the old note of perplexity in his voice:

"I don't know what I've done, sir, for you to act so. I can't set a table. I ain't a steward. Besides I signed as A. B."

The captain smiled and swelled his chest. "You know what's coming to you?" he asked.

The boy nodded bitterly. He frowned. He couldn't understand.

The captain changed his tone.

"Some day I suppose you'll kill me." He laughed. "Do you know, I wonder you haven't tried."

The boy shook his head slowly. He seemed to be thinking.

"I don't want to kill any man," he said at last.

Then he saw Yonson creeping up, teeth set, eyes smoldering. He saw the knife, the waiting tense watch. The captain went on, unaware, following out his own theory that a man to live must concentrate on one thing to the oblivion of everything else. He sought to probe the boy's soul, to understand his line of thought.

"You'll keep yourself shaved and washed when you get aft. And what's more —— "

The whole thing happened with astonishing swiftness.

Yonson sprang. He swung his knife viciously to take the captain under the right shoulder blade. The boy, almost as swiftly, leaped forward and to one side and swung his broom. The captain, thinking the boy was attacking him, flung up his hands to defend himself and looked pleased.

But the broom was not aimed at his head. Instead it reached to one side and behind him and cracked Yonson's descending wrist. The Norwegian let out an oath and sank on one knee, nursing his injured member. His knife slid across the planking and struck the captain's foot. The watch stood rigid. They were too astonished to swear.

The boy stepped back and breathed hard. A slight perspiration was on his forehead, his chest heaved. He had gone through a vast emotional conflict in the past dozen seconds. It had left him weak.

"Don't blame Yonson," he said bitterly.

The captain, amazed, suddenly aware of the atmosphere about him, looked down to see what had struck his foot. He picked up the knife and then stared for a long time at Yonson, turning his back on the boy. The Norwegian crouched down and growled, expecting punishment, stolidly preparing for it, still nursing his wrist.

The captain lifted his head and looked at Lamark. He frowned, perplexed himself now. He balanced the wicked-looking knife on the palm of his hand. It was very clear to him what had happened, and yet it was puzzling. The boy had not acted as he should. He thought for a while.

The watch waited, breathless. The boy waited. Yonson waited. Raw mutiny was the greatest crime of the sea. The captain could iron Yonson, have him imprisoned later. He could visit his wrath on the crew as a whole. But there came to him one of his spasms of morality, what he called flaws in his make-up. Looking at the boy, he felt a vast shame overtake him.

He tossed the knife to the Norwegian.

"Don't try that again," he said simply. Then to the boy: "You damned fool!"

The boy explained his whole philosophy, though he did not know it. "It's rotten," he said, "hitting a man from behind." Then: "Don't blame Yonson. You've beaten him crazy."

Abruptly the captain turned away. He was baffled. He felt like a man who had been trying to knock a mountain down with a chipping hammer, futile. He had a sense of helplessness. He was not grateful to the boy for saving his life. It never occurred to him to be. But it did occur to him, like a slow light rising, that the boy had never been hostile at all. He had merely stood firm, secure in his conviction that he was right. And the unbelievable part of it was that this lack of hostility was greater than any attack that could be made. How could a man wage a war when there was no fight, when the thing to be conquered escaped the physical hand? It helped the captain in that hour that he was a good philosopher.

In the saloon he met Mr. Martin, who was going on deck with a book.

"Mr. Martin," he said, clawing at his beard, "I owe you five hundred dollars."

"Bless my soul," mumbled the astonished passenger. "You owe me, yes, five hundred dollars?"

The captain laughed. "Even gods can be overthrown," he said. Then he went into his room and slammed the door.

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THIS WAY OUT

(Continued from Page 15)

Goldberg sold them for a song, a song of some sixpence on a supposititious dollar.

Goldberg abandoned a colored gentleman who was jamming himself into one of these stunning bargains, and came to Henry.

"I saw a swallowtail in your window," said Henry.

An hour later, Henry, carrying a bundle, ascended the dark and winding stair to his furnished room opposite the branch post office. He sat down to study by the light and heat of a single gas mantle. Henry attended Evening High on the three odd nights of the week. He went to the mat now with the binomial theorem.

In a small bookrack, smeared with that brown varnish the composition of which—if it be not merely New Orleans molasses and glue—is a secret of the secondhand dealer, were a number of volumes. To their dingy ranks Henry added his latest purchase—a book of etiquette entitled The Complete Gentleman. The books were all good solid reading, bound in boards.

He lay on his iron-bound bed for a spell of good solid reading, and was asleep when that one of the flat-wheeled postal trucks which zoomed up to the branch at eleven o'clock roused him to put out the light.

III

HENRY marched to his desk. The time was precisely nine o'clock, the opening hour. Douglas Pendergast had arrived before.

"What's the idea of the comedy make-up, Simmons?" asked Douglas.

"You mean my new suit," said Henry complacently. "Mr. Hopper suggested that I should make a change. He intimated that a real-estate man should be dignified in appearance."

"I hope to tell you you look dignified," grinned Douglas. "Say, Simmons, I'm making a change myself. I'm getting out of here next Saturday."

"That's too bad, Douglas," said Henry with sympathy. "I thought you were doing very well here. What are they firing you for?"

"I'm not being fired!" said Douglas indignantly. "I was never fired in my life. I'm quitting! I've got a regular job now, Simmons. I am going to be an educational director. I went down to see them about the job yesterday afternoon, and they took me on like a shot. Well, they asked me a lot of questions first, of course, to be sure that I was the man they were looking for. My specialty is going to be history. I will sit in my office and answer questions sent in by the students of the World and College courses. I will knock down around a hundred a week."

"That's wonderful, Douglas," said Henry. "A hundred a week is fine money. But I didn't know you were such a shark on history, Douglas."

"Neither I am," said Douglas; "but that makes no difference. The sales manager of the World and College Corporation explained all that to me. You don't suppose these fellows who answer questions in the newspapers know it all, do you? Not at all. They have scrubs working for them to look the answers up in a book. The sales manager said I didn't have to know the answers, but only where to find them; and then I answer the letters. I hope to tell you that any student who calls me up on the phone and asks me why did Washington cross the Delaware is going to have to hold the wire!"

"How many students will you have, Douglas?"

"That is entirely up to me, the sales manager said. He said I would want to get into personal touch with the students first. So he will give me a list of people who answered an ad and asked for further information, and I will call on them and put them down for history, and collect the first installment. They get the books right away, with lists of questions for them to ask me later on if they cannot think of any. The manager sized me up and said he guessed I could handle five hundred students if I kept jumping. But that is entirely up to me."

"It sounds like being a book agent, in some ways," hazarded Henry timidly.

"Not at all!" frowned Douglas. "That was one of the first things the manager said—that I was to get it out of my head that this was a book agent's job. He told me about old times when he was a book agent, and we had some good laughs. He's a peach of a fellow. People aren't going to be nasty to you when you're only calling on them in answer to their own letters, are they? The manager explained to me all about consumers' acceptance and coördinated advertising, and a lot of stuff that you wouldn't catch onto if he talked himself blue in the face. It's an awfully interesting business, the way he explained it. I hope to tell you it's nothing like the real-estate business, plugging along in a rut, doing the same thing over and over! That was one of the first things he asked me—if I liked a job where I did the same thing over and over; and I came right out and said no. And he got up and shook hands with me, and said I was the man he was looking for."

Douglas went on talking. He was a high-strung and imaginative fellow, and had proved an excellent subject for the sales manager's inspirational talk. Henry was bending over his list of properties on West Seventy-first Street.

The two missionaries had been making slow work of getting the particulars of the sixty-eight separate parcels of real estate contained within this city block. The owners had been evasive, had insisted on unaccountably high prices, had said that their properties were already sold or were under contract or option. Mahony knew that several of the parcels had been sold with the suddenness that had characterized the sale of the Berrick house; but he was confident that most of the owners who said that their properties had been disposed of were simply trying to shunt away their questioners. Notices of only four sales had been published, and Mahony knew that a broker likes to see his name in the real-estate column. Wherefore he was dissatisfied with his missionaries; he refused to accept prices that were out of reason, and sent Douglas and Henry back to the owners to cajole new prices from them. He did not understand the motions of the owners, and his real-estate sense was aroused; he was on the alert to discover what was making them so restive and intractable—like a hunter who guesses from the unwonted motions of a herd of deer that the herd is being stalked from another quarter. He had been unable to discover any sound reason for an extensive disturbance in that neighborhood. The talk about removing the Elevated Railroad from Columbus Avenue was perennial gossip, blooming every spring; the plan to widen Central Park West, making it a great boulevard instead of a one-way street, had been discussed and discussed, and promised to rest in discussion.

Henry had kept at the work contentedly; Douglas was sick and tired of it. He had exhausted within a week the interest there was for him in pulling prices and terms out of owners, and now he was confined to doing the same thing over and over. If he did the stupid job well, he thought, he would be kept at it eternally; and if he did it badly it would be no recommendation for advancement. He had wished to be a broker, and he had the stuff in him to be a shrewd and successful one. Mahony had told him, when taking him on, that the acquirement of a general knowledge of values was a necessary preliminary to real-estate brokerage. Pshaw, that was only taffy—the sweet talk that is given to beginners in every line to induce them to put their noses to the grindstone!

He couldn't sit still in the office this morning; his thoughts were already disassociated from the real-estate business.

"I'm going out to see a fellow," he mumbled, and he clapped on his smart leghorn and went out into the street.

Mahony approached ten minutes later in the company of a young lady.

"Where's Mr. Pendergast?" he asked brusquely.

"He's gone out to see a client," said Henry.

"This is our Mr. Simmons, Miss Niles," said Mahony, accepting the substitution with a gracious smile at the young lady. "He'll take care of you. Miss Niles owns some property on West Seventy-first Street and she wants us to handle the selling of it, Mr. Simmons. Take the particulars."

Henry had risen uncertainly and made an indeterminate bow. He was not at ease with young ladies. Mahony watched him for a moment, and then walked away with a dissatisfied jerk of the mouth. He would have preferred to intrust the prospective client to the deft and confident Douglas.

Miss Niles was not pretty. Her round and heavy face was redeemed from utter smugness by large gray eyes that lighted up when she smiled; she was a healthy and good-tempered young woman of no distinction. She was badly dressed in a new suit of gray serge with a wide linen collar edged with cheap lace. She was favorably impressed by Henry's swallowtail coat, and was flattered by his evident fear of her. She was the mothering type.

"Where is your property situated, madam?" asked Henry stiffly, drawing a card from a file and bending his light-brown eyebrows.

"I really don't know," she said, smiling disarmingly. "I thought perhaps you could tell me where it is."

"You don't know where your property is?"

"Except that it's somewhere in that block between Seventy-first and Seventieth Street. I didn't know I owned any property there at all until about a month ago. A real-estate man called to see me and asked me to sign a deed to all that block. There's his card—Simeon Ellerbach.

"I told him I didn't own the property, and he said that would be all right, as the deed was a quitclaim deed and it didn't say anything about my owning the property, but only that I gave up whatever rights I had, if any. He said I would get fifty dollars if I would sign it."

"Fifty dollars for a deed to the whole block!" exclaimed Henry. "Why, Miss Niles, that block is worth around three million. We real-estate men value land in that block at about sixteen hundred dollars a front foot."

"Fifty dollars is what he offered me, Mr. Simmons; and the deed was for the whole block. You see, my great-grandfather used to own all that land, and he sold it off in lots about seventy years ago, so I really did have something to do with the property. Mr. Ellerbach explained about that to me, and said my great-grandfather had made some mistake in giving deeds, and naturally I wouldn't want to take advantage of the present owners when my great-grandfather had been paid fairly for the land. He said if I did not sign the deed I would be sued and made to sign it, and it was just a question of saving the expenses of suing me. He said it would not be honest to expect the owners to pay me anything much, seeing that my great-grandfather had been paid once already for the land."

"That sounds very reasonable," said Henry, wagging his head solemnly.

"Then you think I ought to sign the deed, Mr. Simmons?"

"I rather think you ought to, Miss Niles."

"Very well, then; I will do it," she said, after a long look that he sustained with that majestic calm which the absence of thought produces. "But I am wondering why Mr. Ellerbach is worrying about the owners. He does not own the land, does he?"

"Why, no," said Henry, frowning. "It is rather strange, in a way. I can tell you the name of every owner in the block."

"Can you, really?" she breathed, awestruck. "Then why does Mr. Ellerbach want me to make him a deed? I was a little afraid of Mr. Ellerbach. He was very nice, but he is so old and wise looking, if you know what I mean."

"You make a very good point, Miss Niles," said Henry, leaning back and putting his finger tips together judicially. "Why does Mr Ellerbach want that deed? Why does he?"

"Exactly, Mr. Simmons," she said. "You state the matter so clearly! Now, what would you advise me to do?"

Henry coughed, scowled and swung around in his chair, facing away from her. She watched him, knowing that he was weighing the pros and cons, balancing technical real-estate factors. Henry was not trying to deceive her; he was acting as he had seen Mr. Hopper act when posed by an intricate problem.

"Well, Miss Niles," he said at last slowly and weightily, turning to her, "I—really—don't—know!"

"Ah!" she respired relievedly.

(Continued on Page 137)

Watch This Column

Look for H. A. Snow's Name

CHARGING ELEPHANT IN AFRICAN JUNGLE

Acclaimed by critics of the press and men high in public life, H. A. Snow's "Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera" is now being hailed with delight by the thousands who flock daily to see it in the theatres where it is being shown.

* * *

And no wonder. For in it there is something for every member of the family. One moment you are thrilled to the core by the danger of the adventure; another you are in ecstasy with the rare beauty of the scene; another you are shaking with laughter. And so on to the final fade-out.

* * *

Imitators, like so many mushrooms, sprung up over night. For your own protection, I therefore ask you to look for H. A. Snow's name in the advertised picture announcements. Only the picture bearing his name is "Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera."

* * *

This is the picture that ran for three solid months at the Lyric Theatre, New York City, to over 200,000 people, who paid as high as $1.65 each for their seats. It has received remarkable attention from scores of national publications which devoted many pages to it.

* * *

I cannot urge you too strongly to have every member of your family see this picture. Nothing like it has ever been shown, and one wonders whether anything like it will ever be shown again. Take my word for it. Don't miss it.

* * *

When you see it, please write me what you think about it. Also tell me how you liked "The Storm," "The Flirt," "The Flame of Life," "Driven," "The Abysmal Brute," "Bave."

Carl Laemmle

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Buyer: "I want Lee De Luxe Cords on this car."

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"The car owner's tire"

There you have the story. Lee De Luxe Cord Tires are available to you from the very first time the new car is used—all you have to do is to tell a Lee dealer that you want Lee De Luxe Cords on your new car and *he will do the rest.*

The Lee De Luxe Cord is built with no other idea in mind than to make a *Super* Tire! Our friends have named it "*The Car Owner's Tire,*" due to the extraordinary service and mileage which it gives.

There is a Lee dealer in your vicinity

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Executive Offices: 245 West 55th Street
NEW YORK CITY

LEE DE LUXE CORD

(Continued from Page 135)

"I should not care to venture an opinion on the merits, Miss Niles," he continued, encouraged, "until I have given your affair the benefit of my best thought."

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons," she said, rising and giving him her sunniest smile. "I shall tell Mr. Ellerbach that he must deal with you. When you have something to tell me you can write me care of the Chumley-Gates Art Atelier on Amsterdam Avenue. I am a colorist in the atelier. I am so glad to leave the matter to you, as you know all about real estate."

"Not all," he said; "not all about it, Miss Niles. I learn something every day. Of course, you artists are not familiar with these business affairs."

Her smile flashed again, and she left him, not bothering to explain to him the difference between an artist and an air-brush operative in an atelier devoted to the wholesale production of pictures warranted strictly hand colored.

Henry hunted out the word "quitclaim" in the dictionary, and after pondering the definition for five minutes went to see Mr. Mahony.

"Nonsense, Simmons!" said the manager of the brokerage department, after listening. "She can't have any claim to that property. We sold several parcels in that block in years gone by, and the buyers got title policies. The title-guaranty companies have passed again and again on those old deeds and insured them. This is some trickery of that rascal Ellerbach. Miss Niles has nothing to sell, depend on it."

He reflected.

"But," he continued with a shadowy smile, "inasmuch as you have obligated the office, Simmons, we will have to take care of Miss Niles. I am going to intrust the business to you, Simmons, so that you may get some experience in brokerage. Don't let it interfere with your regular work. And watch your step with Ellerbach; he's a dangerous man. He's a disbarred lawyer, and he specializes in tricks and monkey business. I imagine he's trying to get something on which he can trump up a claim on the property, and then he'll start a big strike suit, and the owners will be glad to pay something to get rid of him. That's his style. But give him the quitclaim if he offers you a fair price!"

"What would be a fair price, Mr. Mahony?"

"Oh, three times the best he's willing to pay."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry. "I shall do my very best to sell it to him, sir."

IV

"MR. SIMMONS, isn't it?" Henry looked up and saw a tall and bony gentleman stooping over the desk and smiling benignly.

"My name is Ellerbach," said the gentleman in a hushed and unctuous voice. He let himself cautiously down into a chair, placed his dusty derby on Henry's desk with the care he might have used in putting down a contact bomb, and slowly passed a dirty silk handkerchief over his bald head. He had looked behind him before he sat down, and now his gaze swept the semicircle in front before returning to Henry.

"I have taken the liberty to call on you in reference to that quitclaim from Miss Niles," he said; "the quitclaim to that block over by the park. Miss Niles tells me that you are her man of affairs."

"She has given me charge of the matter, Mr. Ellerbach," said Henry. "May I ask what you want the quitclaim for?"

"Certainly, Mr. Simmons," said Ellerbach cordially. "Certainly you may. I think that is a very fair question, and I am glad you asked it. I want it to use in clearing up the title to that block, Mr. Simmons."

"I see," said Henry vaguely.

"In the course of your professional experience, Mr. Simmons," said Ellerbach blandly, "you will have observed that many titles in New York are defective. No doubt you have encountered flaws in title occasioned by after-born children, dower rights acquired through secret marriages, mistakes in identity, defective descriptions, rights in party walls, vanished monuments and a host of like defects that make titles unmarketable and often upset very promising deals."

"Well, yes," said Henry, clearing his throat. "I have heard of such cases."

"I make it my humble business to clear up such defects, Mr. Simmons," said Ellerbach. "I am a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, as the poet said. With the aid of a small knowledge of real-estate law, I search out such defects in title to properties and devote my best efforts to clearing them up and curing the titles. I put personal inquiries afoot at great trouble and expense, and discover such secret marriages and learn of children born after the deaths of testators, and the like. And then I obtain quitclaim deeds from such persons—who would never learn of their rights except through me—and I transfer these deeds to the owners of the properties."

"What claim has Miss Niles on the properties in that block?"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Simmons, that is my little secret. I beg of you, my dear fellow, not to be so unfair as to press me to disclose it. Perhaps she has none. Come, I will be perfectly fair with you—go to the title companies that have insured titles in that block, go to the lawyers for any of the owners, and offer to sell them a quitclaim deed from the heir of old Harrison Niles! They will laugh at you, my dear boy; they will laugh at you. They will tell you that a deed from Miss Niles would be of no more legal effect than a deed from Mr. Simmons, if you will pardon me for saying so."

He beamed on Henry benignantly.

"I perceive your difficulty, Mr. Simmons," he went on. "You do not feel that it would be fair to charge Miss Niles any considerable commission on such a sale, is not that it? I think it is a very honorable scruple. At the same time, Miss Niles and I cannot expect to have the use of your valuable services as an intermediary without paying properly for them. I suggest then that you relieve Miss Niles of the burden of paying you anything, and let me pay your commission. What if I were to offer you fifty dollars as a brokerage, eh?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Henry with a superior smile.

"A hundred then," said Ellerbach whisperingly. "A hundred dollars for your trouble, Mr. Simmons."

"But you do not understand, Mr. Ellerbach," smiled Henry, marveling at such ignorance of real-estate usage. "You see, Mr. Ellerbach, I am acting for Miss Niles, and therefore I cannot take a commission from you. That would not be fair to Miss Niles, unless I were to tell her that you were paying me a commission also. Listen, Mr. Ellerbach, and I will explain this to you."

"But that is precisely what I meant, my dear boy!" said Ellerbach. But he abandoned that line of approach at once. "I had no idea of paying more than fifty dollars, but since you have worked me up another hundred dollars I shall keep to my word. Will you recommend acceptance of a price of one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Is that your best offer?" asked Henry.

"My very best. I assure you upon my word of honor, my boy, that I shall not pay another dollar."

"I think the deed is worth three times that," said Henry.

Mr. Ellerbach emitted a whistling moan.

"Four hundred and fifty dollars! That is a frightful price, my dear fellow! A ruinous price! I should never get the money back if I paid such a price, let alone getting some little fee for my work."

He sat staring dejectedly at the desk.

"Come!" he exclaimed, rousing himself with an effect of recklessness. "At least it is a definite price. You drive a very hard bargain, Mr. Simmons; but at least you can make a price and stick to it. That is the devilish part of dealing with women; they never know their own minds; but men can always come to an agreement. Come, I can't afford to lose all my work—say four hundred and fifty dollars and have done with it! Then you'll recommend acceptance of that price to Miss Niles?"

"No," said Henry mildly. "I couldn't recommend it, Mr. Ellerbach, because I think the quitclaim is worth three times that."

Mr. Ellerbach sat motionless for a moment. Then he snatched up his hard hat, crashed it down on his bald head as though he did not care if it exploded or not, and glared so unkindly at Henry that the young man's mouth opened in alarm. Mr. Ellerbach tried to say something, but made only an inarticulate hissing noise; he lurched up and stalked from the office.

The next day, toward evening, Henry received a registered letter containing a note from Miss Niles:

Dear Mr. Simmons: Here is a paper that was served on me an hour ago. Somebody is suing

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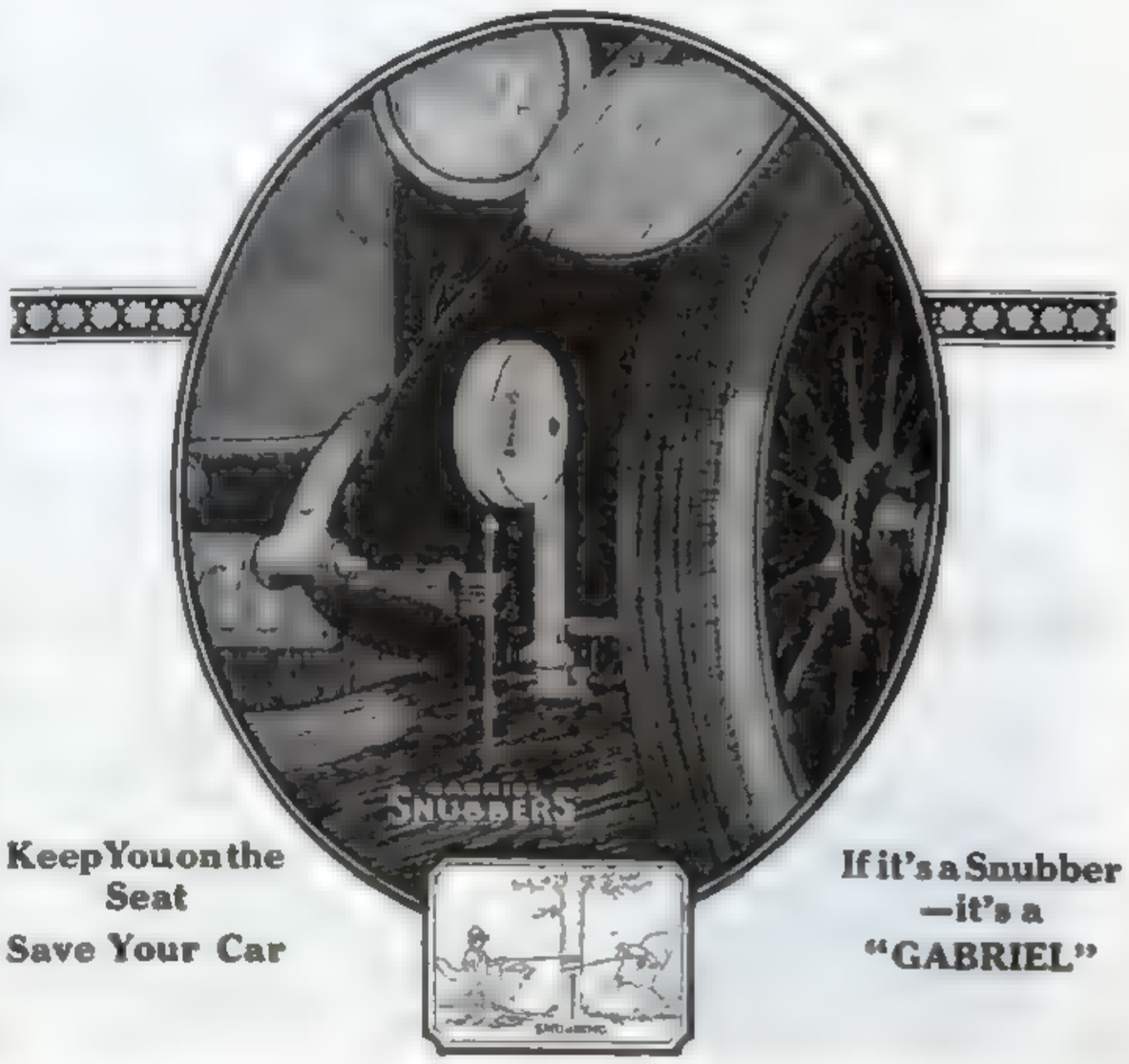

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me about that Seventy-first Street property. I was down to your office just now after the atelier closed, but your office was closed up too. You will know what to do, Mr. Simmons, and I will leave it to you. Wouldn't it be better to give the deed to Mr. Ellerbach, and not have any trouble? JANET E. NILES.

The inclosure was a summons and complaint, entitled In the Supreme Court of the State of New York: Seismic Realty Corporation against Janet E. Niles. In the space beside the title was written: "Foreclosure of Tax Lien."

Henry read the four typewritten pages, and then sat back and thought for five minutes. Henry's thinking was a process of reducing his mind to vacuity and waiting for flashes of instinct to cross the void. By such a process a man may very well think of something he would like for dinner, or may bethink himself of an engagement; it is the memory process. At the end of the five minutes Henry had thought of nothing. He carried the summons and complaint to Mr. Mahony. The manager skipped through them.

"This is Ellerbach's work, no doubt," he said. "It says that Miss Niles owns a strip of land four inches wide and two hundred feet long, running through the block from Seventy-first Street to Seventieth Street. It says that taxes were assessed on this strip, and weren't paid, and the city sold the tax lien to this Seismic Realty Corporation, which is now foreclosing."

"A strip of land four inches wide?"

Mahony had pulled a city atlas to him, and was totting up the frontages of the lots facing on Seventy-first Street.

"I see it," he said, tapping his fingers. "This four inches is what is called a surplus in the block. You see, the block is eight hundred feet long; but if you add up the frontages of the lots you get seven hundred and ninety-nine feet and eight inches. The four inches were lost by a mistake in selling the lots, probably fifty or sixty years ago. The lots in the westerly half of the block were described according to their distance from Columbus Avenue, beginning so many feet east of the corner of Columbus Avenue. The easterly half was monumented by its distance from Central Park West. Where they should come together in the middle there is a four-inch gap. Such survey errors were quite common in the old days when land wasn't very valuable. The result is that there is a four-inch surplus in the middle of the block that was never sold to anybody, and belongs today to the heirs of the man who owned the entire block a long time ago. Cases like this often pop up, and make no end of trouble, because it is often impossible to locate the heirs of people who died generations ago. About the only way to cut off such claims, when the necessity arises, is by foreclosing tax liens on them."

"It's funny Miss Niles never knew she owned that strip," said Henry, not grasping the explanation instantly.

"There are many sizable plots of land on Manhattan Island that nobody lays claim to," said Mahony. "Such parcels often run to several thousand square feet, and are worth many thousand dollars. But this case is different. I can't imagine what Ellerbach wants this strip for. It's not worth a dollar, by itself. But here he's bought a tax lien for two hundred dollars, and it will cost him a couple of hundred more to foreclose. I can understand why he offered Miss Niles fifty dollars for a quitclaim; that was to save the expense of foreclosing. But what good is it to him when he has it?"

"He offered four hundred and fifty, Mr. Mahony."

"He did?" Mahony studied the atlas. "And he tried to get her to make a quitclaim on the entire block, that was so that she should not learn where her bit of property was. I wonder what's his little game in trying to keep the matter dark. I'll tell you what to do, Simmons. The strip runs right through here, see?

"Tell the adjoining owners about it, and ask them do they want to buy it. I don't see who else Ellerbach could expect to sell it to. It's really not worth bothering with, so don't let it interfere with your other work."

Henry would have liked to have the astute advice of Douglas Pendergast on the matter, but that ambitious youth had quit on the preceding Saturday and had gone forth to take up his new job as an educational director. Henry returned to his routine at the filing case. When Mahony left at five o'clock he saw Henry still shuffling the cards, hurrying to get through his appointed task in order to turn his talents to the sale of Miss Niles' real-estate holdings.

V

MISS JANET NILES took off her stained apron, washed her hands with a chemical and with soap, stood before a mirror, stabbed a hatpin through and through her head without piercing a vital organ, and walked down the stairs from the atelier to Amsterdam Avenue. She was tired. She had been painting The Last Supper. Da Vinci must have been tired out when he finished The Last Supper, although he was a man of great physical strength and was rich enough to take his time. Miss Niles had painted The Last Supper sixty-four times that day.

Beside the entrance to the loft stood a round-faced and serious young man in the grave garb of a pallbearer. He lifted his round-topped hat to the departing artist.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Simmons," she cried with radiant smile.

"Good evening, Miss Niles," said Henry. "I called to see you about your property."

"I am walking home, Mr. Simmons. Shall we go over along the park?"

"I should be delighted, Miss Niles."

They went over two blocks and walked alongside the park. Henry told her the legal effect of the papers that had been served upon her, explaining what a tax lien was, and a foreclosure. He told her all he had been told to the last word, having an excellent memory.

"I called up the owners of the lots and houses on either side," he said, "and offered to arrange a sale of your strip. But they said they were not interested at all."

"Then Mr. Ellerbach would seem to be the only possible buyer."

"That is the conclusion to which I have been arriving, Miss Niles," he said.

"I think you have done perfectly wonderful, Mr. Simmons," she said gratefully. "I know that your mind is taken up by big affairs, and it is awfully good of you to attend to this for me. I have to marvel at the way you understand all about such deep matters."

"It is just how one is gifted, I suppose," he said. "Some people are gifted one way and some people another. Don't you think so, Miss Niles?"

"I do, indeed," she said. "I think that is it precisely."

They walked along. He stole side glances at her. He had never before felt at ease in a lady's company, certainly not since he had bought his book of etiquette—The Complete Gentleman. The reading of that book had bred in him a chronic self-distrust and timidity; the book had told him in so many words that he would be sorry for the rest of his life if he did or said anything while in a lady's company beyond just what the book told him. But it seemed to him that Miss Niles was another sort from the terrible females who figured in the illustrations to The Complete Gentleman. If he left her without repeating just the right phrase, she would not look after him with blazing eyes as the illustrated lady did, she would not even burst into mocking laughter, as the illustrated bystander ladies did. He felt that she was a good fellow and a right sort.

They rounded the park wall at One Hundred and Tenth Street and walked to Seventh Avenue, and north on that thoroughfare. Miss Niles halted before a stately apartment house and held out her hand.

"Would you care to run up for a moment, Mr. Simmons?" she asked.

Here was one of the worst stickers in the book; how a fellow answered in a case like this would make or break him; it was touch and go.

But Henry answered without a qualm, "I would like to, Miss Niles."

They ascended the wide steps of massive granite and entered the public hall. The hall was floored with marble and walled with onyx. A West Indian person in a red-and-gold uniform looked out at them from a gilded cage.

Miss Niles hesitated in the center of the marble floor. A far-away look came into her gray eyes.

"I wonder is my aunt at home this evening," she said. "Sit down there a moment, Mr. Simmons, please."

Henry seated himself on the indicated armchair of black teak. Miss Niles entered the cage, which ascended and disappeared.

Miss Niles disembarked at the fourth floor and went to the kalamein door of her aunt's apartment. Her aunt, a stout lady in a wrapper, opened the door. Miss Niles hurried by her and looked into a room.

"Oh, darn it!" she said vexedly. "Isn't Mr. Garrison gone on the road yet? I thought he was going this morning."

"No, dear," said her aunt, "he's not going till Thursday now."

"I thought we'd have the parlor to sit in tonight. And I suppose Mr. Phillipon is still in the dining room."

"Mr. Phillipon and Mr. Bogash. I put up another bed today. Why, Jane?"

"Nothing," said Jane, passing her again.

Miss Niles summoned the elevator and returned to the hall below.

"I am sorry," she said. "My aunt is not at home. The maid is out too."

"That's good," said Henry. "Then what do you say if you and me go out too? We will get a bite at some restaurant."

The imprisoned West Indian had stared at him so implacably with his China eyes while Miss Niles was aloft that Henry had become depressed. He was glad to be excused from invading the splendors of an apartment of which this overawing hall was a mere anteroom.

"Wait here," said Miss Niles promptly.

When she returned again she had doffed her shirt waist and blue skirt, and was attired in the suit of gray serge with the lace collar.

He escorted Miss Niles up Seventh Avenue to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, and into a restaurant that was packed with patrons, a-roar with the clatter of dishes and foreign languages and blue with cigarette smoke. A stout man in evening dress took charge of them at once, and they wriggled obediently after him. The stout man worked a table back and forth, apologized all about him for bumping and then bumped some more, and there they were, seated as snugly as though they had been placed with a shoehorn.

"The regular dinner is fine here," suggested Henry. "Two regular dinners!" he shouted to a deft and acrobatic Rumanian waiter. "Oyster cocktails, noodle soup, oxtails, fresh ham with *apfel schmoos*, baked potatoes with paprika, French peas, peach *strudel*, ice cream and coffee. There's lots of other stuff goes with the dinner," he assured Miss Niles. "Or did you want something special?"

The Rumanian shot away and back again. He strewed the table with dishes of chopped beets in oil, of diced herring and potatoes, of cold and crisp radishes, of coleslaw in oil and paprika, of small fishes entire and of shavings from monsters of the deep. He brought them plates of lettuce upon which had been poured a mixture of ketchup, chopped green peppers, mayonnaise, sugar, paprika, pepper, salt and cottonseed oil. He tucked in small platters of goulash; and still the regular dinner—sixty cents—had not got under way.

They ate. At times they tried to talk, but they found it easier to nod vigorously and smile and giggle. They had really nothing to say to each other, except that they were very much pleased to be where they were, and that the dinner was perfectly wonderful and that everything was perfectly all right. The incessant noise did not permit them to talk, but they could not have said the same things so well.

After dinner they went to a picture, where silence was again imposed upon them. And still they became very well acquainted.

"He's a dandy fellow," said Miss Niles to her aunt at eleven o'clock. "He's got a very important position in that big office, and he spends money like water. He eats every night in a stylish restaurant, and then he takes in a theater. Then I guess he just tears around. He said to me just now, 'The night is young.'"

"He's one of these sports," said her aunt.

"Well, what if he is a little lively? A bachelor like him can't be expected to sit at home and mope. And at least he does not pretend to be something that he is not. It would be different if he was married; but a fellow naturally wants to sow wild oats. That is the very kind that settles down and becomes steady when he gets under the right influence."

"Did you ask him to call?"

"He wanted to, but I wouldn't let him; not right away; not until Thursday."

VI

DOUGLAS reappeared in the office two weeks later. "Thought I'd come in here again and hold on until I landed something good," he explained.

(Continued on Page 141)

GRADUATION

Stores are prepared for this Season of Events with

Parker Gifts Duofold Quality

They tell that your heart is in the giving!

IT IS only human after all to "look a gift horse in the mouth," if the gift be something of indefinite value. But send a gift that everyone knows and aspires to have, like the Parker Duofold Pen, and the moment the wrapper is off *a burst of eager welcome will hail the discovery!*

Time cannot dim that first glow of pleasure produced by this cheery, black-tipped, lacquer-red pen—for day by day the owner of the Duofold becomes endeared to its business-like balance, its over-size ink capacity, its super-smooth point. An everlasting point is this that you dare let anyone use because no style of writing can distort it.

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Duofold standards prevail in all Parker Pens and Pencils—in design, symmetry and balance, and in writing facility, these are the classics of their kind. All are produced by the Parker guild of craftsmen, whose Duofold Pen exemplifies their super-skill.

The mark of this guild is the name "PARKER." *Unless it is stamped on the gift you cannot get Duofold quality.* Look carefully.

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The best iron made

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Sold by dealers and electrical companies everywhere

American Electrical Heater Company
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.
Oldest and largest exclusive makers in the world
—established in 1894

(Continued from Page 138)

"Didn't you like being an educational director?" asked Henry.

Douglas sniffed.

"They can't fool me, Simmons," he said. "It didn't take me any time to find out that they were just trying to get me into a rut. Why, that was only a scheme of a publishing house to sell their books! Oh, I got on first rate. I sold a lot of histories, and the manager wanted me to stick in the worst way; but I told him I wasn't just looking for a job. I told him what I wanted was an opening, where a fellow with the right stuff and ambition in him could get ahead. So I dropped in here yesterday and saw old Mahony, and he was tickled to take me back."

Henry answered the telephone.

"Mr. Mattuck? Yes, this is Mr. Simmons. I suggest you call to see me, Mr. Mattuck, in reference to that lot of yours on Sixty-seventh Street. Your price of forty thousand dollars is too high. . . . Oh, yes, certainly; but the three houses adjoining are in one ownership, and they are priced at ninety thousand for the three. They're very cheap, yes. At that price they'll be snapped up for a building operation, and then I'm afraid you'll be left out in the cold. You couldn't get twenty-five thousand for your lot, Mr. Mattuck, if it was alongside a nine-story building. And if a building was put up on the other side of you, too, your lot wouldn't be worth fifteen. You'll call? Any time, sir, between nine and five."

"He's catching on," murmured Douglas. "He's learning how to make them talk turkey."

Douglas plunged into the work again. Mr. Mahony had renewed his enthusiasm for the real-estate business by making him certain promises, sweetening thereby some plain and unpalatable comments. Douglas was intelligent, energetic and of excellent address.

Almost at once he resumed direction of the work. Henry did not oppose this; Henry craved direction, and was almost helpless when confronted by a new situation. He admired Douglas very much, and yielded to him, except on matters within Henry's experience. There Henry was stubbornly confident.

Douglas' enthusiasm ran at full tide for a week, and then began to ooze away. At the end of six weeks he was again completely bored. He absented himself from the office on mysterious errands.

One morning toward eleven o'clock Henry went to Mahony's desk.

"Here's a paper that Miss Niles was served with, sir," he said. "I thought I would show it to you and ask if it was all right."

"It's a notice of the sale under foreclosure," said Mahony, glancing at the document. "It's going to be sold today. Didn't you tell me sometime ago that you had arranged to sell that thing to Ellerbach?"

"Yes, sir. He said the price looked right, and I should wait to hear from him."

"And you've waited," said Mahony, looking at the clock with a shrug of the shoulders. "Well, Simmons, you have only one more hour to wait. At the end of that time the strip will have been sold to Ellerbach, and he'll be ready to talk to you."

"Do you think he will, sir?" asked Henry relievedly.

"Yes: in another hour he'll tell you to go to thunder. It's too late to talk to him now. If Miss Niles wants to sell that property to him or anyone else, she'd better jump down to the auction room and bid it in."

He scowled reflectively.

"It's really not worth bothering about," he said; "but I'm not going to have that fellow playing his tricks around this office. He said he'd pay four hundred and fifty dollars for the strip, and he's going to pay it or not get it. What are you doing this morning, Simmons?"

"Nothing at present, sir."

"Then jump down to the auction room down in Vesey Street and bid that strip in. When he sees you there he won't bid more than the amount of his lien and expenses; he'd only be running up the price on himself, since he can buy the strip from you at private sale."

"Yes, sir. How much shall I bid, sir?"

"Bid it in! Bid it in, as you'll be acting for the owner, who will get all the surplus money. You won't have to put up more than 10 per cent of the charges against the strip. But wait! I suppose somebody better go who understands more about these things. Get Pendergast. Where is Pendergast?"

"He's gone out, sir, to see a party."

"Then you must go. Call up Miss Niles and tell her to be down there with a check for a hundred dollars before twelve o'clock."

"Would it be just as good if I put up my own money, sir? I have fourteen hundred dollars in the bank. She's leaving it all to me, so I thought I would have the right to put up my own money."

"No objection, if you think she'll pay you back," said Mahony, smiling, but surveying Henry with a touch of increased respect. "Give them our name and they'll take your check. Run along now. Those real-estate auctions are held at twelve noon sharp."

Henry hurried from the office to the Elevated and rode down to Park Place. At ten minutes to twelve he was hustling up Vesey Street toward Broadway.

"Hello, Simmons!"

Pendergast had caught his arm.

"I was going up to get you," said Douglas pleasedly. "Come on over with me to the Singer Building. I've just landed a wonderful job, and they need one more man. I can work you in, Simmons. The job will pay thirty a week to start, and as soon as you learn the ropes you'll get a big executive position."

"But I've got a job, Douglas," said Henry, pulling away. "And I've got to go to the auction room now to bid in a property. Mr. Mahony told me to."

"Yeah? Mahony sent you down here to bid on a property? That's funny, Simmons. He generally sends a mighty clever man for work like that. Where's the property? Is it that hotel that's going to be sold today?"

"It's Miss Niles' property near the park," said Henry importantly.

"Oh!" The grin showed that Douglas' good humor was restored. "Valuable parcel of land, that, Simmons."

He coughed to mask a laugh. He fell into step beside Henry and they entered the auction room.

Douglas made an inquiry and led Henry to the farther end of the room. He consulted a placard tacked to the side of a stand. "Here's your auction, Simmons," he chuckled.

The habitués of the auction room were drifting in from the street. Most of them clustered about an adjoining stand whereon was displayed a diagram of the hotel property which was to be sold that day at partition sale. A few scattered to the other stands. None of them stopped beside Douglas and Henry. It was a gathering of men. All of them, including the lolling auctioneers, wore their hats.

A bell rang. The six auctioneers who had properties to sell picked up lengthy documents and began to read them. They read steadily, in low and gabbling voices. Henry could not catch a word of what they were saying. The law required them to read aloud the terms of sale, and they were doing so. The auctioneer at Henry's stand droned along for several minutes, and then accented the last word with a wakening yell.

"What am I bid?"

"Five hundred and ten dollars and twenty-five cents," said a voice behind Henry. Henry turned and saw a young man lifting his eyes from a paper.

"He represents the lawyer that foreclosed the tax lien," explained Douglas. "He's bidding the full amount of his bill."

"Five hundred and eleven dollars!" called Henry. He had not expected to bid so much, but he was game.

"I'll take five and a quarter," called the auctioneer above the noise from the other stands. "Five and a quarter! Five and a quarter! Five and a quarter! Any more? Going!"

"Five-fifty," said the young man who represented the lawyer.

"Five-fifty! Five-fifty! Make it seventy-five?"

"Seventy-five," said Henry.

"Five-seventy-five! Five-seventy-five! Any more? Going!"

The auctioneer raised his hand.

"Six hundred!" came a voice out of the *mêlée* before the adjoining stand.

"Six hundred over there!" shouted the auctioneer. "That's your bid, mister. Six hundred! Now six and a quarter! Six hundred! Going!"

"One thousand dollars," called a new bidder. Henry looked around and saw Simeon Ellerbach.

"One thousand dollars!" yelled the auctioneer. "Who'll make it two? This property would be cheap at three thousand dollars, gentlemen! A wonderful property, two hundred feet long! Have I got two thousand? Have I got fifteen hundred? Who'll say eleven hundred?"

The auctioneer fastened his eye on Henry and made evocative motions with his head.

"Eleven hundred," said Henry with a gulp of uneasiness.

"You darned fool!" hissed Douglas into his ear. "Why didn't you let him have it? That was six hundred dollars over the expenses, and you were willing to sell for four hundred and fifty!"

"Mr. Mahony said to bid it in," said Henry.

"Well, you've bid it in," grumbled Douglas. "For heaven's sake, Simmons, use your head sometimes!"

"Going!" shouted the auctioneer, raising his hand.

"Twelve hundred!" called the voice from the adjoining stand.

"Oh!" breathed Douglas. "That saved your life, Simmons! Let the fool have it!"

But Henry had nodded to the auctioneer.

"Thirteen hundred!" shouted the official. "Thirteen hundred right here!" He slapped the desk. "Thirteen hundred once, thirteen hundred twice, for the third and last time thirteen hundred—and the property is ——"

His arm trembled in air.

"Fourteen hundred!" snarled Ellerbach.

"Two thousand," called the hidden bidder.

"Two thousand and one hundred!" piped Henry, afraid to think.

The hand of the auctioneer at the adjoining stand crashed down and the hotel was sold. The crowd flocked toward the exit, except a few who stopped to watch in a sporting spirit the battle that had developed over the sliver of land in the fashionable apartment-house district of the upper West Side.

"Three thousand dollars," snapped Ellerbach, who was pale and ugly.

"Five thousand," said the third bidder, now revealed.

"That's Peters, of Morse & Peters," hissed Douglas, recognizing the dapper gentleman of middle age who had made the last bid. "That's the bird that stole the Berrick house. He must be acting here for somebody else, and he's overbidden himself. Let him have it!"

"Five thousand and one hundred," nodded Henry mechanically.

Ellerbach stared at Peters. Peters smiled easily back at him. But there was a shadow of puzzlement on Peters' lined and crafty face when he looked at Henry. Evidently he could not place Henry or understand what his interest was.

"Eight thousand dollars!" screamed Ellerbach.

"Ten thousand," said Peters with the *aplomb* natural to a man who is not betting his own money.

"And one hundred!" cried the auctioneer, pointing at Henry. "And one hundred here, gentlemen! Now give me eleven thousand! The property is worth every cent of twelve thousand, and it's going for ten thousand and one hundred! Going—once, twice, and the third and last time! Who says two hundred?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars," said Peters.

"And one hundred?" cooed the auctioneer, leaning down to Henry. "And one hundred? And one hundred! Fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars here! Who'll make it sixteen? Going at fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars! Shall I knock it down? Do you want me to sell it?"

But Peters had strolled away. Ellerbach was drifting off.

"Sold!" shouted the official, banging his hand upon the desk.

Henry's head was whirling as he was shepherded into an inclosure to sign the terms of sale.

"Who bought it?" asked the referee, frowning at Henry's proffered check for one hundred dollars.

"The owner, Miss Niles. I'm from the office of Felix J. Hopper."

"Sign here."

"Who bought it?" called Peters from beyond the railing.

"Felix J. Hopper, acting for the owner. Bid in."

VII

WE OUGHT to put at least six men on the work, to begin," said Mahony. "We might find it pays us to use twice as many."

"It will be quite an expense," said Old Man Hopper, reaching for a cigar.

the sprinkler with brains!

Rain King alone does more work and better work than two men with hoses. It throws the water farther. It is instantly interchangeable—whirling or stationary. Both nozzles can be turned in any direction, and both streams can be regulated independently, heavy or light, or both. Nothing like it has ever been made before

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Your furniture will "weigh" less

The easier and smoother a piece of furniture moves—the less it weighs to *you* and the less the floor feels it.

In your home every day pieces of heavy furniture are moved about in performing household duties.

Properly equipped with casters—the Bassick way—furniture rolls freely and silently, saves your hardwood floors, rugs and carpets from damage, and your furniture from becoming wobbly and loose.

Your dealer has Bassick Casters packed in the blue and yellow box. Just try out a set on the dining room table or one of the easy chairs. See how smoothly the furniture moves and turns at the slightest push. Bassick Casters earn their "premium" many times over in floor insurance.

And every piece of furniture you buy should be equipped with Bassick casters.

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Casters Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse and factory.

"We'll get it all back and a lot over on the selling end," said Mahony. "Every day in the week properties are being sold that we haven't got listed, or that we have listed so high they don't seem worth working on. We ought to keep more closely in touch with the owners. You know how quickly the owners change their minds about selling, and the first broker that gets to them makes the sale. Somebody dies and the family decides to sell and move out; another owner is suddenly pinched for money—that sort of thing. It's going to require more than half a dozen men to keep our indexes up to date, but then the prices will mean something when our brokers look them over for prospects."

"You may be right."

"I know I'm right."

"All right, go ahead. It's your funeral, Mahony. The expense will be charged against the brokerage department. Who's going to take charge of this new bureau of investigation?"

"I've got a good man. I've got two pretty good men, but only one of them is real good. I mean young Pendergast. The other fellow—Simmons—well, he does his best."

"You don't need a very bright man. It's routine work."

"No, I don't need a very clever man, though I'd rather have one. The position calls first of all for a man that's methodical and steady and thorough. And Pendergast is clever too."

"It will be his first executive job," said the Old Man thoughtfully. "He might make a big thing of it."

Miss MacGowan, his secretary, went to the door to receive a telegram. She slit it open, read it, placed it at the Old Man's elbow and returned to her desk. He picked it up.

"Glad to see him get ahead," he muttered, opening the message. "He's a bright boy. He's ——" He slapped the message down onto the desk before Mahony, snapped wolfishly at his cigar and flung the outer half into the cuspidor. "He's quit!"

Mahony lifted the telegram:

Am accepting position with large stock-brokerage house. Must resign to take effect immediately. PENDERGAST.

Mahony stared at the Old Man, while his hand slowly and viciously crumpled the telegram.

"It's enough to break a man's heart," mumbled the Old Man, masticating his mouthful of cigar.

"He was nothing so wonderful," demurred Mahony. "There are plenty more as good, and a few better."

"Oh—he!" growled the Old Man. "I don't give a snap of my fingers for him, Mahony. He amounts to nothing personally. But he's one of thousands and thousands, and that's what's heartbreaking.

"Clever young fellows—too clever to stick to a job. Too ambitious to do the same thing over and over, day after day. How many of them have you seen? How many have I seen? How many of them gave us the laugh when we were kids—because we didn't know our own interests any better than to stick to our jobs? And where are they? Where are all those hustlers that couldn't stand a monotonous grind? For the one of them that's got a good position today there are twenty—yes, fifty that are men about town looking for a job!

"And look at the old fellows that are holding down the big jobs all over. For the one that's unusually clever there are a dozen ordinary fellows that simply stuck and stuck and outgamed their competitors at taking punishment. They've got the jobs that belong to the clever quitters. They don't need to be clever; they don't need any brains; they've got the experience. They know their jobs!"

"It looks like Henry Simmons gets the job," said Mahony regretfully.

"Give it to him! He may not have the brains, but he's got the guts. And he'll get ahead, Mahony. Haven't I seen it? Those fellows of forty-five and fifty that drift in here and tell us they're college graduates, and ask for a job at twenty-five a week to rent apartments—are not the sort of young Simmons. No they're the clever ones, the too clever ones, the men about town—the Pendergasts!

"Bah!" he puffed, subsiding and reaching for a fresh cigar.

The telephone rang. Miss MacGowan answered it.

"Mr. Brower," she said. "For you."

The Old Man swept the instrument to him.

"Hello! Hopper, yes. . . . What's that, Brower? I don't know anything about it. Hold the wire." He spoke to Mahony. "He says we bought a piece of property at the auction room just now. . . . Hello, Brower! Yes, we did. What about it? Do you want it? What's it worth? I don't know how much we paid; the man isn't back yet. All right, go ahead. I'm listening!"

The wire rumbled steadily for several minutes. The Old Man promised to call back, and hung up.

"That was Jake Brower, the big operator," he said. "He's all heated up and wants to fight; he'd have called me names in another minute.

"He says he's been working under cover for a big syndicate that's planning to build a hotel on that block between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets. He says he's got every parcel in the block sewed up, and then he learned about a four-inch strip that runs right through the middle! Ellerbach was trying to get hold of it. The hotel syndicate must have that strip or the entire proposition will flop, and it was going to be one whopping big hotel."

"Is he asking what we want for it?"

"No, he's too mad. He thinks we put up a job on him. He says he'll pay twenty thousand for the strip, and that we can take it or leave it. We take it, don't we? I'll say it's some price!

"Hello, Brower! Send up your contract. The owner's name? Just a moment—the owner's name is Janet E. Niles."

"Will you marry me, Jane?" requested Henry. "My new position as manager of the department of statistics at Hopper's will pay me one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. That is a pretty good salary, and it will increase as the work of the department expands."

"It is nice money," conceded Miss Niles. "But ——"

Henry looked about the parlor of the Seventh Avenue apartment. He felt the deep pile of the velvet cover of the couch upon which they sat; it was a luxurious couch, big enough to sleep on.

"I realize that you have been raised in the lap of luxury, Jane," he said. "I spoke to Mr. Hopper today, and he said he got married when he was twenty-one, and it was root hog or die. That is a way Mr. Hopper has of speaking. And then I was reading where Theodore Roosevelt said people ought to marry young; well, I am too late to get married young, as I am going on twenty-four; but it goes to show. And you know what Horace Greeley said! Don't you think a man in my position should get married, Jane?"

"I certainly do," she said. "But why pick on me? There are plenty of other girls, and Mr. Hopper and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Greeley will be just as well satisfied if you marry any one of them."

"But—but I love you, Jane."

"That's a more sensible reason," she said, relenting. "But, Henry, are you the kind of a man that can settle down? Won't you regret your wild free life? You must have had an awful lot of girls running after you, Henry. And you do seem to enjoy yourself so much when you take me out. Can you put all that behind you, Henry? Can you settle down to have only one girl, and stay home of nights, and give up all your wild companions?"

"What wild companions, Jane?"

"Oh, I know what men are! And my aunt says the worst kind are the quiet ones. She says any girl is a fool that marries a man to reform him—not meaning you especially, Henry."

"We can become engaged at any rate, can't we, Jane?" he argued.

"Oh, engaged!" she agreed readily. "Certainly, we can be engaged!"

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This long-lasting flat oil paint comes in white and sixteen attractive colors—none of the harsh, brilliant effects—but the rich, glossless tones that bespeak refinement.

Velumina is manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, maker of many high-grade products, each of which has built up a reputation for high quality and perfect service.

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A good brush is as necessary as good paint.

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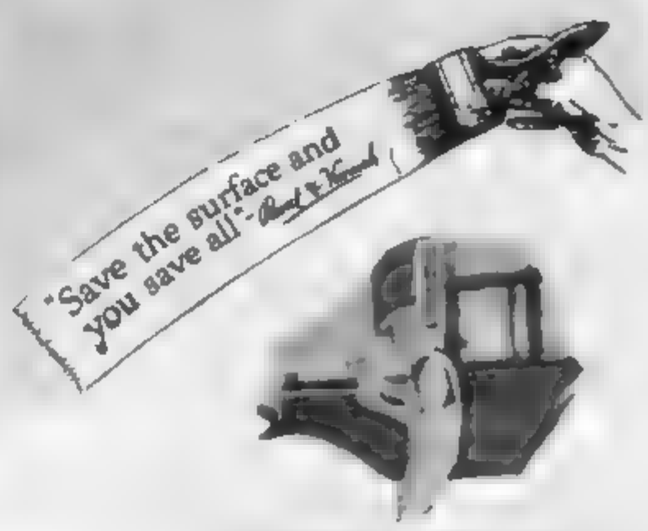

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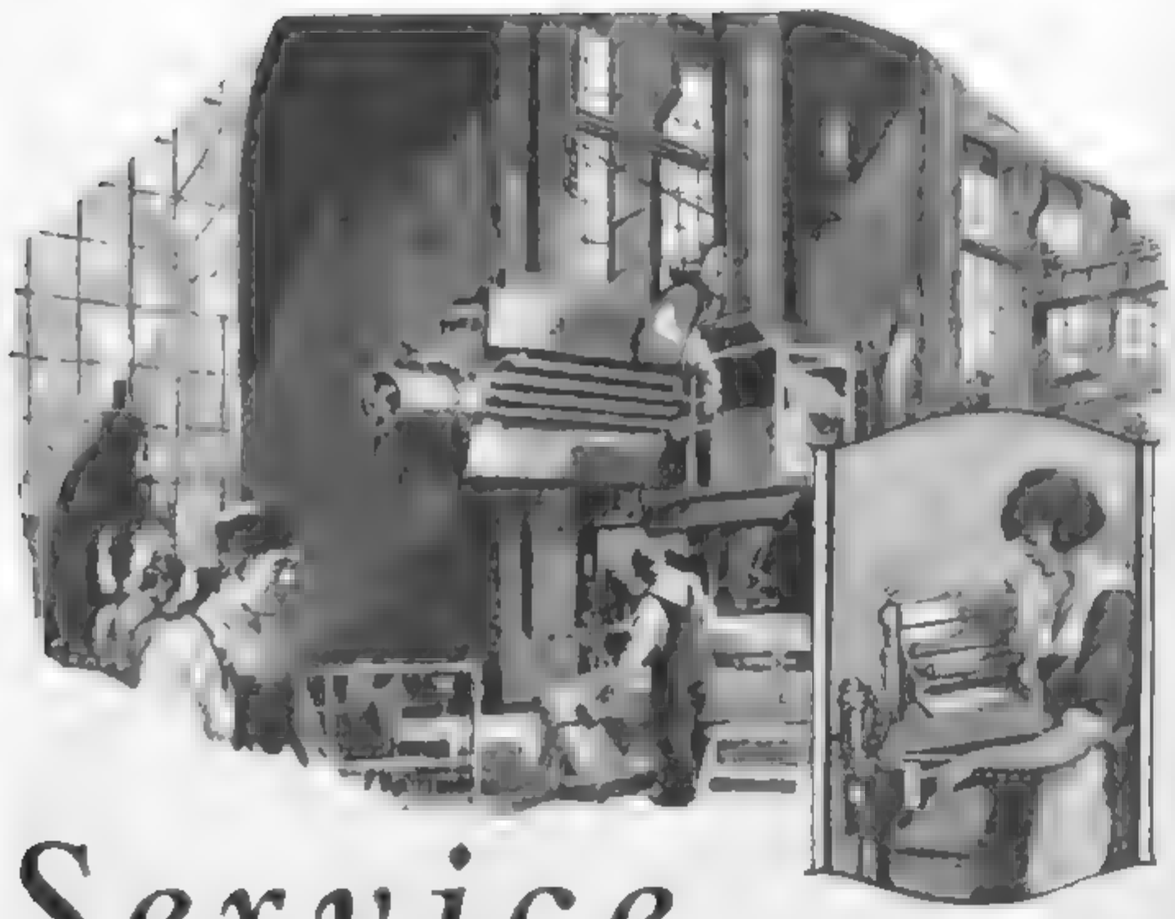

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NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

LABOR-SHORTAGE REMEDIES

(Continued from Page 17)

automobile field found itself greatly handicapped by unusually high costs and a low rate of production, due to the difficulties attending the manual handling of products from one department to another. The problem was solved by installing a mechanical transportation system which carries the sheet-metal stampings from the room where they are first pressed, on through other departments where the metal sheets are japanned, baked and finally assembled, ready for shipping or storage. Under this new arrangement, the parts to be finished are hung on crossbars, and are kept in constant motion, slowly moving forward to final completion. The tram-rail system is so well balanced that one man can push a loaded rack weighing two tons with the expenditure of very little effort. Under the former hand system the parts to be japanned had to be carried into the ovens by workmen, and with this plan it was necessary to let each oven cool down after each batch of parts was baked so that the men could go inside. Now, with the parts being carried through the oven by a continuous conveyor, no cooling is necessary, and ten batches of parts can be heated in a day, as compared with three formerly. Furthermore, with the old system seven ovens were used, whereas now only one large oven is employed. Before the change was made, the slow operation of the japanning department was a retardant to maximum production. Now the one oven can bake many more parts than the stamping department can turn out, and this is accomplished with less than half the number of men formerly employed.

Handling Shirts and Hot Rivets

Wherever we turn in industry or business we find people lifting or carrying articles of one kind or another, and the time must soon come when practically all this work must be delegated to automatic material-handling devices. Uncle Sam is taking an active part in bringing about this revolution to release a great amount of muscular effort, and the result is that several of the country's biggest post offices have been literally converted into experimental stations for the study of speed in handling material.

In one big post office more than four miles of belt conveyors handle 10,000 sacks of parcel post every hour. Hand trucks loaded with mail at business houses are hauled to the central post office on motor trucks coupled into miniature freight trains and dumped onto belts and chutes with amazing speed. Twenty-five years ago practically the only automatic devices used in post offices were the canceling machines. All the other work was performed by hand. Now one big post office alone will handle 800 tons of parcels in a day. To do this, baby tractors haul the trains of miniature trucks, and the parcels in these truck containers are unloaded onto moving belt conveyors through an automatic bottom that opens and closes without stopping the train. With the modern speed system of handling mail now employed, the motor trucks that carry the standard containers filled with parcels from business houses to the post office can deliver the loaded containers and take on empties in just seven minutes. With the new conveyor system, letters that have been posted and started toward the canceling machine are no longer lost and delayed by being buried under a later batch of mail dumped on top of them. There is a lot of talk concerning the inefficiency of Uncle Sam in business, and when it comes to supplying the patrons of the post office with pens that will write and with blotters that will blot, there is some foundation for the charge. But in the matter of material-handling schemes in several of our big new post offices, government methods might be studied with profit by private business.

It is practically impossible to turn to any kind of business in which some clever individual has not now developed and applied some ingenious method or device to the mechanical handling of the products of his particular industry. For instance, let us take the tedious work of distributing finished pieces in laundries. A few years ago it seemed almost hopeless to expect that an automatic system could be substituted for human hands in separating and properly placing the articles. Now, in a number of up-to-date establishments, the pieces that have been laundered are placed on a sorting table, which is also the terminus of miniature electric railways along which carriages run. With this system the person in charge of the sorting table picks up one or more articles that are the property of a certain customer, and then looks at a switchboard on which we will assume are fastened eighty cards, with the names of that many patrons arranged in alphabetical order. On each card is also the mark or symbol that identifies the pieces, and below is a push button. Underneath the several branches or lines of railway are rows of bins, eighty in all, each one corresponding to a customer. The articles picked up from the sorting table are placed in the carriage that operates on the line that runs above the compartment of this particular customer. Then the proper button at the switchboard is pressed, the carriage or container with the articles in it instantly moves along the railway, and on arriving at the proper bin, an automatic rake having several fingers and operated by a magnet immediately comes into action and sweeps the articles or bundle off the carriage and into the bin of the customer that owns the pieces. Following this, an automatic latch reverses the motor and the carriage glides back to the sorting table With this system it is possible for a laundry to sort and distribute finished pieces with a great saving of labor. The articles of as many customers can be handled at one time as there are buttons and cards on the switchboard.

In order to show the diversity of practicable material-handling methods, let me go from the sorting and placing of laundered articles to the distribution of red-hot rivets For years it has been the common practice to use a bucket and tongs in passing rivets by hand. This method not only has been expensive but has been accompanied by many dangers. Now we have perfected a system of distributing red-hot rivets by compressed air through a flexible metallic hose. This new apparatus consists of a compressed-air gun and storage tank, in addition to the metal hose which leads from the forge to the elevator. With this plan the forgeman draws the heated rivet from the fire, drops it into a receptacle at the end of the hose, and here the weight of the rivet opens a valve that again closes automatically. Immediately the forgeman's foot on a pedal applies the force of the compressed air, and the rivet is shot through the hose to the place where it is to be used, arriving free from scale and without any possibility of accident. In actual practice red-hot rivets have been thus carried 125 feet in seven seconds, with an air pressure of less than four pounds. In addition to the advantage of greater safety, this method has shown a 20 per cent saving in the cost of operation.

The Portable Power Plain

But though the handling of materials is undoubtedly a fruitful field of effort for executives bent on reducing the expenditure of physical labor, there are also great opportunities to cut costs and increase production through the installation of many other kinds of labor-saving devices. In the building field the unusually high rate of wages now prevailing has made it necessary for engineers to turn their attention to perfecting devices that will enable workers greatly to increase their individual output. One wonderful new tool for working wood is electrically driven, and is light enough for a carpenter to carry in his automobile to any job, where it will work by merely plugging into an electric-light socket. This machine will both saw and plane any piece of lumber not more than two inches thick. In actual practice the tool has turned out tenons, dadoes, bevels and plows quite as fast as this same work can be done on the larger stationary machines. In drafting rooms, production has been materially increased by using electric lights under transparent drafting boards, on which drawings are being traced. This scheme not only speeds up the work but reduces the chances of error.

And speaking of plans reminds me that one of our best-known efficiency experts has succeeded in saving much lost motion and many miles of travel in American factories by using a pocket map measurer in scientifically rearranging the routes along which materials move. The initial step in this

scheme is to make a ground plan of the factory showing all machines and gangways correctly placed and drawn to scale. After the drawing has been finished, it is then easy to map out the routes of materials from the beginning of the manufacturing process until the finished product is ready for shipment. Then by traversing each route with the map measurer, it is a simple task to indicate the shortest routings. The device for calculating distances in the factory works very much like the speedometer on an automobile. The distance from point to point is accurately recorded on a dial, in feet or meters.

Tens of thousands of men are now being employed either in the construction or the maintenance of our various highways of travel. Only a few years ago the better part of an entire summer was needed to lay a few miles of hard-surfaced road. Now we have a marvelous paver weighing thirty tons, which will automatically lay a mile of concrete highway in four days. On the paver is a derrick which picks up cars loaded with material and deposits the contents in a charging skip. From the skip the material is automatically released into a mixer, where water is added and the total batch is rotated in a drum for sixty seconds. After a full minute has elapsed, a clock mechanism opens the discharge gate of the mixing drum and the concrete flows out into the distributing bucket, ready for deposit at the proper place on the highway.

Mechanical Cleaning Devices

On our railroads much manual effort is expended in keeping the tracks respectably clean. Now comes one maintenance-of-way superintendent with a mechanical remedy in the form of a power-driven track sweeper, which cleans up ashes and all other accumulated dirt and loads this débris into cars. On one line in Pennsylvania this new device has reduced the cost of sweeping to one-half of what it was with hand labor. Now it is easy to inspect all rail fastenings, and with a clean track there is the practical certainty that signals will work properly. A gasoline engine operates the broom of the sweeper at a speed of 100 revolutions per minute, and a steel pan fastened in front of the broom catches all the accumulated cinders, coal dust, and so on, and discharges them into a hopper. Such a sweeper applied to all our railroads would release many men for other essential work. On another system promising results have been obtained in experiments with a new device that automatically lowers the gates at railroad crossings upon the approach of a train, and then raises them immediately the train has passed. Such a device should have been developed and applied in railroading years ago.

Some of the schemes that have recently come into use for saving time and labor are most unusual, to say the least. In Minnesota and other Western states they often have costly forest fires during the dry season, and the number of men required to master one of these fires represents a most unproductive expenditure of hand labor. An inventive genius has met this problem by supplying the ranger with a light portable pump, which altogether, including a small supply of gasoline, weighs less than seventy-five pounds and can be carried by one man. This machine has a capacity of twenty gallons of water a minute, and will throw a stream more than 130 feet in the air. In former times the only way to stop one of these fires was to rely on gunny sacks and use picks and shovels to open fire lanes. Now the pumps wet down fire lanes, stopping the progress of the blaze. Early tests indicate that each pump will replace no less than fifty men using picks and shovels.

Then there are problems constantly arising in city management, the handling of which is necessitating the exercise of much thought and skill. One job that has been growing literally by leaps and bounds is the task of cleaning up and removing the ever-increasing quantities of dirt deposited on our city streets. The use of hand methods in such work has saddled such a heavy expense on taxpayers that municipal engineers have been compelled to seek a remedy. The most promising solution is the use of motor-driven vacuum street cleaners, which operate much like vacuum carpet sweepers, and not only pick up dust and dirt from the street but at the same time spray the sweepings so thoroughly that dust is kept down and the danger of disease from flying germs is materially reduced. The first sweepers had large rotary brooms with wooden brushes revolving in front, throwing the dust swept from the street into the fields of vacuum suction. In one Middle West city, sweepers of this type in one year cleaned an area of nearly 60,000,000 square yards and took up about 4,000,000 pounds of dirt. Sweepers of the most recent design have rotary brooms that are not nearly so wide, and which are fitted with steel brushes instead of wooden ones. Steel brushes sweep cleaner and last longer. The material they scrub up from the streets is delivered to an elevator belt which carries it to a device that dumps the sweepings into a rear-end container.

Then there is the never-ending job of tearing up city pavements either to repair or to replace gas, water or sewer mains and telephone cables. Paving breakers using compressed air and operating from their own power are not only available for cutting trenches in which to lay pipe but they can be used successfully to demolish concrete and masonry in walls as well as roads, at one-third the cost of hand methods. In extended practice it has been found that one man using such a device can do the work of fifteen men using picks, and yet ever so many utilities and municipalities still continue to countenance manual methods. Likewise, there is the large expense entailed in painting and cleaning the exteriors of all kinds of buildings, and here again a host of people still stick to hand painting and scrubbing, in preference to the far more modern and less costly mechanical methods that are available for doing such work. The use of an air paint spray not only enables one man to cover three times as much area per day but proves more economical in the use of paint, while at the same time applying it much more heavily and evenly than is practicable by manual methods. In many localities at the present time various individuals have purchased compressed-air paint-spray outfits which have been mounted on small trucks, and are developing a profitable business out of going from farm to farm and factory to factory and painting dwellings, barns and other buildings. A small portable edition of the common sand-blast cleaner has been perfected and put on the market to clean paint from metal, finish off castings, or do other kinds of difficult cleaning work in homes, offices or factories, wherever an abrasive is needed.

Short Cuts in Telephony

The development of electricity brought with it the telegraph, but hardly had the telegraph come into general use before the telephone was perfected, and now each year in the United States there are 400,000,000 more toll messages than telegrams, and 6,000,000,000 more communications by telephone than by letter. The telephone is essentially an American invention, and it is used by a much larger proportion of people in our country than anywhere else in the world. But all this service is not rendered without a large expenditure of human effort, and it is only natural that our engineers should be engaged in developing methods to give more telephone service with fewer operators. Over in Europe telephone service is supplied only a part of each day, except in the thickly populated sections of the different countries. For example, in Switzerland, on week days, 96 per cent of the telephone exchanges are closed at 8:30 P.M., and do not open again until 7:45 in the morning. Both at noon and at night the service is shut off for more than an hour, while on Sundays and holidays the number of hours when phone calls can be made is considerably less than on week days.

Such a plan of rendering part-time service would not be tolerated here in the United States, so we must depend on the nation's inventive brains to evolve the necessary labor-saving remedies. One solution is being provided in the form of automatic telephones to replace thousands of hello girls. In some of our smaller cities automatic telephone systems are already in use, while in New York City last year the first automatic switchboard to be used in the nation's metropolis was installed. But this job of automatizing the telephone is no easy task. In completing this first installation in New York, which takes care of only 1700 subscribers, 7,000,000 soldered connections had to be made by hand, and the total work required two years. In view of the fact that there are 110 central offices in New York, serving more than 1,000,000

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COLOR brings out the grain and enhances the natural beauty of wood. With Johnson's Wood Dye—inexpensive woods such as pine and maple may be finished so they are as beautiful and artistic as fine hard woods. Johnson's Wood Dye is very easy to apply—it goes on easy and quickly without a lap or a streak. It penetrates so deeply that the natural color is not disclosed if the wood becomes scratched or marred. Brings out the beauty of the grain without raising it. Dries in four hours and does not rub off or smudge.

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Johnson's Wood Dye is a *dye* in every sense of the word. It contains no finish whatsoever—apply Johnson's Polishing Wax or Johnson's Varnish over it. JOHNSON'S WOOD DYE is made in fourteen standard shades—a few of which are—

Walnut	*Dark Oak*	*Golden Oak*
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All shades may be easily lightened, darkened or intermixed. Full directions on every label.

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users, it is evident that this effort to do away with human operators will require ten years or more.

In one Pacific Coast city the local telephone company has installed ingenious measuring devices, and all calls are accurately metered, like gas or electricity, and the bills of subscribers are calculated according to the time consumed by their conversations. This new metering device commences to operate when the conversation begins, and the mechanism automatically registers every interval of fifteen seconds, as long as the parties continue to talk. The moment the conversation ends, the meter stops and the person using the phone can read the exact time consumed, on three dials attached to the instrument. This system would not only provide a fairer method of charging for service than the plan now used, but it would tend to cut short unnecessary conversations that tie up wires and make them unavailable for more urgent communications.

In New England a large company, with varied interests got hold of a live-wire manager who lost no time in taking steps to effect savings of time and effort. In one large plant production was increased 18 per cent by substituting an entirely new system of direct illumination for the poor lighting scheme formerly used. In another plant it is necessary to move trucks over inclines connecting floors of different levels. It had often occurred that when the trucks were heavily loaded with materials, one would get beyond the control of the operator, and the result would be a serious injury to one or more men. The remedy that eliminated such possibility of accident and at the same time has made it easier to drive the loaded trucks up the inclines is a small windlass installed at the upper end of the grade. Before the loaded truck starts up the incline, the windlass chain is securely attached to it. One man operates the windlass, while the other handles the truck, and not a single accident has occurred since this new plan was put into effect. Another innovation was to equip each of the company's trucks with a portable track device which renders it easy to make repairs under the car. When anything goes wrong, the operator of the truck lowers the portable track at one end, the truck is drawn up the incline by a hand winch, and the track braced horizontally. The company uses many horses, and the latest wrinkle of this up-to-date manager is a cylindrical brush which fits into a hand-driven device similar to a common breast drill, which does away with the old method of currying horses by hand.

Power on the Farm

While the automatization of our offices and factories has been going forward rapidly, equally worth-while advances along labor-saving lines have been taking place on our farms. In the Middle West, where things are done on a big scale, machines are now operating that not only cut the standing grain but elevate it to a cylinder, where it is threshed. Then the grain automatically runs into a sack, and the straw from the threshed grain is left behind to be plowed under for fertilizing purposes. When conditions permit, a wagon is fastened to the side of the machine, and the grain is elevated directly into it, thus saving the expense of sacking. Only two men are needed to operate this whole outfit.

Probably no recent invention has done more to simplify farming than the motor-driven cultivator. This machine will clean two rows of corn simultaneously, at the rate of four miles an hour. By lifting the cultivator plows out of the ground this motor-driven unit can be employed in pulling a tandem disk-harrow. One ingenious farmer has equipped the cultivator with a spraying outfit, and in actual practice the machine has proved its general-utility value as a bug eradicator by throwing a fine mist of poison thirty feet in front and half that distance on each side. Experiments have also proved that the machine is an effective fire extinguisher, since it is able to throw a stream of water fifty feet from a one-inch nozzle. With only slight modification the cultivator becomes a sprinkler for dusty roads. At threshing time the cultivator can be equipped with a standard sweep rake, and with careful handling can be made to do the work of half a dozen harvest hands using horses and wagons to carry the shocks of grain to the threshers. When the time comes to use the binder, this same motor-driven cultivator can be employed, instead of a tractor or horses, to move the binder rapidly around the field.

There is no more tedious, tiresome work in the whole realm of farming than that of preparing seed beds. Now comes a new tractor-tiller that plows, disks, harrows and pulverizes, all in one operation. In this ingenious machine are revolving spades which drive into the ground and then throw the clods of earth with such force against an apron that they are pulverized. Moving down the field, the tiller mixes the sod, weeds and cornstalks into the soil, making a seed bed five feet wide. The machine can be adjusted to make a bed of any depth, and this feat is perhaps one of its greatest accomplishments. Such experimental work as has already been completed with this tractor-tiller indicates that machines of this kind can be made to reduce the expenditure of human energy in tillage operations to one-fourth of what it has been. If there is any industry in the world whose future is linked up with the greater use of labor-saving devices, that business certainly is agriculture. As there appears to be no way to advance the prices of farm products to net the producers a profit, the only alternative is a reduction in costs.

No branch of agriculture is more in need of labor-saving machinery than the growing and picking of cotton. It is therefore gratifying to know that remarkable results were obtained in the Oklahoma fields recently, when the growers were obliged to use a new type of cotton boller to save crops that seemed destined to be entirely lost because of a labor shortage. In actual use one machine gathered in a single day a quantity of cotton that would have cost fifty dollars to pick by hand. The boller is not much heavier than an ordinary mower, is pulled by a team of light horses, and needs only a driver and part of the time a helper to empty the baskets. The old days of plentiful field labor in the South have passed, and the only way we can keep the price of cotton within the average man's means is to install mechanical methods for hand labor.

Household Labor-Savers

Then there is the important matter of saving human effort in our homes. Not only are housewives finding it necessary to get along with fewer servants but they have also discovered that in order to keep help it is now imperative that work in our homes be made easier and more interesting. Among other improvements it is suggested that we use the hard iron enameled kitchen table, because it is more sanitary and easier to clean than the commonly used wooden-top table. The use of electricity for washing dishes is becoming more and more economical as time passes, and in the household laundry, washing machines, dryers, mangles and ironing machines have all been equipped with electric motive power. More people are going in each day for refrigerating machines, which are made to fit any icebox, and which can be easily connected up with the household electric-light system. A new automatic gas range has a built-in fireless cooker, top-heated by soapstone disks. An automatic valve that can be set for any time turns off the gas, allowing the fireless cooker to continue in service.

It's a barren month that does not bring forth some new kind of dish washer. One new style uses a turbine arrangement which can be operated by the force of the water coming through a rubber tube attached to a hot-water faucet. In a machine of another style, an electrically driven suction fan pumps air through the hot soapy water of the washer, agitating the water so violently that the dishes are thoroughly cleaned. There is a new teakettle which is so constructed that the top can be instantly opened by a slight pressure of the thumb. This saves time in removing and replacing the top. A new fruit-jar cap has a crosswise slot in it, and is easily unscrewed by placing a knife or similar tool in the slot and turning. A mechanical bean stringer permits one to strip the strings off beans by the mere turning of a crank; and to prevent the slipping of a jar while a tight lid is being unscrewed, we now have a new vise clamped to the kitchen table, in which a jar may be securely fastened in any desired position.

The housewife or her servant need no longer get down on her knees to do scrubbing, for there are electric floor scrubbers operated by an electric motor and designed

(Continued on Page 148)

The modern

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The pen with the red-headed filling pump

holds nearly as much ink as any three self-filling pens of the same size, of any make ----------→

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Six Exclusive Features that make the Dunn-Pen the modern writing implement:

1 ***One month's ink.*** The Dunn-Pen pumps itself full of ink—full clear to the top. Enough for a month of ordinary writing. The ink space in all ordinary self-filling pens is largely taken up by a rubber sac.

2 ***Visible ink.*** The transparent barrel of the Dunn-Pen shows the ink-supply. No chance of running out of ink unexpectedly. No other self-filling pen has a transpatent barrel, or can show the ink supply.

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4 ***Everlasting.*** Nothing to wear out or let go. The Dunn-Pen has no rubber sac, no springs, no valves. Only four major parts. Only one working part. That's what makes our unlimited guarantee possible and genuine.

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6 ***Unlimited guarantee.*** Do you think for a minute we could issue such a guarantee if the Dunn-Pen were just another "fountain pen"? If the Dunn-Pen had not already proved itself?

Why should you try to be content with an ordinary rubber-sac "fountain-pen" when you can go to a dealer anywhere with the same price, and buy a Dunn-Pen?

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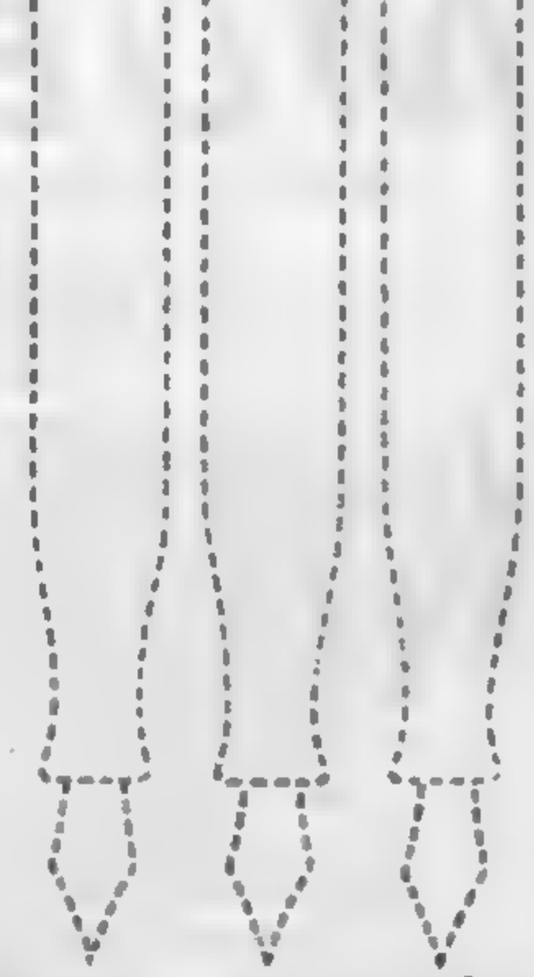
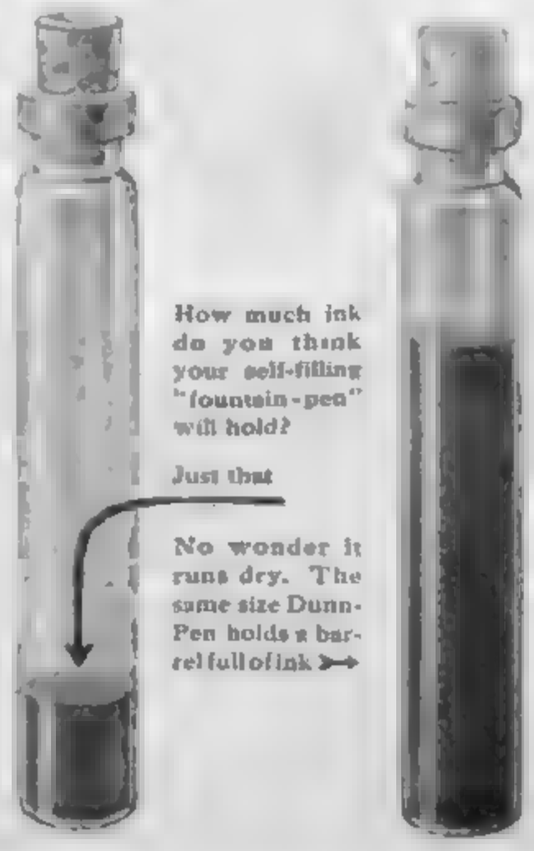


The Dunn Pen illustrated on this page is the Lever Filler model with transparent Bakelite barrel. Dunn-Pens cost no more than ordinary 'fountain' pens. All sizes, many writing points to choose from. Write for Dunn-Pen Booklet



How much ink do you think your self-filling "fountain-pen" will hold?

Just that

No wonder it runs dry. The same size Dunn-Pen holds a barrel full of ink →

Note These Desirable Features:

1. The hose is *permanently* attached, and *independent* of the spout.
2. To change the flow of water from spout to spray, merely *move the plunger.*
3. With No. E-3175 you can take *either* a tub-bath or a shower-bath separately.

Quickly Installed On Any Bath Tub

You can *replace* any single spout bath cock on any regulation bath tub with Mueller Faucet No. E-3175, and *at modest cost.* Hotels, apartment houses and private homes can therefore secure combination tub and shower baths, *easily and inexpensively*

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Made for every purpose for which faucets are used · Sold by good plumbers everywhere

Just imagine what a relief it will be these hot summer days, to be able to take a nice, cool, refreshing shower—morning, noon or night—right in your own bathroom!

Think of shampooing your hair, easily, quickly and perfectly—as often as you wish! And of making bath-time a happy time for the children, as well as for the grown-ups!

The Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet delivers hot, cold or tempered water, from either spout or spray, as gently or as forcefully as desired. With it you can take a tub-bath followed by an invigorating shower, regulating the temperature of the water to suit. Or, you can take either a tub-bath or a shower separately.

Best of all, the Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet fits any ordinary bath-tub; requires no attention; lasts a lifetime; costs only $12.50 in the United States, or $15.25 in Canada. Any good plumber will install it.

This is one of the many Mueller Faucets, made to meet every known faucet need, and representing the standard of excellence for over sixty years. Look for the name Mueller on each faucet; it guarantees service and satisfaction.

Write for the free book, "Dependable Plumbing", containing many helpful suggestions for your comfort and convenience.

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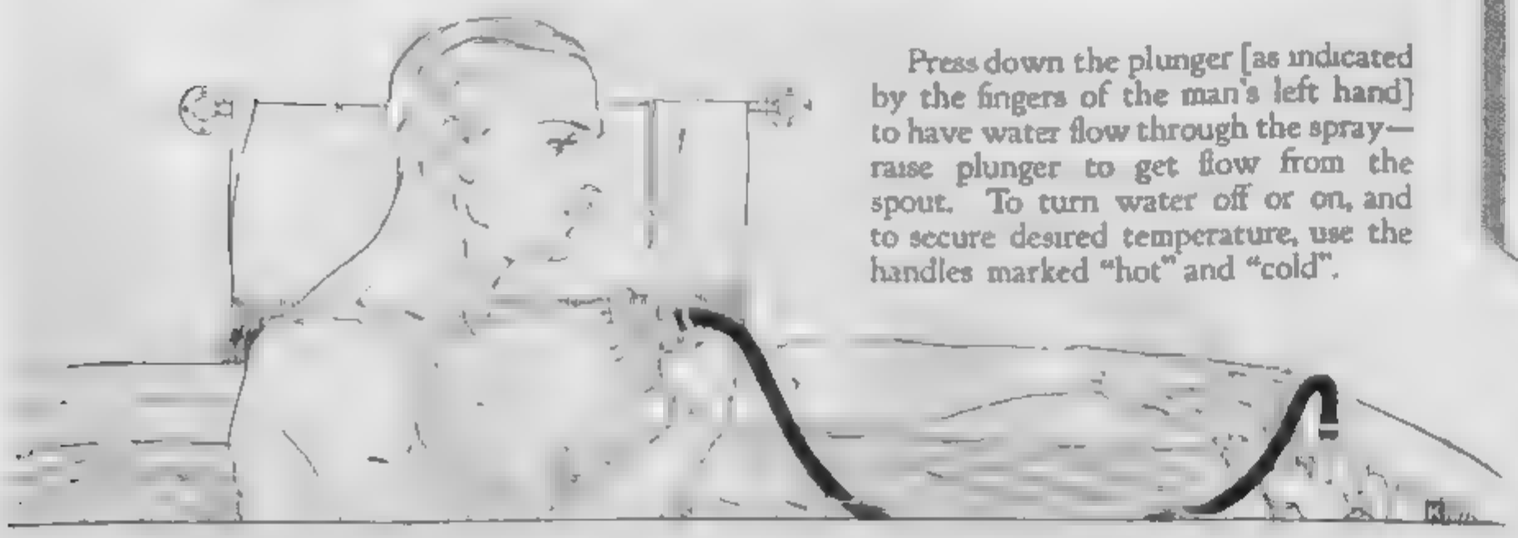
Mueller Metals Co., Port Huron, Mich., Manufacturers of Brass Pipe, Brass Rod, Brass Tubing and Brass Forgings.



Press down the plunger [as indicated by the fingers of the man's left hand] to have water flow through the spray—raise plunger to get flow from the spout. To turn water off or on, and to secure desired temperature, use the handles marked "hot" and "cold".

(Continued from Page 146)

to be pushed along the floor in much the same manner that one pushes a vacuum cleaner. Doors between kitchens and dining rooms can be opened by persons carrying trays simply by pressing a door-opening device with the foot. A new window-cleaning device has a rubber reservoir in the center of a pad, and water can be released on the window whenever the handle of the cleaner is raised. With the newest type of dustpan, the dirt that is brushed into the pan drops into a trough at the handle end of the pan and cannot fall out or be blown away unless the receptacle is completely overturned. A lot of people have installed underground garbage receivers which are placed in the ground near the kitchen door, and are so constructed that they emit no odors and are safe from dogs and vermin. Then there are the built-in garbage receivers, the fronts of which open into a kitchen and the backs to some accessible place outside. A drying cabinet is available that will dry laundered clothes from the wringer in thirty minutes. The cabinet is heated by gas, and combustion is so perfect that no flue connection is necessary.

In the up-to-date home today there are adjustable shutter workers that enable one to open and close the shutters without raising the window, and automatically lock them in any position. If the house is small, the stairway leading to the attic is a movable one that can be lowered or drawn up. These stairways, operating like the portcullis of old, are especially convenient in garages and other outbuildings. The last word in bathrooms is, of course, the built-in tub and the bowl attached to the wall, without any floor standard, so that there is no obstacle to hamper cleaning. All accessories are placed in the recesses of the tiled walls, to facilitate cleaning, and there are no metal parts to tarnish or rust, the entire scheme being composed of white tile and white vitreous china. If the house is a large one in the country, it has a combined interior and exchange telephone system, which not only affords means of communication between all points in and about the house, but makes it possible for any member of the household to use any phone in the system to call an outside number through the telephone company's central office.

But merely to fit a home with labor-saving devices is not all that is necessary Machinery in the home must be properly taken care of, just the same as that used in offices and factories. The housewife who goes in for mechanical devices must spend some little time in acquiring an understanding of just how they function. The simple fact must be borne in mind that every machine needs oil and must be kept clean. Most motors manufactured for home use require a grease lubricant. Washing machines in the laundry should be wiped dry after use. One good plan, after the washing job has been completed, is to fill the machine with clean water and let it run for a couple of minutes, so as to give the parts a good rinsing before they are dried. It is always best to pick up hairpins, tacks and buttons from the floor before using a vacuum cleaner, for much damage has resulted to the blades of cleaners by permitting such things to get mixed up in them.

The invention and use of automatic machinery has placed America industrially in the lead of all the nations in the world. It would almost seem, when one carefully surveys the field of human effort, that there is hardly any kind of task that man has ever performed but can be accomplished just as well or better by some ingenious metal device.

Science is no respecter of industries when it comes to substituting means that are mechanical for those that are manual. Whenever and wherever we can save the exercise of human muscles, we are releasing men and women for other productive work that depends more on brain power than on handcraft. Nearly 50 per cent of the cost of the necessities of life to the average citizen goes to cover the charges incurred in handling and transporting goods. Such a fact alone should indicate to everyone the necessity of encouraging the greater substitution of machines for men.

All the foregoing is presented not merely to show what a few live executives are doing to increase output and make the conditions of labor less arduous, but to suggest to thousands of employers the advisability of investigating all manual tasks and determining whether or not the work can be done with greater economy through the employment of purely mechanical means.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Parsons.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTHWEST

(Continued from Page 21)

rather dubiously at the warden's shooting iron hanging from his belt, and when I suggested we take a little walk farther up the cañon the smaller ones seemed somehow to hang back. Only by half carrying the four-year-old and pulling at the eight-year-old did I get them even a quarter of a mile up the wild and rugged gorge. Then the sun went down behind the mountain, and my stupid adult brain began to realize that the story had been too vivid and the surroundings somehow too real. We all felt better when the family had been packed into the flivver and the return journey started.

But the real nimrods of this region do not find thrills enough in helping the Government in its endless war against coyotes, wolves and lions. That is too tame and far too much work. For real sport one must drop down below the border into the district that touches on the Gulf of California. There hunting and fishing are more like what is found in the wilds of Africa and India.

But that, of course, is another story. The motoring visitor may never go hunting or even see a hunter or any animal more fierce than the giant jack rabbit. Certainly he rarely penetrates into Mexico beyond the border towns where liquor is to be had. But even on this side, in New Mexico and Arizona, he is in a country so much of which is held by the Federal Government in Indian reservations, forest reserves, game preserves and public domain, that the frontier flavor will not out. The ordinary citizen may not tote a gun any longer, if he ever did; but the line riders on lookout for smuggled Chinamen, the game wardens and forest rangers—these guardians of the frontier carry guns openly when they carry them at all.

Perhaps there is a thrill just in the fact that the wilder days are not so far off, after all, and that men not yet old can tell about them. The tourist who rides in comfort in a huge bus over the Apache Trail sees close alongside the old military wagon road, and just above that the trail itself, where the hostile Apaches made their marches. It is typical of the rapid change that has come, for the modern highway is very new indeed.

A group of men past middle life cannot forgather without a lot of good-natured chaff concerning their rough-and-ready pasts. It did not matter in earlier days whether the newcomer was by inheritance and nature a roughneck and wastrel or a polished and educated gentleman; in either case he could have his fill of adventure if he wanted it. One youth in the latter category was a deputy sheriff in Tombstone. To see him today, eminent member of a learned profession and corporation director, in his substantial, cultivated, cosmopolitan and middle-aged surroundings, it is hard to envisage him as a young deputy sheriff, ambushed and outnumbered by bad men, climbing the Continental Divide to save his life ——

"Finally my horse and I fell to the ground, exhausted, near a little pool at the foot of the mountain. We were safe now, and fell asleep. When I woke, a large bear was staring at me, about thirty feet away. I was afraid to shoot, because I was so exhausted I feared I could not aim straight, and if I had merely wounded him neither my horse nor I would have been able to run. Finally he walked off."

Not long ago there died in one of the older Spanish settlements of Arizona a character by the name of Frying Pan. His real name was Charles Alzamora, and he passed away at the age of seventy-eight. Pan in his time ran a small lunch wagon in front of one of the famous saloons and gambling houses, and won his name from the fact that he often left his lunch wagon when a particularly good hunch came to him and, with frying pan still in hand, hurried to the nearest gaming table to play his hunch.

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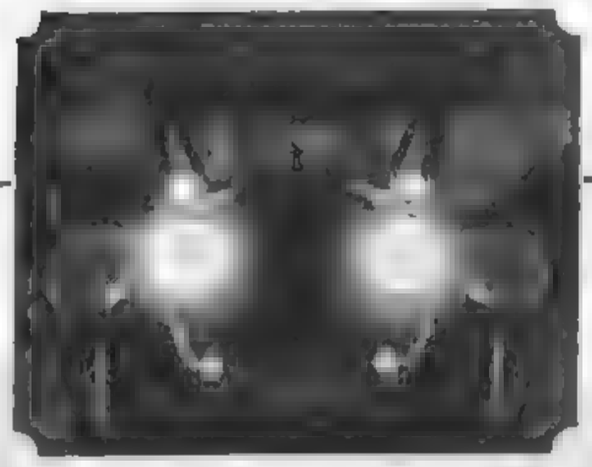

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One morning a prominent citizen stopped for a late breakfast of ham and eggs. The price was sixty cents.

"I have no ham and eggs in stock, but if you will give me thirty cents to pay for them I will be back in a jiffy and fry them right up for you," said Pan.

He was given the money, but did not come back for a long time. Finally he appeared, quite crestfallen and empty-handed

"Where are the ham and eggs?" demanded the irate citizen, beginning to suspect the truth.

"I played the thirty cents for doubles or quits," said Pan, "and lost."

A new and youthful president of the state university, on his recent rounds to meet the citizenry, was introduced by an old-timer to others; and usually each new acquaintance was described to him as an ex-saloon keeper, an ex-gambler, or an ex-train robber—mostly in jest, yet there was a spirit, an essence of truth in it all. The past is very close to the present in the Southwest.

"I am glad to meet you," said one old-timer as he held out his hand to the new president. "I saw your picture in the paper and said to my wife, 'He's a good-looking young feller, but he may be no darn good at that.'"

Such honest and joyous outspokenness can never be quite crushed out of a state where, except perhaps in the two largest towns, the mining camp and ranch are still the dominant influence. Yet it may be modestly and timidly suggested that some of the residents, especially the newcomers, who out-Western the Westerners, now and then exaggerate its free and peculiar flavor.

One can readily sympathize with the indignation of the state university official upon receiving a letter from a woman in the East wanting to know whether the professors are Americans; and with the state legislature when a letter was read from an Eastern motor publication suggesting that as many motorists would visit Arizona the forthcoming summer, it might be well to provide especial protection from the Indians. But the shoe is on the other foot also.

"I could never live in the East again," say many residents of the Southwest. "The trouble with the East is that family counts so much. Everything depends on who your father and mother were. Out here the only question is what you are yourself. You are accepted for what you are worth."

The partial inaccuracy of this comparison may be indicated by the fact that most of the officers of New York banks—and, indeed, of other large corporations in that city—came from the South and West and other sections outside New York, and that their selection was predicated upon almost every other consideration except their family tree.

Railroad Sociability

"I was riding once between New York and Philadelphia," said an old resident of a little city hidden away in the Western mountains, "and the trainman kept calling out to the effect that this train does not stop at such and such a station. I went up to him and said, 'Friend, we don't want to know where this train does not stop; we want to know where it does stop.' He merely glared at me coldly and said never a word. Up on our division the conductors know everybody and have a pleasant word for all."

"I agree with your feelings," I replied. "I live between New York and Philadelphia, and have never noticed any undue warmth and cordiality displayed by the trainmen toward their passengers; only cold-blooded efficiency. They have no time for harmless pleasantries like yours. But have you not forgotten that on a ninety-mile run from your town in any direction the train does not tap more than a few hundred people in addition to the few thousand in your own town? On the other hand, a train that runs from New York to Philadelphia leaves some 6,000,000 people; scoots through Jersey City, with 300,000; through Newark, which, with its suburbs, has nearly 500,000; through Elizabeth, with nearly 100,000; and New Brunswick, with 30,000; through Trenton, with more than 100,000; through Bristol and half a dozen other suburbs with many thousands in all, and ends up in Philadelphia, where there are 2,000,000. What you call your democracy may be merely the fact that your conductor sees the same passenger twice and our conductor rarely does. Your democracy is three-quarters the mere absence of people."

At the first session of the legislative assembly of the Territory of Arizona, held in the log cabin at Prescott in 1864, a bill was passed to create a territorial university; but no town was designated as the future seat of learning, and no funds were provided.

Two regents, however, were appointed. A few years later one was killed by Apaches and the other is said to have left the territory under a cloud. It did not matter so far as the university was concerned, for all thought of such an institution was obliterated shortly in the struggle which the pioneers carried on with Indians, a struggle that lasted for a full generation.

No further serious thought was given the subject until the winter of 1884–85, when the Thirteenth Legislative Assembly met. Prior to January, 1877, the territorial capital had been most of the time at Tucson; but in 1877 it was shifted to Prescott, for that town was then in the most populous county of the state. The people of Tucson bitterly resented losing the capital, and when their representatives went to the assembly late in 1884 violent resolutions were adopted demanding that they bring it back

The youngest of these representatives was a lawyer named Selim M. Franklin, now a distinguished member of the bar of his state. He was twenty-five and the youngest man in the assembly. The Tucson representatives knew very well they could not get the capital away from Prescott, or even the prison from Yuma; and among them they cooked up a scheme to bring back a university to appease the voters of their city.

Mr. Franklin's Stirring Speech

Now a university was about the last thing Arizona wanted or needed. As the saloon keepers and gamblers, who were the big business men of those days, said, "Who ever heard of a college professor buying a drink?" But that was not all. The territory contained only 40,000 white people, not a single high school, very few grammar schools, and practically no children or young people of college age

When the Tucson representatives reached Prescott, after a three or four days' ride by stage and buckboard, they found the situation even worse than they had feared Seven of the twelve members of the council, or upper house, including the one from Tucson itself, formed an agreement not to move or alter any existing territorial plum. Indeed, it was even suggested that the member from Prescott, which district had the most to lose by any change, had threatened to shoot anyone in the combine who broke the agreement, or perhaps even those who refused to enter into it.

But the citizens back in Tucson would not listen to reason. They held mass meetings and raised a fund, or sack, as it was then called, of $4000 to facilitate the recovery of the capital. With this sack enough good feeling was engendered to permit the introduction of a bill; but the combine stood true, even the member from Tucson, the Hon. C. C. Stephens, voting to make no change in the location of the capital.

When Stephens went back he was threatened with tar and feathers and his explanations were interrupted with revolver shots, rotten eggs and dead cats. For a time he walked the streets protected by a colored bodyguard. Meanwhile his colleagues in the lower house, knowing his predicament, rushed in a bill for a state university in Tucson, hoping that this might appease the angry citizenry. On the last day of the session young Franklin, who had the bill in charge, addressed the body, as nearly as he can remember, substantially as follows:

"The Thirteenth Legislative Assembly is generally conceded to have been the most energetic, the most contentious and the most corrupt that Arizona has had. We have been called the Fighting Thirteenth, the Bloody Thirteenth and the Thieving Thirteenth. We have deserved these names and we know it. We have employed too many clerks, we have subsidized the local press to cover up our shortcomings and we have voted ourselves additional pay in violation of the act of Congress.

"But, gentlemen, here is an opportunity to wash away our sins. Let us establish an institution of learning, where for all time to come the youth of this land may learn to become better citizens than we are, and all our shortcomings will be forgotten in a

Continued on Page 152

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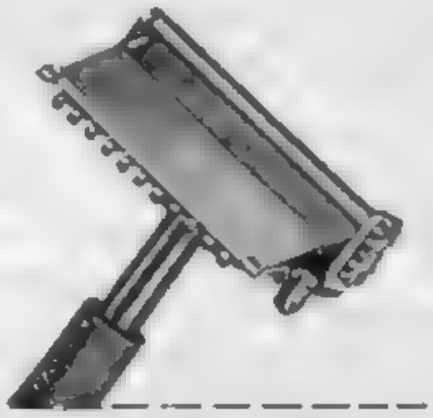

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LINCOLN
SHOCK ABSORBERS

(Continued from Page 150)

misty past, and we will be remembered only for this one great achievement."

The bill was passed, but Tucson was not appeased and, indeed, promptly forgot all about having a university thrust upon it. The act provided that the citizens of that town must within a designated period of years give forty acres for a campus or the legislation would lapse. Indeed, it was about to lapse when the territorial superintendent of public instruction persuaded the three leading gamblers of the town to buy land on a desert mesa a mile or so beyond the town. This saved the day, but did not provide curriculums, faculty, students or buildings.

It was then discovered that a Federal law provided $15,000 for any state agricultural experiment station that might boast a professor of agriculture. Mr. Franklin, being the only college graduate available, was made professor, although he modestly disclaimed any knowledge of the subject. But the law was complied with, the money was forthcoming, the young lawyer promptly resigned and a real scientific agriculturist was employed.

But students did not come at once. In 1891 a catalogue was printed, and it made a brave show of courses and professorial chairs to be filled; but there were no students. Next year, however, there were thirty-one, only nine of whom boasted college rank. Even after a building was under way the citizens of the town bitterly jested about changing it over from a university to a penitentiary so that there might be some pay roll and other practical advantages.

For twenty years the university was, as far as most of its students were concerned, a mere high school. Indeed, not until 1910 did more than ten university students graduate at any one time. But the last has a way of becoming first. After all these years of germination the university began to expand by leaps and bounds. The territory had become a state; high schools had multiplied on every hand, and the preparatory department of the university was closed. In ten years attendance increased 800 per cent.

Campus and buildings as extensive as those of a Middle Western state university were constructed during these years of rapid growth. Today there are more than 2000 students, and a faculty of over 100. In mining and certain branches of agriculture the university is able to do work of national importance and distinction, and it is fortunately situated for such subjects as archæology and astronomy. As Mr. Franklin has said:

"From such small and humble beginnings has arisen this great institution. . . . The Thirteenth Legislative Assembly of Arizona is now remembered for nothing but the one act of creating this institution. The frailties and shortcomings of its members are forgotten. More prophetic than I really knew was the little speech I made some thirty-eight years ago."

Popular Education

The unpeopled states want people, and as time goes on will get them. It is an advantage, in a way; for as the people come new schools, streets, roads and dwellings are erected. There are no old rookeries to tear down, except a few adobes here and there. All is fresh and new, with the experience of other places to profit by.

The early settlers had to be self-reliant, and that quality has seeped down to the newcomers, who, indeed, possibly exaggerate it a bit. The prominent Easterner, separated not only from the East but from the Pacific Coast as well by an interminable length of desert, goes to greater lengths in wearing rough clothing and becomes more unconventional than the native son.

There is little fear of being laughed at, no matter what one does. A mother goes to the university along with her son and daughter. Education is the thing; if one has leisure to take courses at the university, why not take them, irrespective of years?

"I look for a great further influx of students not only in this state but throughout the entire Southwest," said an officer of the university. "Look at the astonishing recent growth of the universities and small colleges in and around Los Angeles. Young people are compelled to be indoors a great part of their school and college life, in classrooms and laboratories. More and more, I believe, they will appreciate the desirability of attending universities where they can immediately engage in outdoor sports the moment class is over, where it is always warm, clear and dry, and where, I may add, dormitories are built in such a way that all students have sleeping-porch accommodations."

But there are disadvantages, too, in this new population. It is irresponsible; not in a serious way perhaps, but rather unmindful of and uninterested in civic duties. It is transient and migratory. Part of the newcomers stay, but many move on. Community ideals are slow to build in places that are conglomerations of people from everywhere, most of whom have been brought together very recently. If all had been born in the Southwest they might have a common set of values, but that is impossible.

"Why don't you and your associates do for Arizona and New Mexico what you have done for Southern California?" I asked Mr. Harry Chandler, owner of a newspaper in Los Angeles and a member of one of the most active and influential groups of business leaders in the southwestern part of the country. Indeed, Mr Chandler is interested in plans for the development of the San Juan Basin, supposed to contain rich mineral deposits and agricultural possibilities; in Northwestern New Mexico and Northeastern Arizona, in addition to owning one of the largest agricultural developments in Northern Mexico.

The Lure of the Southwest

"That is the great task for the next generation," was his reply—"for the younger men."

"The next twenty years belong to New Mexico and Arizona," was the way a native of one of these states put it; and I asked another native son whether he agreed with the statement.

"This southwestern country reminds me of the very homely man," was his reply. "A relative saw him for the first time in several years and remarked that he was getting better-looking. 'I can't help it,' said the homely man, 'for if I change at all it has to be for the better.'"

It is not that these states are homely in physical appearance. "It"—the Southwestern desert—"is stern, harsh and repellent," says John C. Van Dyke, the art critic. "But what tongue shall tell the majesty of it, the eternal strength of it, the poetry of its widespread chaos, the sublimity of its lonely desolation?"

No, the point of the story in its application to New Mexico and Arizona is not in their physical appearance, but in their ground-floor character. It is something one senses if he cannot define it.

"I appreciate the honor all the more," was the gracious reply of a member of President Harding's cabinet to the conferring upon him of a degree by one of the state universities in this region, "because I will share in the unearned increment from the growth of this university."

Perhaps it is mere size, the boundless open spaces that make men so certain of the development to come. Army aëroplanes with their aviators are lost forever in this void, and a single one of many Indian tribes occupies an area larger than that of a fair-sized New England state. This, with the still diminutive population, great resources and mild, favoring climate, makes growth seem inevitable.

That much-talked-of volume, Who's Who in America, contains 24,278 names, of which exactly sixteen are of persons born in New Mexico and Arizona. With something approaching one-twelfth the land area of the United States, they have produced less than one-fifteen-hundredth of the names in Who's Who. It is true that 157 persons whose names are in the book live in the two states, but only four of these were born in Arizona and only two in New Mexico.

New Mexico and Arizona produce a substantial part of the country's hard metals, and together with West Texas constitute the major cradle, or breeding ground, for the cattle industry, which ranks among the largest of all industries. A constantly increasing proportion of land is being brought under intensive agricultural cultivation, and many millions of acres may ultimately come under the plow. All this is in addition to great forest reserves and the scenic, historical and climatic attractions.

The birth statistics in the last edition of Who's Who show that during very recent years the Middle West and West have contributed an increasing percentage of men and women of prominence as compared

with the Atlantic States, and it would be strange, indeed, if in course of time a large number of men of national reputation and leading failed to come out of the Southwest, considering its natural wealth and productivity.

This is not intended as in the slightest degree a reflection upon the past or present citizens of these territories, but merely another way of expressing the idea that there is room for growth, that this section is made up of one generation. Arizona particularly is a one-generation state. Its first native generation of whites is just coming into middle life, and many of the polished ladies and gentlemen of today who lived in the territory in childhood walked on dirt floors at that time.

The writer attended a dinner of the bank clearing-house association in one of the leading cities of the Southwest. Twenty-five of the foremost bankers of the city were present, but only one had been born in the state. At a country-club dance in another city only one person out of several hundred men and women could be found who had been born in Arizona. Now and then classes of young school children are found which contain not a single boy or girl of native birth. It is such a newly settled country that a few years make one an old-timer, and a few more years almost entitle a resident to call himself a pioneer.

"Well, we will pass only one house in the next seventy miles," said the writer with the confidence of a tenderfoot as a party of us started to ride in an automobile early one evening from a small agricultural town to the second largest city in the state. This was in the southern, or more thickly settled, portion, and on the main transcontinental motor highway along the southern border of the country from Texas to California.

"You are mistaken," said a resident of some forty years' standing, whose tone, though polite, contained a touch of asperity. "There are three ranch houses between the two places."

Yet these southerly counties are considered to be thickly populated as compared with the north. There are those who say that New Mexico would attract more settlers if its name were not so easily confused with Mexico, and there are even those who argue that Arizona's harsh name frightens people away. No doubt there are persons who still think of the Southwestern desert as merely a barren, lifeless waste of drifting sand. But it may be, too, that the very names of these states, the very exaggeration of the dangers of desert and mountain, are glamour and romance to many.

The Yaquis' Example

In any case, the movement of population is westward as far as Arizona is concerned. From 1910 to 1920 its population increased 63 per cent, a greater percentage than that of any other state.

"Busted health, busted wealth or busted reputation."

Such has been the cynical explanation of the westward movement of population. Caustically true, it is only a half truth at that. For often the bolder spirits have been the ones with courage to break away from the wall of circumstance that seemed to shut them in in the East, from the fear of losing a job. To many the great desert and mesa spaces give peace, courage and optimism. Many go to find thrills, and though the wild-and-woolly days have gone, the life seems enough less conventional than that in the East to contain a thrill, at least by comparison.

One gathers the impression, although perhaps detailed inquiry would not bear it out, that men are more willing to seek fortune on a shoe string in these Far Western states than in the East. There is perhaps a freer quality of courage there.

The Southwest is certainly made up of many curious strains of population. An Arizona lawyer, former Judge Kirke Moore, was government appeal officer for his district during the war. One day when he was laboring at a desk piled up with mountains of letters appealing for exemption from the draft the chief of the refugee Yaqui Indians walked in and announced that out of the 1000 or so members of his tribe, which number included women and children, there were at least 100 braves who would be glad to fight for the country in which they had found asylum.

"This country has been good to us," said the chief.

Now, of course, the Yaquis could not fight for Uncle Sam, for they had and have no standing here as citizens. But their willingness to volunteer so struck the appeal officer that from that time on his relations with the tribe have been that of a patron and adviser.

These Yaquis had drifted across the border from Mexico, where their people had long been engaged in warfare with the Mexican Government, and squatted on the desert outside one of the cities in the southern part of the state. Whatever treaties may have been made between the Mexicans and Yaquis in Mexico, it is doubtful if the Yaquis in this country recognize any authority of the Mexican Government; but not being Indians native to this country, they cannot be fed or cared for by our own Bureau of Indian Affairs and consequently are among the poorest of Indians within the borders of this land.

Ancient Indian Ruins

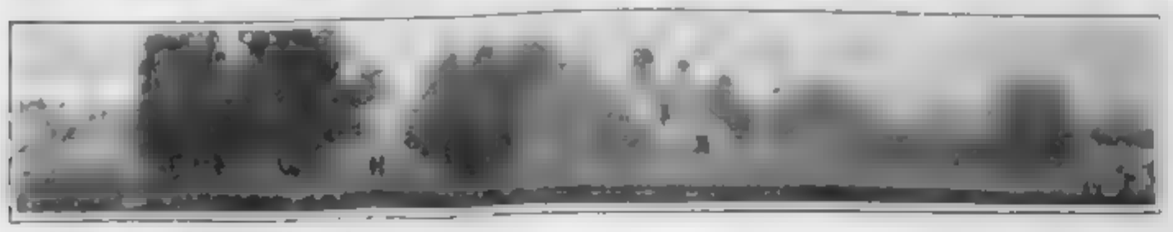
Yet the Yaquis do not lack in dignity, and after their Easter ceremonial dances always resolutely refuse to sell any of the marvelously painted costumes, masks and staves which have been made for the occasion, but burn them all on the pyre with the effigy of Judas. Now and then a Yaqui finds enough work at common labor to buy clothes for his children and send them to the American school. But no Yaqui child is allowed by its parents to go to school with American and Mexican children unless clothed with equal neatness. Poor as these people are, and despite their anomalous international standing, the system of American public-school education is reaching out toward them, and the city may yet provide a school for their especial need.

Frank Pinkley, custodian for something like twenty years of the Casa Grande ruin, a foremost monument of one of the Southwest's earlier civilizations, tells visitors that this, the Woolworth Tower of a forgotten past, is not less than 800 years old, while learned archæologists say that from 1200 to 1500 or even 2000 years would be conservative and safe.

"We have to be very careful in the national-park service," says Pinkley, "because when I talk about thousands of years to visitors they don't believe me. 'These people left no written evidence,' say some of our visitors, failing to realize that any careful observer can tell a good deal about a man if he spends a few hours in his house looking at his belongings. We have been in the houses of these people for many years, and we certainly ought to be able to get a fair idea of how long ago they lived."

The whole Southwest is covered with prehistoric ruins of pueblo character to which no thought is given. These are in addition to the cliff dwellings, a number of which are so well known. In the valley in which lies Casa Grande there are probably eighteen villages altogether, and perhaps twenty-four in the Salt River Valley. Most of these have been scarcely explored at all. A cattleman inviting me to visit his ranch added casually that as an additional attraction he had a ruin which as far as he knew had been visited by only a few white men. Ruins are everywhere, many of them unknown in anything like detail even to the archæologists.

Perhaps if Arizona and New Mexico had fifteen or twenty representatives instead of one apiece, and Utah had more than two, a larger number of ruins might be opened to the public. At present there are twenty-six of these national monuments, and the appropriation to care for them suggests anything but extravagance. At Casa Grande more than one hundred of the buried rooms have been opened, but there are perhaps seventy more yet unexcavated. The local Pima Indians describe the people who lived in the great house and its surrounding dwellings as "those who have gone."



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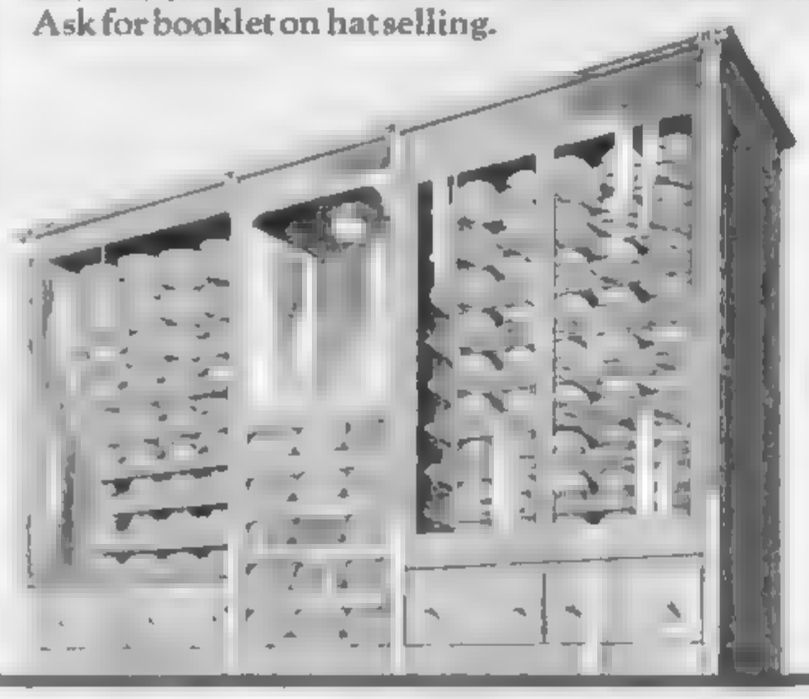

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SPEAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 27)

than Sandy Hook and drips with wisdom about the other side.

A still deeper reason for the inability of most Americans to grasp the fundamentals of the European situation was explained to me by one of the most eminent of living Americans, whose service at home is equaled by his achievements abroad. He said:

"Most Americans solve all European problems except the difficulties. There is too much loose talk and too little sound thinking. This amateur internationalism explains why we have no real foreign policy.

"There is a more fundamental cause. Most troubles in the world, whether between nations or individuals, grow out of the lack of understanding of each other by men. More fights come from insult than from injury. More wars result from international feeling because of a belief of humiliation than from more material provocations. We give too little thought to the part played in the affairs of life by habit of thought, feeling, language and customs.

"This lack of understanding, psychological and otherwise, explains much of the prevailing international discord. The British, for example, have never understood the French; and by the same token, and despite the sentiment and kinship of the republican form of government, we have never fully comprehended France. Logically we should understand the British better than any other people, because we speak the same tongue.

"When people do not speak the same language it is difficult for them to meet on a common ground or assimilate each other's ideas. American business men, for example, often fail in foreign fields because they try to jam over the American idea of doing things instead of putting themselves in the customer's place and trying to look at the proposition from his viewpoint, and, what is more important, his way of doing things."

Before we dip into the conflicting mass of opinion about a foreign policy, let us first get a composite view of present-day Europe as seen through the traveled American eye. I put it in the words of an internationalist, whose view was indorsed by scores with whom I talked. It is:

"Judging from the existing chaos, Europe has learned no constructive lesson from the Great War. The war spirit continues because the Treaty of Versailles was framed with no idea of binding up the wounds of war. There are today thirty sore spots on the Continent where peace is at stake. Europe has become an armed camp. She remains in the clutches of fear and force, and thinks in terms of bayonets and battleships. The French occupation of the Ruhr is more an attempt to obtain physical security from a traditional enemy than to collect financial reparation. The rupture in the Entente grew more out of mutual suspicion than lack of accord in the policy toward Germany. These two incidents express the mood of Europe, where there are more soldiers under arms than in 1914."

Muddled by Politicians

"Europe's mind is diseased; her mental attitude is wrong; and her statesmanship, like her treasuries, is bankrupt. Save for England, she is going back to the principle of balance of power which brought on the World War. In a word, Europe has become a group of selfish and snarling governments and ceased to be a mass of coöperating peoples. What she needs more than anything else is a moratorium on militarism.

"The fundamental trouble, and the real basis of all the present European strife, is that since the Armistice every economic problem, including reparations, has been made a political problem. As in America, foreign policy continues to be influenced by partisan and political motive. If the Allies had built up an economic solidarity based on economic necessity and the natural law of demand and supply, there would be none of the selfish and malevolent nationalism and its attendant chaos that prevail today.

"Europe's curse has been that politicians and not business men have shaped, and continue to shape, events. Bonar Law, Poincaré and Mussolini are all in the same boat, because each thinks first of his own political position at home and of what effect his actions will have upon the permanency of his job. It was the same with Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, and it will be the same with anyone else who takes hold under the same conditions. It gets down finally to a lack of real leadership, which is the world's greatest need today."

Another survey of Europe more economic than political, which embodies a conclusion held by a host of Americans, was expressed in this wise:

"Europe clamors for America to save her, but what has she done to save herself? This is the question that every American should ask before he commits himself about a foreign policy.

"The United States is in the position of a surgeon standing in the operating room waiting for the patients, which are the European nations, to be brought in. The disease has been diagnosed and the cure prescribed. Nothing remains but the operation. Are the patients happy in the thought that their troubles will be ended in a few hours, and are they ready to submit themselves to the knife? Most certainly they are not. While the surgeon waits, one of the sick men props himself up on an elbow and tries to hit a fellow patient on the head with a chair. Another curses the man on the left. These sick men are too much consumed with their own hates and jealousies to realize that they are sick, or that they cannot be cured until they give up their bickering.

"While war and revolution have combined to ravage the land, strip the public purse and leave a large debt, the extravagances of peace also have contributed to the general demoralization. Inflation has become chronic, budgets are all out of gear and there is almost an unrestrained profligacy of expenditure by governments. The whole fiscal perspective is distorted. France, for example, has expended huge sums that she did not have. They were mere phantom reparations."

Fears for the Future

"Throughout Europe there is a widespread belief that the United States owes them something, and that because we are solvent we must come to the rescue. The truth of the matter is that Europe owes herself the duty of restoring some degree of normalcy through her own efforts. Time and work are the prime requisites in this matter. If she will undergo a process of pain and put aside strife and violence she will help us to save her. She must do the spade work first."

A third point of view, which may be designated as the attitude of the middle grounder, was given to me by the head of one of the most powerful financial institutions in Chicago. He declared:

"There is such an interdependence among nations that our continued prosperity depends very largely upon Europe. We must have an outlet for our surplus of farm products and manufactures, and Europe has always been and probably always will be our best customer. However, until stable governments are established in central and some other European countries, their currencies put upon a more solid basis, their budgets balanced, and their people return to habits of industry and thrift, we cannot have any assurance that Europeans can continue to buy of us in satisfactory volume. Abroad there is now disorganization and vacillation where there should be organization and firmness of purpose. There does not seem to be leadership or anything to inspire that national confidence and feeling of individual security, the absence of which will weaken any nation.

"Something should be done to encourage Europe to believe that it can come back. The Germans should be accorded such treatment in the adjustment of reparations as will give them courage to believe that ultimately they can pay. There should be a lenient attitude in the matter of adjusting the remaining Allied indebtedness.

"I do not believe that Europe can or will get back to anything like a normal condition until a policy of concession and an attitude of helpfulness are adopted by all nations concerned, including ourselves. This does not mean intervention, however. I would not advocate cancellation of a dollar of Allied indebtedness, but I believe that it would be money in our pockets to make the terms fit the case, which is a serious one. If we hamper our debtors by

(Continued on Page 157)

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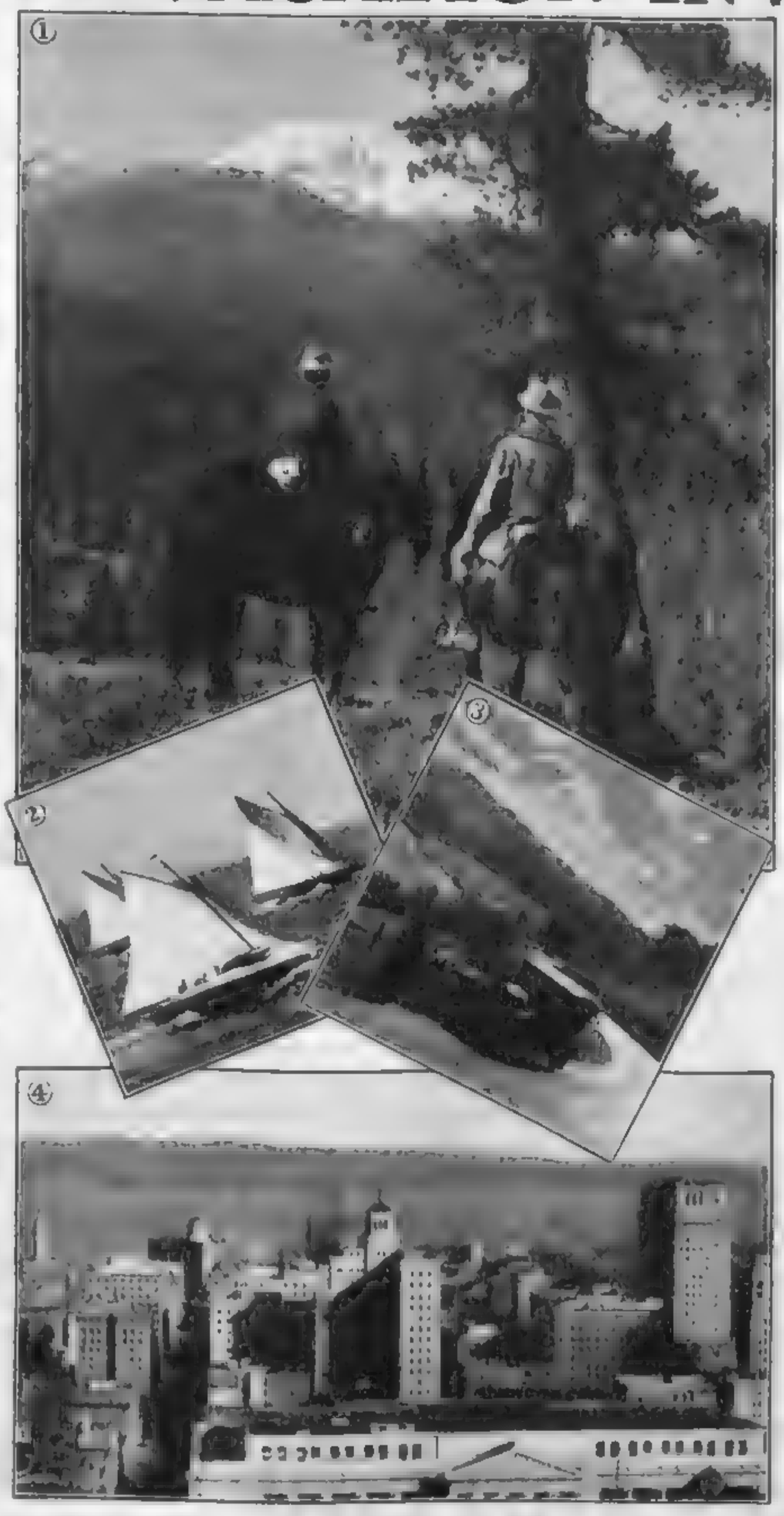

(1) In Lassen Volcanic National Park, central California. (2) Daily breezes popularize sailing on San Francisco Bay. (3) Thousands of miles of paved highways radiate from San Francisco and every place you'll want to go. (4) Here's a glimpse of San Francisco—cool and breezy summer city, with mountains and ocean but an hour away.

My Opinion of California

By Irvin S. Cobb

IT MAY SEEM impertinent that I, a native of a southern state and a resident of an eastern state, should be offering my personal opinion of a far western state. But I trust my honest love for California and her people is my excuse. Very few of us absolutely are the masters of our own destinies. If I had to live over again that part of my life which is behind me, I should live it somewhere here in that part of California which lies north of the dividing line that separates southern California from the rest of the state.

If I could so order my affairs as to be able to spend the rest of my life in that part of America which offers most in natural beauty and in the attractiveness of its people, again I should choose California.

Always from the hour when I first set foot upon the soil of the state to this present moment, I steadfastly have held that California leads every state of this Union in a majority of the essentials which make for comfort and happiness in living and for the glory of physical surroundings. Californians work just as hard as New Yorkers do—when they work—but when they play they put into their playing a zest and a spirit and most of all a naturalness which one looks for in vain anywhere along the eastern seaboard. Her natural advantages are such that her people can find outdoor pleasure in simple and in homely things. The eye is pleased with beauty. The mind is soothed by the most equable climate that we have on this continent. The imagination is stimulated by the whole-sound and hearty optimism of her sons and her daughters. In California you find, as you find nowhere else in the Union, a delectable blending of the hospitality of the south, the energy of the north, and the traditional inclinations of her Spanish and American pioneers.

For my purpose, an ideal way to spend a year would be to give six months of it to living somewhere within a hundred miles of the city of San Francisco, and the other six months to living in the California desert a hundred miles from anywhere at all.

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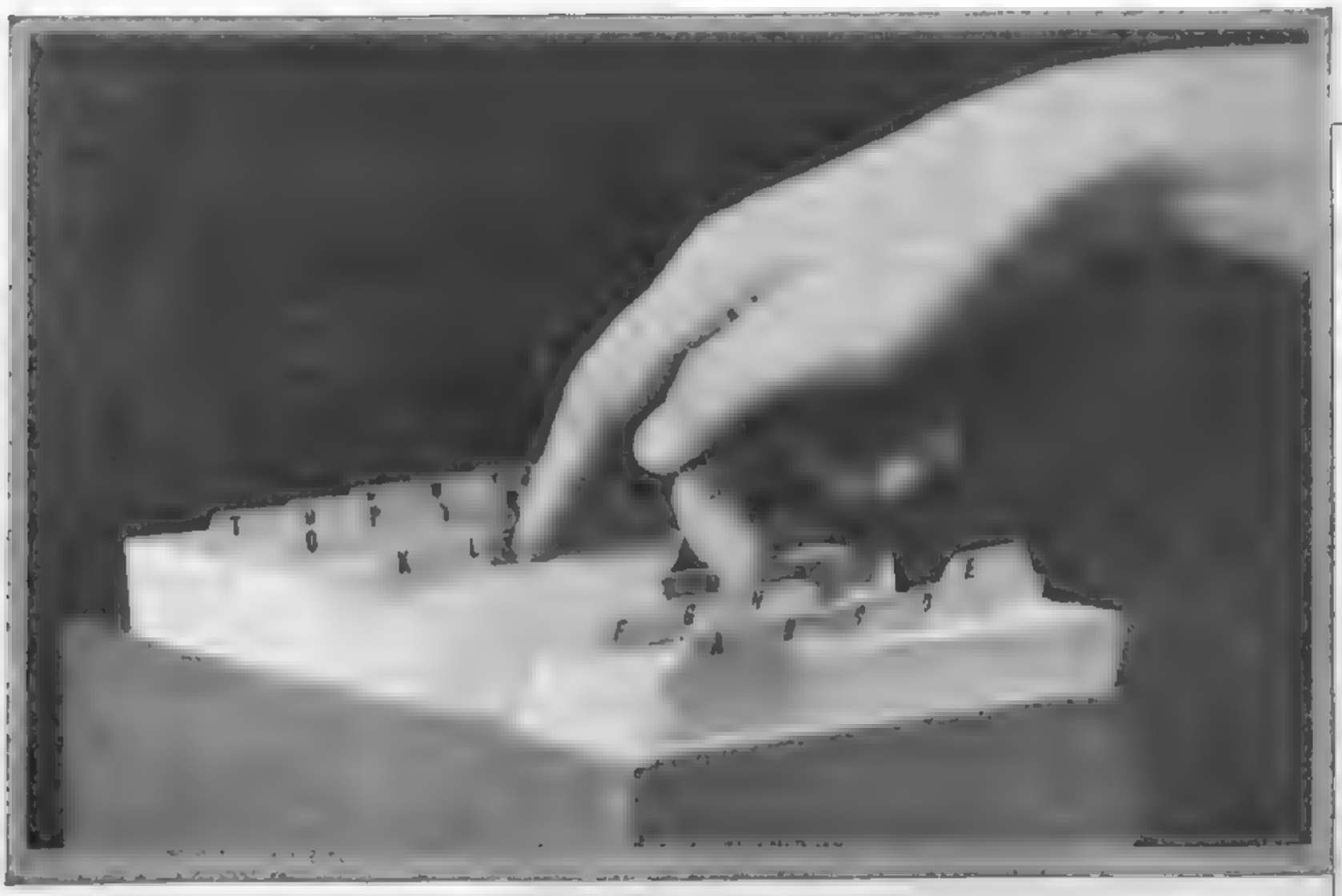

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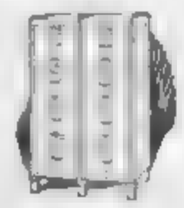

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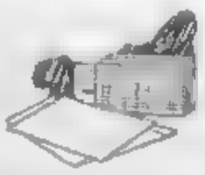

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(Continued from Page 154)

making it hard for them to pay interest and principal on their indebtedness, they will have little left with which to make purchases in our markets. As a matter of good business, aside from any questions of international amity, we can afford to be generous."

We can now round out the preliminaries by giving the state of mind of the advocates of participation in European affairs. It might be called the report of the minority, was given me by a manufacturer of national repute, and takes this form:

"We must guarantee, with the strength of our presence around some kind of international council board, the peace bases of the Treaty of Versailles. The covenant of the League of Nations provides efficient and safe methods of American participation in world affairs without endangering our sovereignty or our institutions; but I should be perfectly willing to form any sort of league or association of nations that would merely provide publicity and delay before national resort to arms, and the economic boycott after resort to arms, against a decision of the league.

"Suppose Germany, in the face of armed occupation and possible destruction of her territory, openly joins soviet Russia and Turkey, can Europe keep out of a new war? And if Europe gets into a new war, will not the American experience of 1917 be repeated? Suppose a whirlpool of anarchy, Bolshevism and ruin sucks in Germany, Russia and Turkey, will not the disastrous results be felt in every spot on the globe?

"If these two highly entertainable suppositions are the practical results of the direful economic controversy raging about the German reparations, how can the United States keep out of another world war? In that war—only five or six years after the end of the bestial blood wallow and misery of the last one—will not the loss in life and treasure be greater than ever before? These are questions which are now before not only Europe but the United States and the rest of the world as a direct result of the temporary or permanent dissolution of the Entente over reparations and land seizures. What American political policy or politician is important enough to be held superior to the American intervention which can prevent the tragedy?

"With the Government of the United States and the voters who are served by that Government the answer lies. One reason why we have no foreign policy is that the Administration is chiefly concerned with methods rather than with conclusions. Thus the United States stands without a policy while the nations of Europe dally with war, and further famine and destruction loom on the horizon."

For an Economic Conference

So much for generalities. Proceed to the suggestions for concrete action on the part of the United States and the usual conflict between sentiment and practicality is met. Since the world is ruled by commerce and not by emotion, let me first give the American business man's impression of Europe and the remedy he proposes. While the great majority oppose entangling alliances such as membership in the League of Nations would impose, most of them favor an international nonpolitical economic conference to stabilize European budgets and currencies. The average business man, be he banker, manufacturer or merchant, analyzes Europe in this way:

"Europe is a bankrupt concern and logically should be put through a receivership process. She needs a business engineer and would like to have the United States undertake the job, but this would be unwise.

"There is plenty of equity behind the wreck and it is good business for us to do our part in salvaging it. Europe is our best customer, for she absorbs 90 per cent of our exports.

"Europe is bankrupt because she has been guided by political necessity instead of economic necessity. The politician is always a year behind the business man. It means therefore that if Europe is to be standardized the job must be done by business men sitting around a council table, with all the politicians safely locked outside.

"Nearly everybody in Europe and the United States recognizes the necessity for an international economic conference free from political bias and prejudice. The endless succession of European conferences held since the Armistice all failed: first because they were dominated by selfish and suspicious politicians; and second because symptoms and not diseases were dealt with.

"If an Allied economic solidarity had been established at the start Germany never would have defied France, nor could she or the Turks have been able to capitalize Entente dissension. Therefore, if Europe is to be salvaged it can only be done through the intervention of business men, who can discuss and plan what must be done. These subjects must include reparation, interallied debts, unbalanced governmental budgets and uncontrolled inflation, the disturbance of international credits and, finally, abnormal fluctuations in exchange. Such a conference could lay down the main lines of reconstruction and currency reform. After this the resuscitation of European commerce would depend upon the individual efforts of business men, with the cooperation of the banking world. Unless financial conditions are stabilized Europe will continue in chaos, and sooner or later the whole United States will feel the costly effects."

The Reparations Problem

How is this to be brought about? Nine out of every ten men to whom I put this question made the following response:

"The biggest thing that the United States has done in world affairs since our active participation in the Great War was the Conference for the Limitation of Armament at Washington. The idea behind it was sound, constructive, and the result was a step toward relieving nations of one unnecessary burden. It was called and held in Washington because we are the only great power without selfish international motives.

"It was the only conference since the Armistice that really got something done, because it was not dominated by nationalistic politicians.

"We should follow the same procedure with an international economic conference to be brought about at the same place and under similar auspices. The President of the United States should invite the various governments to send their most capable business men to Washington to discuss the outstanding European financial and economic problems. The International Chamber of Commerce, at its last session at Rome, which included representative business men from all over the world, declared for such a conference. In bringing about an economic gathering that would throw out a practical life-saver to Europe, the United States would act in economic self-defense, and at the same time perform a world service."

Though most American business men contend that coördinated action through some kind of economic gathering is the only way out, there is also a strong body of opinion in favor of a nonpartisan commission of American business men to whom the German reparation tangle could be submitted.

The argument was presented by a conspicuous New York capitalist who knows his Europe well. He said:

"The key to the stabilization of Europe is a harmonious and equitable settlement of the German-reparations problem. Instead of being regarded as an economic measure, it was made a political issue. With the French in the Ruhr, it now jeopardizes European peace.

"I suggest therefore that a commission of American business men and bankers determine Germany's ability to pay. This economic survey is necessary before any basis for real settlement can be reached. Military and political efforts have failed. The problem is purely economic, as is the larger problem of all Europe.

"Germany must be considered in the light of a corporation to be reorganized. Business men, in considering such a reorganization, certainly would not wreck and destroy it; at least, not if they ever hoped for it to pay a dividend in future years. They would put it in shape to earn sufficient to pay the debt. That is what must be done with Germany. Her physical resources are intact, her railroad lines are in good shape, her industries are flourishing. She lacks two necessities, and each of them could be supplied. The first is a financial system of sound basis; the second the reteaching of her people their former habit of thrift. Both can be done. Only in this way can the debt of Germany to the world be paid."

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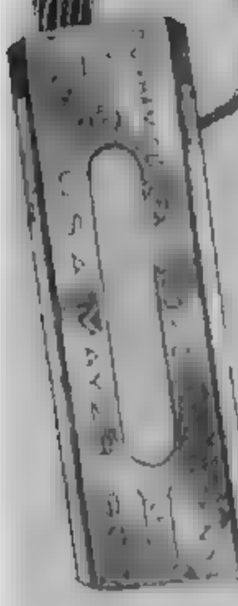

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This reference to Germany brings us to the French adventure in the Ruhr, which revived a wavering interest in Europe. I use the word "wavering" advisedly, because the Middle West has no definite concern with affairs overseas. It is more apt to say "Let Europe stew in its own juice," and concentrate attention on its new motion-picture house or the latest local scandal. To millions the Ruhr is only a name.

Though American opinion about a foreign policy is not directly shaped by the French seizure of Germany's industrial heart—indirectly it strengthened the hands of the isolationists—comment on it reflects the national view of France, Germany and reparations generally. It is therefore a necessary, if brief, chapter of this story.

I was in Chicago and just beginning the investigation for these articles when the French crossed the Rhine. The first reaction in the United States was hostile to the invaders. The general view was that it was an act of madness born of military and imperialistic diplomacy, and another evidence of the general bankruptcy of European statesmanship. Since that time there is a growing conviction that the French did precisely what we would have done in similar circumstances, despite the menace to peace embodied in the action. American opinion is animated by two considerations—the sentimental and the practical. I exclude, of course, the view of the transplanted German or the German-American.

The Invasion of the Ruhr

A composite view of the attitude dictated by sentiment—and it is a wide one—is this:

"Our sympathies are with France. She is merely giving Germany a dose of her own wartime medicine. The great mistake was that the invasion did not take place before the Armistice was signed. With a peace dictated from Berlin all the present chaos would have been avoided. We feel that France should get everything that is coming to her. She has been provoked into drastic action by German evasion and sidestepping. If Germany does not want to pay she should be made to pay. Though the original amount of the reparations was excessive, there is no doubt but that it has been brought within the German capacity to meet it. Instead of being the prop of a new European militarism, the French army today is really the only available Continental bulwark against Bolshevism."

The other attitude, also a composite, is the following:

"Under the exercise of a moral right, the French have perpetrated a great economic wrong. It is merely one phase of the militaristic spirit that threatens the peace and prosperity of Europe, including that of France herself. Economic stabilization demands a prosperous and productive Germany. If the French occupation of the Ruhr continues the German industrial machine will be paralyzed, and unemployment, with a possible revolution, will result.

"Unrest under occupation may play into the hands of soviet Russia and bring about a Slav-Teutonic alliance, which may also include Turkey, full of dangerous possibilities for all civilization. As a result of the Ruhr incident, Germany is more unified than she has been since 1914, and the war spirit has been rekindled. France wants a disrupted, humbled and bankrupt Germany. In other words, she seeks security against future aggression and not reparations."

A third deduction was made for me by a hard-headed Chicago banker who is not without experience in public office at Washington. It harmonized with the conviction of many who have observed conditions abroad, and is as follows:

"The French invasion of the Ruhr is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. If brought to its logical conclusion it will perform two constructive things: It will convince the Germans of the folly of seeking further to evade their responsibilities, and it will also prove to the French that it is a mistake to try to collect an excessive indemnity. Once the reparations problem is solved, Europe can turn to reconstruction. Thus the Ruhr may be the final step toward a new deal."

Apropos of the Ruhr is a feeling that has considerable support throughout the United States. More than one person expressed it to me in this fashion:

"A great deal of the present European disintegration, certainly the French invasion of the Ruhr, could have been avoided if the United States, in conjunction with England, had guaranteed the integrity of France against unwarranted aggression by a fourth power. It would not have meant a so-called entangling alliance to involve us in trouble. The very fact that we had made such a commitment would constitute the best possible guaranty of world peace."

When all is said and done, however, sentiment for an American foreign policy revolves about the League of Nations. Just as the railroad is the obvious incarnation of capital, and as such bears the brunt of much political attack, so is the league the principal expression of what to do or what not to do in Europe. The big question to be answered therefore is: Do the majority of the American people want to join it?

To formulate a coherent and accurate reply means to run the gantlet of passion, prejudice and politics, with a considerable amount of emotion injected at nearly every stage. A year ago the league was a well-nigh defunct proposition, still buried, as many believed, under the mandate registered in the historic seven-million Harding plurality. Today it is not only very much alive but is on the way of becoming the real storm center of the next presidential campaign. What is the reason for the resurrection? Let me explain it in the words of a dispassionate observer, who said:

"The League of Nations issue has come to life again for a variety of significant causes. The first is that in the cities people are thinking more and more in international terms, and realizing that some kind of coordination with Europe is necessary. Much of this interest is being stimulated by women, whose votes will be an important factor in the next national election. The second is that the farmers are pressing hard for an American intervention that will restore the European market for their surplus crops. A third lies in the growing emancipation of the American voter from party thrall. The visit of Lord Robert Cecil gave revival of interest its final impetus. Summed up, the League of Nations issue, or rather the type of alliance with Europe and the rest of the world that it embodies, is becoming less and less a party measure and more and more an action to be dictated by independent thought and conviction."

Party Politics

At the outset of this more or less perilous venture in opinion, it may be well to say that no man can make such an unprejudiced investigation as I made without discovering two things: The first is the undeniable fact that friendly interest in the league, not as originally projected but as a federation of nations that will make for cooperation and not coercion, is growing, and that many who opposed it in 1920 favor our participation without responsibility for armed intervention. The second is that despite this slow evolution, a big majority would vote against it if the league issue were put to a test tomorrow. These are the fundamentals of the situation. Putting it in another way, the inherent opposition of the bulk of the American people to foreign alliances remains unshaken. It is the league, or rather the form of a league, that is changing.

Be that as it may, the task right now is to present every point of view, since these articles merely constitute a sort of connected open forum. The prelude is encompassed in a state of mind that I found nearly everywhere, regardless of attitude for or against the league. It is a coordinated view, and reads like this:

"The League of Nations issue would never have aroused such bitter antagonism if it had not been made a personal matter and tied up with the Versailles Treaty. For the great mass of the American people it originally represented an alliance of Wilsonian ego and blind party politics. Mr. Wilson's primary mistake, of course, was to go to the Peace Conference. Had he appointed a commission, selected for international fitness rather than in the main for party acquiescence, the league would have fared much better in public approval. Neither of the two leading parties played the game fairly in the league controversy, because they regarded it as a political issue when it should have been detached from partisan feeling. In other words, we made the same mistake that Europe has made since the Armistice in perverting all pressing economic problems. If America is to intervene in Europe, her action must not be influenced by political motives at home."

Continued on Page 160

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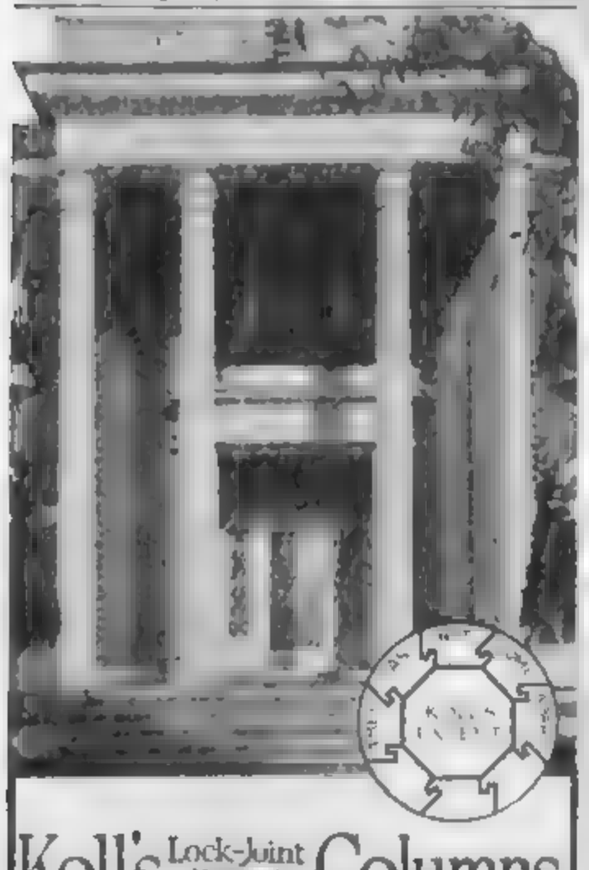

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(Continued from Page 158)

The case for the League of Nations and the necessity for American membership in it is expressed in this composite statement:

"War has become so destructive that unless civilization makes an end of war, militarism will make an end of civilization. The one security for humanity is to prevent war from happening. It lies in the prevention of aggression, and this can be accomplished only through an association of nations in which coöperation and not coercion is the dominant idea.

"We must teach nations that they are all part of a common whole, and that there is no advantage for one in the misfortune of another. There are great difficulties of intercommunication; vast dangers from epidemic diseases; great diversities of social conditions which have their reaction on the prosperity and happiness of the people of every country. We must have some kind of machinery to make periodic discussions of the subject possible, and also to diminish the danger of international disputes and to prevent these disputes from generating into war. The League of Nations provides this machinery. Fifty-odd nations have shown their faith in it by joining.

"America cannot afford to stay outside the league. It is not our money that the league needs, but the tremendous force of our moral power. It is a solemn moral obligation. We are criminal to stand aloof while Europe burns. But there can be no half-hearted American participation. Our so-called unofficial observers on the Reparations Commission and at various European conferences have been more humiliating than helpful."

Much Ado About Nothing

"To stand aside as uninvited advisers seems to be absolutely futile. It is one thing to have a plan and quite another to put it into execution. Mr. Hughes' suggestion that a commission of business men and economists make a careful study of the reparations problem would probably accomplish as little as the International Bankers' Committee which met last summer. To join the World Court is merely a gesture for political purposes. We must be in the league completely if we would help, not only with counsel but to insist upon our counsel being made effective. There are not only financial, economical and political questions to be settled but also matters of deep racial and national hatred, which in the long run are the most serious obstacles to international amity.

"The controversy about Article X is a case of much ado about nothing. The league has made it clear that should we decide to enter we can rewrite the covenant to meet our desires. Once in, we can bend it to our will. Besides, Article X as now construed implies no needless armed intervention on our part, because we cannot and would not surrender our constitutional right which gives to Congress the sole authority to declare war.

"The League of Nations is not only alive but functioning. Its list of achievements includes the all-important undertaking for the rehabilitation of Austria. It also settled the Albanian dispute with Jugo-Slavia, the boundary controversy between Poland and Lithuania, and the crisis between Germany and Poland over Upper Silesia.

"The United States, by its very presence in the league, could guarantee universal stability. It would be notice to the Turk that Christendom was united. It would also warn Germany that the Allied and Associated Powers were again federated to make peace secure in the world, thereby preventing any alliance between Germany and Russia."

The demand for American participation in an amended League of Nations is stated by a recent senatorial convert to the idea, whose views have considerable indorsement. They are:

"Any organization of nations to prevent conflict must have either coercion or conference as its aim. These two processes cannot well be combined in the same organization. The spirit and the methods differ. An organization to force nations to behave is bound to fail. The force back of the organization must be either a standing international army, which nobody now seriously advocates, or else a covenant between nations to turn out at the call of the control body and by united force bring the offenders to terms. This was the scheme embodied in the covenant of the League of Nations as drawn up at Versailles. The trouble with such a scheme as that is that it will not work.

"It is idle to say that if the United States had been in, the situation would have been altered. How? On which side would we have been willing to fight as between Greece and Turkey? Are all Americans united in opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of France's action in the Ruhr? If coercion will not work, how about conference? It would not be a difficult piece of surgery to cut out of the covenant of the League of Nations the excrescences which, while left there, are sources of danger, and thus to disclose the league as an international organization for mediation, adjudication and adjustment."

There is also a strong feeling that the time is not ripe for us to enter any kind of league. As one distinguished American put it to me: "The league today still looks to the bayonet and not to intelligent cooperation as its chief agency." Linked with this is another argument against any form of present participation, which reads thus:

"League efficiency is almost completely under par. An arbitration court is not enough; a polite repository of facts and agreements on the white-slave traffic, the antituberculosis struggle, and labor conditions, is not enough. Unless the league is the strongest thing in Europe, it is worse than nothing. It should have a great general staff, the only one in existence. It should force disarmament and demobilization on every country, and train only troops enough in each nation for use in its own service when carrying out the terms of the world-wide nonaggression pact. When and if the United States joins such a league with teeth, she should insist that every other nation join as well. Meanwhile we ought to sit tight."

Another opinion given me by an eminent New York banker is not without as many indorsers. It is:

"I think that we should join some sort of league or association without being committed thereby to any warlike operations.

"To consider the present league, even though we may not wish to join it, as a pesthouse with which we must not have any communication, and to think that we can ignore Europe or that a conflagration in Europe will not affect ourselves, is silly."

Conservation of Philanthropy

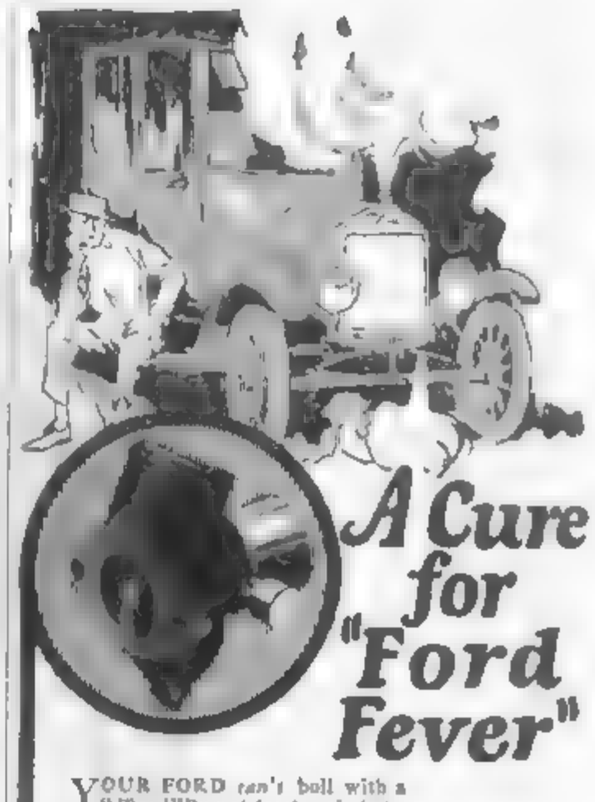
Before we leave the domain of near-leaguers, as it were, let me present this striking contention for intervention made by one of the best known of American international almoners:

"American philanthropists are finding out that the lack of a more clear-cut foreign policy in our State Department is costing many millions of dollars every year. Our Government observes while American generosity pays the bill.

"We are naturally interested in conserving the philanthropic resources of the United States and making them meet the tremendous human need of the present time. Europe, however, is draining these resources at a costly rate. In 1922 we spent fifty million dollars in Russia, while the Greek crisis will cost us not less than ten million dollars this year. In 1919 and 1920, thanks to the Hoover organization, we saved Central Europe from anarchy and utter economic disintegration at the expenditure of many millions.

"Our foreign attitude does nothing to divert these American relief millions to our own needs, and they are many. The best illustration of how the inaction of our State Department shifts the burden onto our foreign-relief agencies was furnished by the late situation in Greece. The American Red Cross pledged itself to care for the six hundred thousand Greek refugees expelled by the Turks from Asia Minor. No sooner was this pledge undertaken than along came the conference at Lausanne, in which we were nothing but innocent bystanders. The conference consequently doubled the number of refugees to be cared for by the decision allowing the Turks to expatriate another six hundred thousand Greeks from their homes in Asia Minor.

"Hence it is vital for us to shape some foreign policy that will deal with prevention of these periodic famines. It need not necessarily mean membership in the League of Nations. It could work through association with foreign powers to standardize agricultural production and thereby minimize pauperism. This is a far better system



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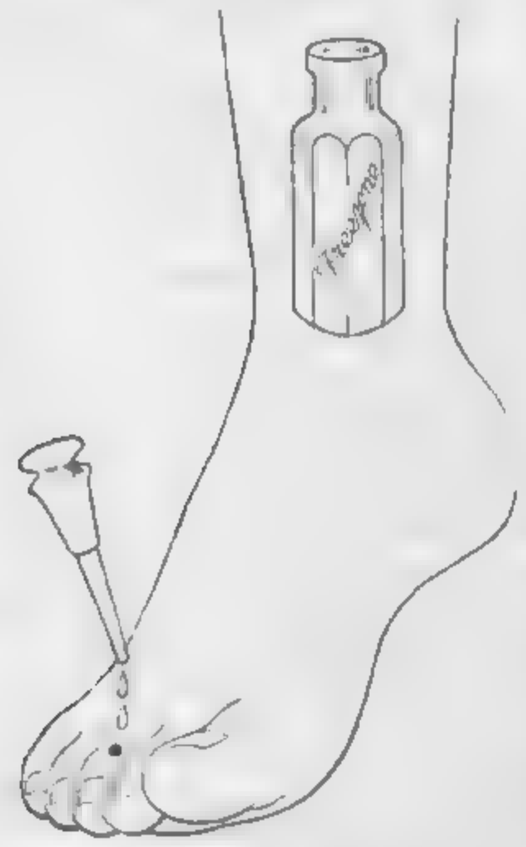

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than waiting until an emergency arises and then applying emergency measures."

Since the leaguers have had their inning, we can proceed to the opinion of the 100 per cent antis, who, let me repeat, constitute the majority in the United States today. The composite indictment, recruited from every section of the country, is as follows:

"The idea of the League of Nations is impractical and emotional. It is merely a contract imposed upon the world and has nothing whatever to do with peace or reparations. When we rejected it we acted with perfectly sound judgment.

"For Europe to insist that we have a so-called moral obligation to her is an affront to our intelligence. The moral obligation is solely with Europe. It is up to her to put her house in order before she can ask America to intervene in any manner. We finished our job overseas when we dragged the Allies out of their last desperate ditch. Through selfish bickering, suspicion and the rearing of arbitrary frontiers, Europe has not justified any more assistance from us. With one million three hundred thousand more men under arms than in 1914, she is in an indefensible position from an industrial standpoint. It is an impertinence for Europe to tell us what to do when she apparently does not know what to do herself.

"The League of Nations is merely an artificial stimulant. As at present constituted, it is a creation of the Versailles conference, which was animated by force and which formulated a treaty based on force. The covenant of the league is part and parcel of that treaty.

"To say that the League of Nations can stop war is absurd. Coöperation through conference may sometimes minimize the hazard of conflict, but you have only to look at the Hague Peace Palace to realize how futile is the dream of forever sheathing the sword.

"The argument that the league is functioning in any big way is not borne out by the facts. Did the league prevent the Turks from flouting Christendom, thereby bringing Europe to the verge of another war? Did the league exercise a sane, constructive and nonpolitical supervision of German reparations so that France and Belgium would get their just due without recourse to force? Did the league keep the French out of the Ruhr?"

Self-Help the One Way Out

"The net result of nearly three years of league activity is that Europe is more desperately ill economically and politically than in 1918, and only a major operation can save her. That operation cannot be performed through military threat or altruistic conference. It must be done by each nation individually. Self-help is the panacea.

"Likewise, it is ridiculous to raise the cry that we stand aloof while Europe burns. Europe applied the torch and it is her job to put out the fire. Americans feel that instead of traveling a long way to save an alien establishment from conflagration it is more important to use the fire department at home. We have a league of self-interests, including among other things taxation, labor and immigration. It is well worth our energy and concentration. When we tell Europe to put her own house in order we should practice what we preach. There are just three forms of assistance that we can lend Europe. They are advice, force and money.

"If Europe desires our advice we shall be glad to give it. We are not interested in force, and we have loaned all the money that we can afford to lend. Finally, we want no definite and entangling alliance that binds us to action foreign to the desire of the great mass of the people."

As a corollary to this hands-off policy let me inject here a query which, though cynical in the extreme, is being put by a great many Americans. It is:

"There is much agitation in various sentimental quarters over what is construed as our duty to Europe. What would happen if the shoe were on the other foot and we were up against the consequences of Europe's duty to the United States? Let those who would have us mix in the European mêlée of race and nationalistic antagonisms ponder this."

One reason for the reprojection of the League of Nations issue into live public interest was President Harding's suggestion that we join the Hague Permanent Court of International Justice. The court is construed as a by-product of the league, and opinion about it shapes along the same lines as comment on the parent body. League advocates regard the proposition in this way:

"We advocate American participation in the World Court because it will show how vital the league is to world interests, including those of the United States. It is therefore educational and a definite objective well worth obtaining. It is a modified antidote for war, but lacks the far-reaching influence of the league as now constituted."

Among some opponents of the league the feeling is as follows:

"For twenty-five years American internationalists have advocated such a body as the World Court. We can afford to become a suitor because it involves no participation or obligation under the League of Nations. It is little more than a psychological aid in preserving peace, but it is not to be despised. We should not commit ourselves, however, to the World Court idea before having it definitely understood that it does not make us in any sense a party to the League of Nations or to the debts and troubles of Europe."

The Isolationists' View

The isolationist looks upon the court idea with the same suspicion with which he regards the League of Nations. A coördinated view of the opposition to the President's proposition is:

"Despite whatever reservations may be placed on our joining the court, it is impossible for a nation to be in the court and not in the league which gives the court birth.

"If we join the World Court we jeopardize the Monroe Doctrine, because it enables neighbor nations that consider themselves aggrieved by such acts as our taking temporary control in Santo Domingo to bring proceedings against us before the tribunal.

"As a matter of fact, the court has no power to adjudicate disputes between nations except what the nations desire to have adjudicated. It would most likely be under the thumb of European premiers and therefore political in spirit. It is the backdoor entry to the League of Nations."

Analyzing the general attitude toward the World Court idea, you find that its advocates greatly outnumber the proponents of the league; but even with this advance they are in the minority. Three out of five Americans whom you question say: "If we adopt the World Court we might as well go into the league. It will be impossible eventually to dissociate the two things."

Although league ramifications are endless, one more detail must be briefly considered before we close the chapter. It concerns American attitude toward the little-known International Labor Organization, set up under the league covenant, which is a wing of the body that is alive and kicking. It is autonomous, and devotes itself mainly to world industrial and agricultural working and wage conditions, social insurance and control of employment. Albert Thomas, the famous French socialist, is director general and the headquarters are at Geneva.

Just as Lord Robert Cecil's visit stimulated interest in the league proper, so did the comparatively recent presence in this country of Thomas bring his group to American attention in a conspicuous way. So eager is the labor organization to have American support that it is willing to consider an informal coöperation by the United States independent of league membership. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States will send a committee to the next labor conference at Geneva to make a study with a view of establishing some kind of unofficial association.

American organized labor, through the American Federation of Labor, has declared itself officially in favor of entrance into the International Labor Organization whether we join the league or not. Labor's point of view is expressed in this way:

"American participation in the International Labor Organization is natural and logical, because it means world labor solidarity. It is really a step toward one big international union."

Most American industrial employers oppose coördination with the International Labor Organization for these reasons:

"The International Labor Organization is merely a sop to labor interests the world over. Even informal membership in it

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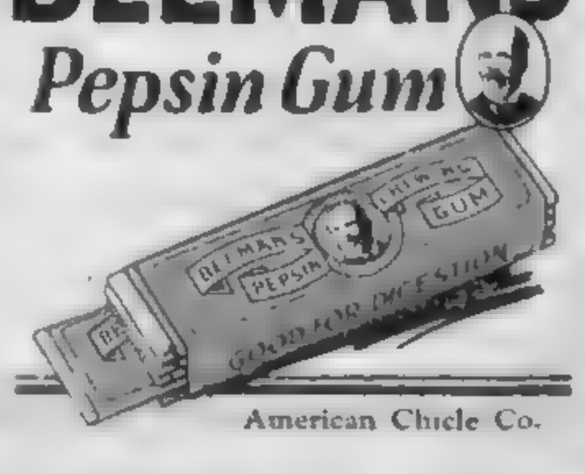

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would lead to the abandonment of our fundamental industrial concept, which is individualism.

"Like the league itself, it means entangling alliance, for the organization would substitute the industry for the individual establishment.

"The biggest objection, however, is that the organization, being European in spirit and scope, can see only the closed shop, which is another perversion of industrial democracy as we see it. Moreover, if we became part of this group serious constitutional difficulties might arise in connection with our adoption of decisions reached by the general conferences of the organization.

"This is because regulation of labor conditions in America is a question of public welfare except in interstate commerce, and is a matter specifically reserved for the jurisdiction of the several states. Nothing permanently constructive could be gained from any kind of association with the body. As a matter of fact, it would jeopardize our industrial independence and authority."

Between the attitudes of the pro and anti leaguers is a middle ground, which demands some kind of limited or unofficial participation in European affairs. I have already referred to the international economic conference as one form. An Anglo-Saxon alliance is another. Then there is the suggestion of an authorized American representation on the Reparations Commission.

A Pernicious Precedent

The predominant view of business men who want no league complications is that we sit in at European conferences and give the benefit of our advice. In line with this conviction is a very general point of view expressed as follows:

"American intervention in Europe is inescapable. In an economic sense we left the job unfinished. Clemenceau was right when he said 'America went away.' We should have used the weight of our moral influence to standardize the world.

"It would be a great mistake, however, for the United States to sacrifice its freedom of action through any kind of official association. We can serve Europe and the rest of the world much better if we, as a great, solvent and individual nation, meet each issue as it arises. We can then form a dispassionate judgment. Our strength would lie in a constructive neutrality."

Although the Allied-debt problem entered into the first phase of solution with the funding of the British debt, a word in passing about the general aspect of the matter is in order. From the outset the bulk of American opinion has been almost solidly against cancellation. It is embodied in these words:

"To cancel the European debt would have meant the establishment of a pernicious precedent. It is our sole bargaining asset with all the powers involved. If remission of obligation carried with it a guaranty on the part of European nations that they would demobilize, disarm and turn to peace, there would be some provocation for leniency. But Europe is still bitten with militarism and we cannot afford to encourage such madness."

In commenting on the Allied debts an ex-service man made the following picturesque if sophisticated remark:

"The attempt at side-stepping by some Continental nations of their financial obligations to America means that the next war will have to be on a cash, or pay-as-you-enter, basis. To impose this mandate would be the best possible antidote for war."

Upon one question bearing significantly upon our foreign policy there is an almost unanimous point of view. It is in relation to the recognition of the Russian soviet government.

In opposing any official indorsement of the present Russian régime, all hatchets are buried. Where one person favors recognition, a thousand are against it.

The comparatively small group agitating for recognition bases its contention on economic reasons pure and simple. The argument is:

"After China, Russia is the world's greatest undeveloped treasure house of raw materials. Likewise she has enormous potentialities for trade. Europe and the rest of the world cannot be civilized without a normal and productive Russia. Germany and England are getting most of the Russian trade concessions, and if we do not intervene we shall lose out altogether."

What may be taken as a measure of prevailing American sentiment is as follows:

"In self-respect alone the United States cannot afford to recognize a country where murder is a fine art and morality is treated as a crime. The call of the world is for integrity of agreements, the sanctity of covenants and the validity of contracts. Russia has violated all these fundamental precepts. Until she purges herself of one of the reddest stains in all history, we cannot afford to have any official relationship with her.

"Recognition of the Bolshevik régime would mean the betrayal of the great mass of Russians who in their present extremity rely upon the other nations of the world, and especially upon America, to restore the rights which are now being denied. Ultimately the soviet system must fall through internal decay and maladministration. Recognition from the outside will not help to bring about the return to order and decency.

"American recognition of soviet Russia would open the doors to a vicious propaganda and strengthen the hands of the discreditable group already in the United States which seeks to foment sedition and worse. We want no aggravation of our present radical troubles.

"From the practical point of view, political recognition of Russia would not in the slightest degree be a guaranty of security for foreign investors in Russian securities, nor would it imply safety in trade relations with that country. In view of the persistent determination of Russian communists to do away with capital and property rights generally, and the repudiation by Russia of her international obligations, any economic penetration can only be regarded as precarious just now."

Cardinal Points

Summarizing American opinion about a policy toward Europe, these facts stand out:

Except along the Atlantic seaboard, there is a general indifference, based mainly on ignorance, to European affairs. The prevailing impression is that it is up to Europe to establish some degree of disarmament and stabilization through her own efforts before we intervene in any way save with advice.

Sentiment for our entry in the League of Nations is developing slowly, but it remains the view of the minority. Though a larger number of persons questioned advocate participation in the World Court as a halfway league measure, the Hague institution is regarded with suspicion in many quarters.

Among business men there is a strong feeling for an international economic conference, attended by business men and not by politicians, which will undertake to bring about a fiscal reorganization that will balance budgets, deflate currency, establish the open door everywhere and banish the printing press as an emergency currency measure.

Finally, there persists that larger and deeply rooted conviction of the great mass of the American people that, though eventually our association with European nations is inescapable, it cannot and must not involve us in an alliance which commits us to armed intervention or the further assumption of financial obligations. In short, we want frank and friendly cooperation based on business relationship, without any strings tied to it.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of American articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next and last will be devoted to a summing up of all the previous opinion.

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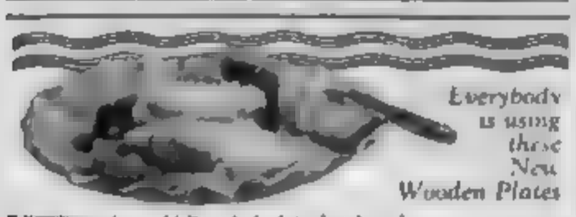

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THE MESSENGER

(Continued from Page 12)

Miss Dale forgot Mr. Kane as she waved her hand toward Mrs. Bergstresser, whose broad white apron was conspicuous on her porch across the street. Seeing her going to Mary Fidler's, Mrs. Bergstresser, who had been like a sister to Mary, would postpone her own evening visit until later.

From her porch Callie Squire leaned far over, her disheveled hair falling about her face, her eyes gleaming. She was about forty years old and of a hysterical type. Miss Dale prophesied the asylum for Callie.

"How soon do you think she'll go?" asked Callie in breathless tone.

"Mary Fidler?" With Callie's type one did no joking. "I don't know. If she wanted to she could live."

"We heard the doctor said the end was near," said Callie; then in a still higher, stranger tone, "She'll be all right. There'll be no purgatory for her."

Miss Dale walked on. This remark was intended for Callie's neighbors, and she had no desire to be mixed in a brawl.

It would be no wonder if the whole world got to fighting tonight. She crossed the street in a long slant toward Mary Fidler's house, avoiding actual contact with the children, but saluted by every shrill voice. She stumbled over rough cobblestones, thinking angrily of the miles of paved streets in the new section, still largely unoccupied, where the mayor and members of the city council had building lots to sell. When she heard the French horn at the Aughinbaughs' she almost screamed. The night was bad enough; why make it worse? She stood listening for the thunder. It was, she believed, a little louder.

"We'll catch it hard enough when it comes," she said. "Only let it come soon!"

Mary Fidler lay motionless on her ancient four-post bed in the inner room of her little house. Her thick red hair, dulled by many threads of gray, was braided in two braids that lay symmetrically over her shoulders. Her naturally pale skin was blanched to pallor, her knotted hands were waxen; when her eyelids lifted her eyes appeared faded like her skin. Whatever the doctor and the nurse thought, Mary believed that she was dying, and her appearance justified her opinion. She had worked hard all her life, and first the arms that rubbed the clothes on the washboard failed her, then the legs on which she dashed from tub to line and back again, then the stomach that was the stay and support of all.

Mentally, Mary was dead, because the spring of her life was dry. She had been a happy creature, not only because she was self-supporting, nor because she had good health—good health she accepted without thinking about it—but because an intense and secret passion of her soul was constantly gratified. This was an interest in the lives of her neighbors. Her curiosity was perfectly harmless. She was never known to repeat anything that was told her, or to discuss anyone; but she burrowed like a mole among the affairs of others. If reading had been easy, or if she had had books, she would have devoured novels by the score. In lieu of books she had the Espenshades and the Pefferkorns and Callie Squire and all the other permanent residents of Elm Street and all the temporary residents of Batter's Lane, whose coming was often mysterious and their departure dramatic. In addition she had the black folk, whose ways were perpetually strange.

For months, however, Mary Fidler had heard and seen nothing. She could not sit behind her bowed shutters and watch Myrtle and her beau go by. She could not linger as she put up or took down her washing in order to observe some new incident in the feud of the Healeys and the world. She could not go on errands to the store so as to look at strange Callie Squire sitting at her window, her hair like a hurrah's nest, while she made switches for other people's heads. Callie's mother had died and been buried, and Mary had not been able to go to the funeral or to see how Callie received the blow or what mourning she wore. Mary had a suspicion that the blow was not a heavy one. She had even darker suspicions that she yearned to verify. She wished also to look upon Mr. Kane, who had married so soon after the death of his good wife. And Tudor Levan had been ill and old man Platt had died. As old man Platt's vis-à-vis Mary had been able to observe many visitors who came and went after nightfall, and sometimes carried burdens. She believed that old man Platt was what is professionally known as a fence. Mary judged no one; she was wholly detached and impersonal. Her brain was merely a house filled with interesting tenants, and now her house was empty.

Lying in her inner room, Mary could not hear; not even the terrific voice of Pefferkorn or young Aughinbaugh's horn could penetrate the thick wall in which there was no window toward Elm Street. Occasionally the powerful voice of Elfie Johnson, a colored girl, reached her from Batter's Lane; but she could not even recognize the tune.

Her visitors told her nothing. The doctor came and looked at her and questioned her and gave her medicine and went away. Miss Dale came and bathed her and put her bed and room in order and she, too, went away.

Mrs. Bergstresser provided her with broth and sat with her, sewing quietly, for long periods. It was supposed that Mary needed quiet; but what Mary needed was a quarrel or a funeral, or even a murder, at her door.

This evening she lay as nearly motionless and lifeless as it was possible for a human being to lie and be alive. She thought vaguely and without any positive emotion that she would probably die before morning, and as though to take a parting look at her possessions she opened her eyes. One eye seemed heavy, so she let it close. She saw her large bed with its smooth white covers, the dark bulk of her old bureau and the black space that was the door into her kitchen and living room. In the slow flashes of pale lightning she could see the pincushion on her bureau and the bowl of broth and the pitcher of water on the table beside her bed. It had long ago been time for her to drink her broth, but she had decided that taking nourishment was a useless exertion.

It was eight o'clock when Miss Dale came in, and Mary managed by a tremendous effort of her will to smile. Miss Dale lit the kerosene lamp and went quickly about her business. She rubbed Mary's thin back with alcohol and said briefly that it was a hot night.

Mary smiled a vague answer. With one eye she watched Miss Dale, who set the bottle back on the bureau and walked to the door. By the smallest gradations the lightning had become brighter and the thunder more distinct. Miss Dale's home was far away; she would have to hurry to get there before the storm.

"Mrs. Bergstresser will be in soon, I'm sure, Mary. You're not afraid, are you?"

Mary's smile seemed to say, "Me? Afraid of what?"

Miss Dale gathered her belongings and hurried away. She did not go back through Elm Street, but ran through Batter's Lane to a crossroad where she could catch a suburban trolley that went to the Square. She would like to stay, but then she would like to stay with every patient.

Mrs. Bergstresser, watching for Miss Dale on her porch, rocked heavily back and forth. Beside her in another chair sat her husband, also rocking back and forth. The lightning grew brighter, the thunder louder, the odors stronger.

"It will surely make something down," said Mrs. Bergstresser. "The garden is like ashes. The lima beans, they don't fill out. I pity the farmers on account of their corn."

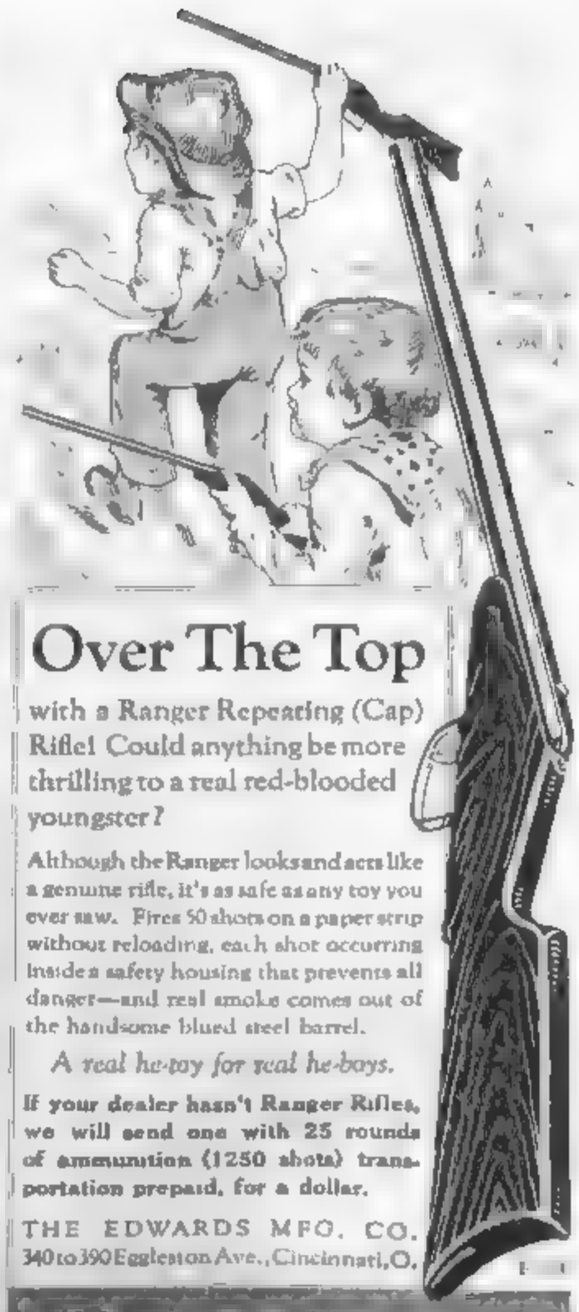
"Yes," agreed Mr. Bergstresser.

He was not a very sensitive creature, but the night made him nervous. He rose uneasily and went into the house.

Suddenly the poplar trees began to sing a shrill song and the leaves to shower down in multitudes. The remaining children were herded indoors. There was the sound of slamming windows, and the aroma of sauerkraut that had not escaped was imprisoned for another winter. Mrs. Bergstresser could see little Emmanuel Kane still sitting on the lowest step, and Callie Squire still rocking on her porch.

"Like such a bright-eyed cat," said she to herself.

Tudor Levan stood in his doorway, plainly visible in his light-colored shirt. He was a bachelor; him, too, Mrs. Bergstresser pitied, because of his lonely house. The song of the poplars grew still more shrill, and Mrs. Bergstresser rose. As she did so there was a loud roll of thunder.



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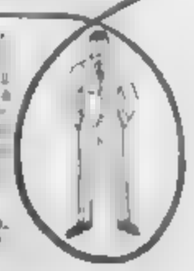

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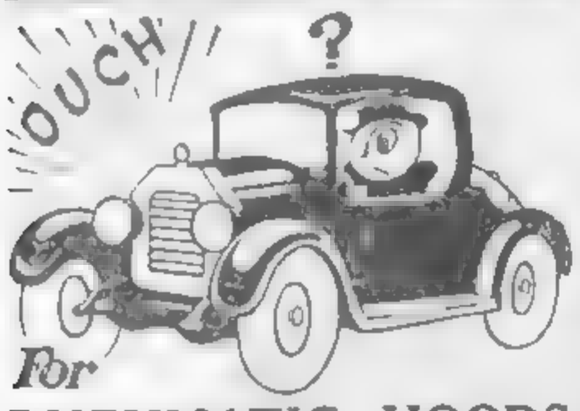

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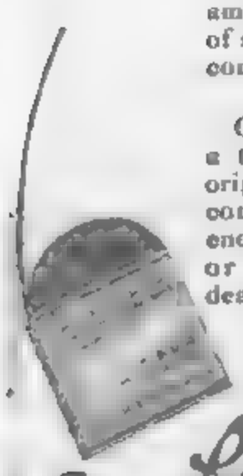

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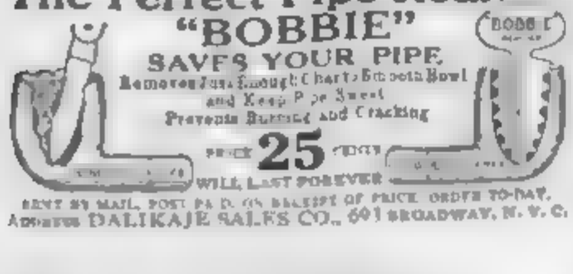

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"Mom!" said Mr. Bergstresser from the doorway. "Come quickly in!"

Mrs. Bergstresser stood still, her white apron a pale surface in the darkness.

"She stayed with her, I'm sure," she said, a little troubled. "If she didn't pass she must of stayed."

There was another bright flash.

"Now, mom, come in," commanded Mr. Bergstresser again. "Do you want to get struck, say?"

At once came the rain, not in single drops but in a sheet. Moving across the porch, Mrs. Bergstresser still looked over her shoulder toward Batter's Lane.

"She would surely stay with poor Mary," she said as she crossed the threshold.

"Of course she would!" declared Mr. Bergstresser irritably before he slammed the door.

Roused by the storm, Mary Fidler opened her eyes. She saw the same dark mass of bureau and the same black aperture that was the doorway into the next room. She responded so slowly to the flash of lightning and clap of thunder that darkness and silence had returned before her eyes were wide open. The shrill pipe of the thin, almost naked poplar branches whistled against the deeper chant of the elm trees and a few oaks that glorified Batter's Lane, but the sounds of nature were of no interest to Mary.

She was about to close her eyes when there came another and more brilliant flash, and a clap of thunder that shook the house. The rain struck her roof with the rattle of musketry. She listened for an instant, then she settled her head a little more deeply in her pillow. But as she turned it to one side she was attracted by an unusual appearance. She heard a little stir. Was there someone in her room? She was not alarmed; she was excited and pleased. Blinking rapidly, she succeeded in fixing her attention upon her window, beside which a human being seemed to be sitting. Who could this be? Miss Dale had gone and she could not remember that Mrs. Bergstresser had come. It was not the doctor. Who was this stranger?

In the next flash Mary saw clearly; it was Callie Squire sitting by her window. Had Callie come to keep her company? She remembered that Callie's mother had died and had been buried, and she assembled with a delightful but somewhat painful effort of her mind all she knew about Callie. After a long time she called her faintly

"Callie!"

Illuminated by the lightning as by the spotlight in a theater, Callie rose and approached the bed. Her hair streamed wildly, her eyes gleamed, her whole aspect was wild and frantic. In Mary's soul something quickened, like a fading spark of life blown upon by a mighty breath.

"Well, Callie?" she said in a stronger tone.

Callie threw herself on her knees and seized Mary's cool, pale hand. In a shrill whisper, as if hurried by the storm, she said an extraordinary thing.

"Mary," she cried, "you will soon see my mother!"

Mary remained motionless and silent. To Callie her hand felt icy. She believed that she had shocked her to death.

"Mary!" she screamed, while the thunder rapped out a great thump.

Mary opened her eyes. She did not breathe, but it was because she was holding her breath. Through her body flowed a warm pricking current.

"Tell my mother to forgive me!" Callie said hoarsely. "Tell her I repent! Tell her I've punished myself! Tell her ——"

The tingling sensation in Mary's body grew stronger. On her lips trembled the words "For what?" but she held them there. It had never been necessary to question. If you asked a thing hard in your own mind people seemed to hear as though you had spoken.

"I mistreated her," answered Callie. "I abused her. I hastened her end."

Mary closed her eyes, but it was no longer like closing the shutters upon a tenantless house; it was a house occupied by living beings. Callie! Her mother! Abusing! Mistreating!

"Will you tell her?" asked Callie. "Tell her I'm losing my mind with remorse. Tell her ——"

There was another crash of thunder; but in spite of it and the fierce beating of the rain, a stir could be heard in the next room.

"There's someone here!" cried Callie in terror.

"The doctor, I guess," said Mary in a still stronger voice, and Callie slipped out the door.

But the newcomer was a shorter, broader, more slow moving man in a light-colored collarless shirt. Still Mary was not frightened; she was only sorry that Callie had been driven away. Callie! Her mother! Abused her! How? Losing her mind! No wonder she seemed strange. The newcomer had interrupted a feast spread before starvation. Was it Mr. Pefferkorn come to sit with her till the storm was over? Was it Nimrod Healey? She remembered suddenly that before her illness Nimrod had made peace with Elm Street as a whole, but that he had a fierce quarrel on with Mr. Pefferkorn. Would that both would think of her and meet here! But this was Tudor Levan. He had an even stranger, more urgent errand for dying Mary.

"I have a throbbing in my side," he said in a whisper. "It's a warning. Tell God if He will let me live I'll join the church, Mary." Tudor grew maudlin. "I'll join your church, Mary, and take your place and work for Him."

Mary clasped her hands, which were no longer cold. She was terrified lest her mind could not hold all these treasures. Her senses quickened, she smelled Tudor's rain-soaked clothes and the tuberoses that Mrs. Bergstresser had brought in the afternoon. Tudor Levan going to die! This was news indeed! With what profound interest she had watched dying people!

"Mary!" said Tudor sharply.

He took her hand and tried to feel her pulse. Suppose Mary's end had come! He nervously pressed her thumb and could feel nothing. There might be an inquiry, with him as the only witness. Before the next flash he slipped away. At the gate he met a little figure which he recognized as that of his neighbor Kane.

"I was sorry for her," Tudor gasped, trying to shield his face from the rain. "She was living when I left."

Kane stood in Mary's doorway. From him, too, the water poured and he, too, exhaled an odor of wet wool.

He came forward and stood trembling by the bed, both rain and tears running down his cheeks.

"Mary, I want you should tell Lizzie that I married against my will," he begged. "Tell her I think only of her and of the time when I can join her."

Mary opened her eyes wide. This was too much; the house behind her eyelids was becoming too populous.

"You hear me, Mary?" said little Kane.

Mary moved her head assentingly.

"You were a friend to Lizzie?"

"Yes," nodded Mary again.

The thunder seemed to carry little Kane out. Mary heard its rude sound distinctly and with relief. Surely they would let her alone now! But her hopes were vain. From the dark, tree-shadowed house across the street came Maggie Platt, across her arm a black garment.

"You're a good woman," said Maggie. "You're not afraid to die. I've brought you this beautiful black robe, the finest silk. I want you to tell my father that everything is fixed and that no one will know."

Mary asked with all her being, "Know what?"

But this question she did not have answered. In spite of Maggie's presence and the subject for unlimited speculation and meditation that she suggested, Mary closed her exhausted eyes and this time kept them closed. Maggie Platt was not afraid of being alone with her when she died; Maggie was afraid of nothing. She sat down by the window, believing that Mary's soul would go out on the great wind.

At seven o'clock the doctor's car stood before Mary Fidler's door. At ten minutes after seven Miss Dale hurried down Batter's Lane. She had passed an anxious night, worrying because she had not assured herself of Mrs. Bergstresser's presence in Mary's house. The sky was overcast by heavy gray clouds from which there still fell scattering drops of rain. A tall locust

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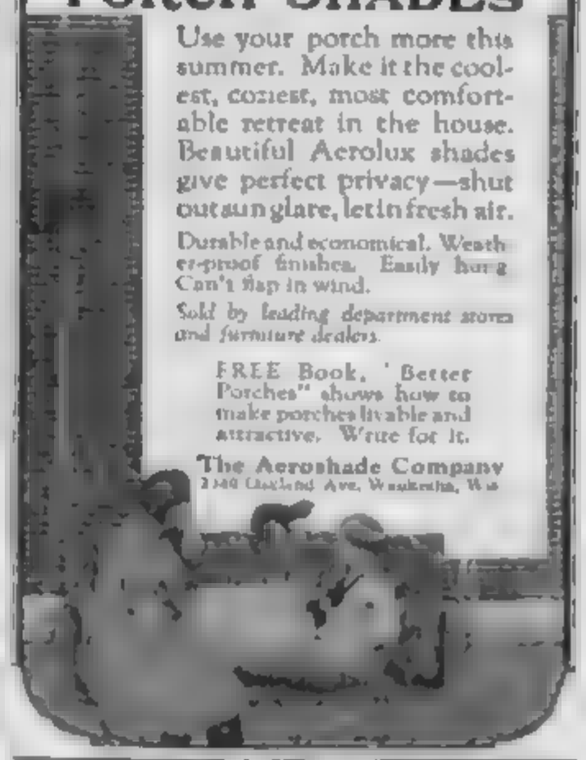

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tree had been blasted by the lightning and its bark hung in ribbons. Elm Street was paved deeply with the leaves of the poplars, now entirely bare, and myriads of oak leaves had been wrenched away. The air was cold; Miss Dale shivered as she approached poor Mary's house.

Hurrying rapidly from the other direction came Mrs. Bergstresser. The heat and a heavy supper of fried ham, corn on the cob and peach pie had combined to make Mr. Bergstresser uncomfortable most of the night or she would have come earlier. When she saw the doctor's car she tried to run, believing that he had been called to see poor Mary die.

She saw other neighbors hastening toward Mary's—kind-hearted Mr. Kane and sickly Tudor Levan and poor, wild Callie Squire.

Maggie Platt crossed the street and Mrs. Bergstresser heard her say loudly, "I was there till an hour ago and she was all right. She was asleep."

When Mrs. Bergstresser entered, the doctor stood by Mary's table, measuring out pellets. He had not come in response to any hurried summons, but merely to pay yesterday's postponed call. He looked worn, as though he had been up all night, and happy, as though something pleasant had occurred. Miss Dale was standing by the side of Mary's bed, and Callie Squire and Mr. Kane and Tudor Levan and Maggie Platt at the side of the room, Tudor and Maggie looking over the heads of the other two. Their faces were white. Mrs. Bergstresser was touched by their distress.

Mary lay with her hands clasped on her breast, her two braids arranged symmetrically on her shoulders, her eyes closed.

"She's gone, isn't she?" said Callie Squire, who could not see Mary's face. Callie had a strange, half-frightened, half-relieved expression. For an instant she had feared that her messenger was not going to start upon her journey.

"Gone!" repeated the doctor. "She's neither gone nor going!"

He turned away from the table to look at Mary, and as though to show him what she could do, Mary sat up. It was the first time she had raised herself without help for months. Her eyes were bright, her square face had a pale flush upon it. She had arranged all the people in her head, but there were still many empty rooms.

"I'm going to get well," she announced.

"Now you're talking!" said the doctor.

Mary's nocturnal visitors regarded her aghast. Callie heard her dreadful confession blazoned to Elm Street, and Kane saw the flaming eyes of the present Mrs. Kane. Tudor Levan retained enough common sense to understand how ridiculous his request would sound. Maggie Platt, confused and terrified, tried to persuade herself that she had said nothing that would incriminate her.

But as they stared at Mary they remembered with relief that she was silent, unobservant, stupid.

"You weren't alone in the dreadful storm!" cried Mrs. Bergstresser.

Mary blinked.

"Storm?"

Callie Squire went close to the bed. If Mary had been unaware of the storm, then she had been unaware of visitors.

"Don't you remember the dreadful storm?" she asked with a desperate hope.

Mary answered honestly, "No, I don't remember any storm."

But ah, what she did remember! She thought again of all the empty rooms in her mental house; she remembered the Aughinbaughs, the Taughinbaughs and everybody else on Elm Street; and queer Simmy Wells, who looked like a kind old goat; and black Elfie Johnson, who could sing so that chills ran up and down your spine; and Elfie's mother, who was almost white. Myrtle Espenshade had a beau and Nimrod Healey was at odds with someone, and people had died and babies had been expected. She saw herself bound for the store in search of a pound of starch. Later she would go for another pound. It was dark and people's shades were lifted and she could look and listen. Ah, life was good! She waved her hand in a commanding gesture.

"I want all these folks to go," she said to Miss Dale. "I'm going to get up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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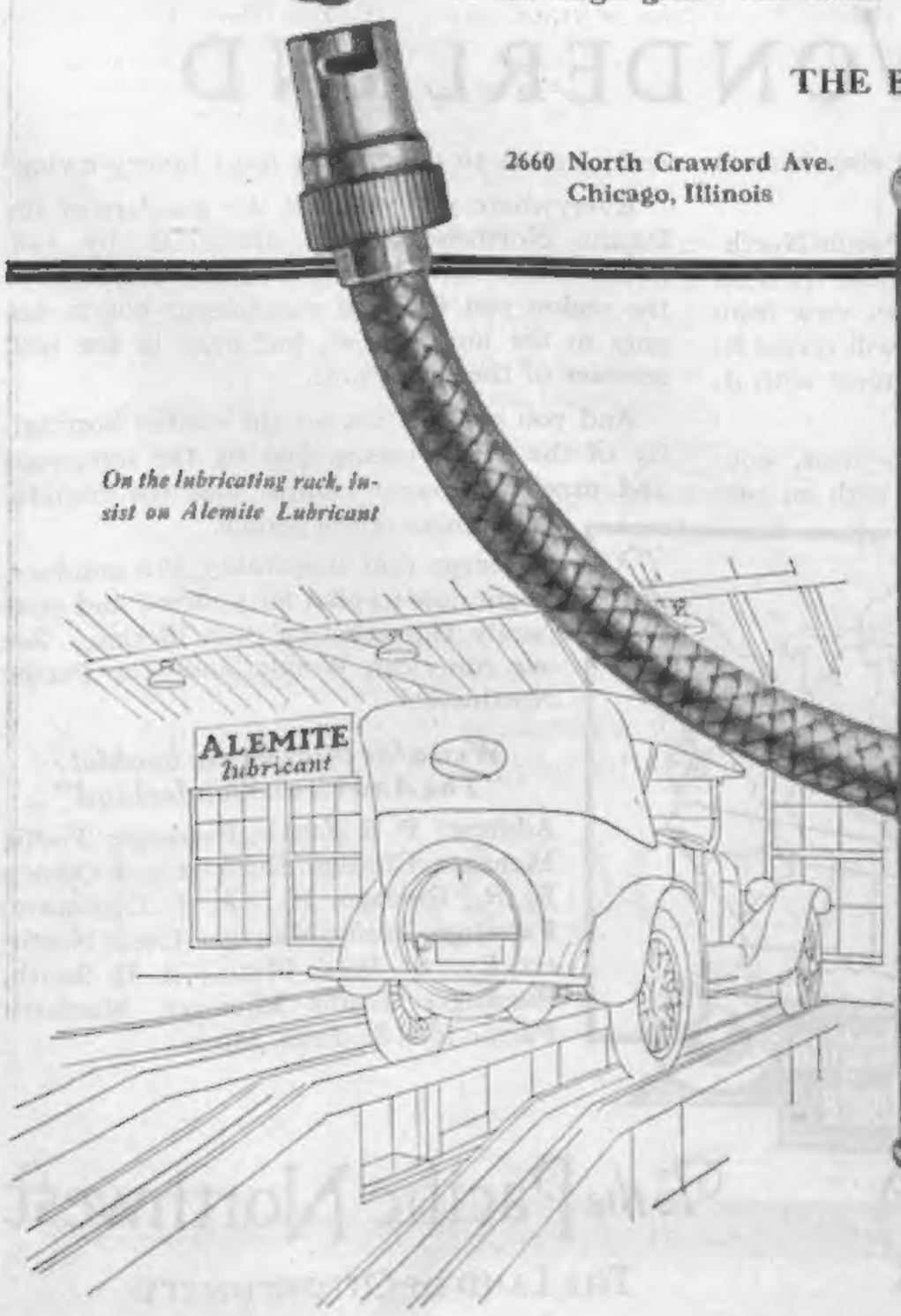

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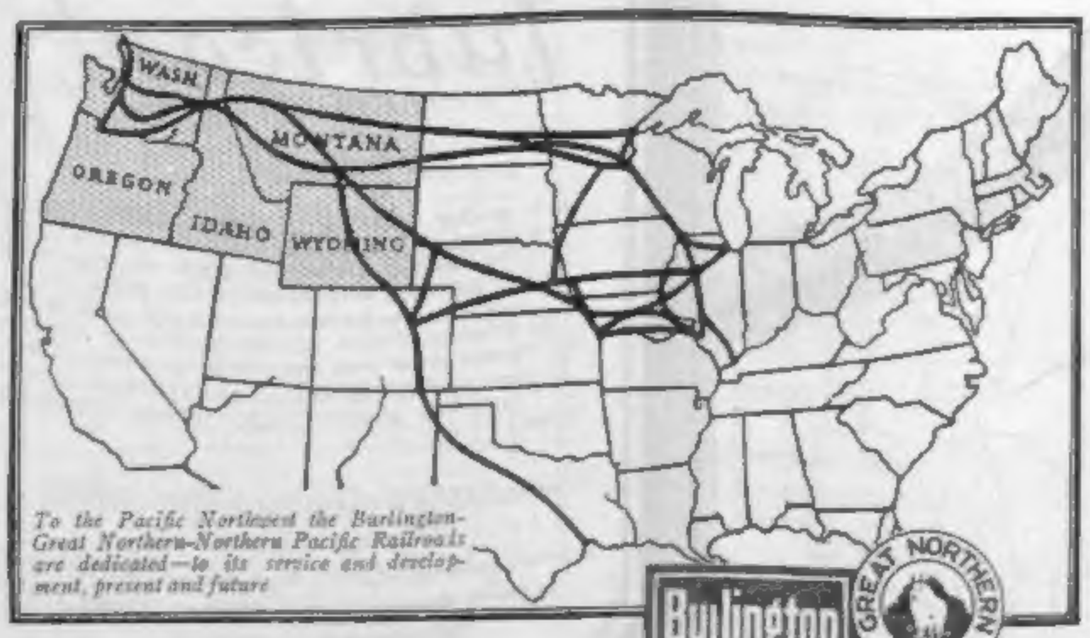

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